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THE BRITISH  
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# THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY 1, 1857.

- ART. I.—(1.) *The great Oyer of Poisoning; the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower of London, and various matters connected therewith, from Contemporary MSS.* By ANDREW AMOS, Esq. London: Bentley. 1846.
- (2.) *A complete Collection of the State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason, and other Crimes and Misdemeanors.* Fourth Edition. By F. HARGRAVE, Esq. London: 1776.
- (3.) *The Queen v. Palmer. Verbatim Report of the Trial of William Palmer.* London: J. Allen; and Cockshaw and Yates. 1856.

THE recent trial of Palmer for murder by poisoning, and the suspicion which attaches to him of having, by the same means, caused the death of several other persons, recalls to mind the wholesale poisonings which, during the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, prevailed to such a fearful extent in France and Italy. Not that these wholesale crimes were then first known; for Beckmann shows that they were practised by the Greeks, the Romans, and the Carthaginians; but only that they were, at the above mentioned periods, become so notorious, as to have attained for their authors the infamous celebrity which has since attached to them in the annals of crime.

In Italy poisoning had become a trade. Tofana at Palermo and Naples,\* and Hieronima Spara at Rome,† supplied, 'for a consideration,' the deadly potions by which Italian ladies got rid of disagreeable husbands. Tofana confessed, previous to her execution, to having caused the death of six hundred persons.‡

\* In the first half of the eighteenth century.

† In 1659.

‡ Beckmann's *History of Inventions*. Title, 'Secret Poisoning.'

The number of Spara's victims is not mentioned. She, with many of her associates, suffered death for these crimes.

From Italy the dreadful secret of preparing the poisons travelled into France, where one Exili, a prisoner in the Bastile, communicated it to Saint-Croix, who had made himself remarkable in Paris by his amour with the Marquise de Brinvilliers, a married woman. After a year's imprisonment, Saint-Croix and Exili were both set at liberty. Saint-Croix having perfected himself in this black art, separated from Exili, and initiated the Marquise into its mysteries. This abandoned woman proved an apt scholar, and, under the semblance of charity and the garb of a nun, she tried, with barbarous coolness, the effects of the poisons by mixing them in the food of the sick whom she nursed at the Hôtel-Dieu. Beckmann repeats a satirical saying that was then current in Paris, namely, that 'no young physician, in introducing himself into practice, had ever so speedily filled a churchyard as Brinvilliers.' Her own father and brother were among her victims; and, if her sister escaped, she was indebted for her life, not to the affection of the Marquise, but to her own caution and suspicions.

Saint-Croix perished accidentally from the fumes of a poison which he was preparing,\* and his death led to the discovery of the guilt of the Marquise. In his laboratory was found a small box, to which was attached a written request, dated May 25th, 1672, that the box might be delivered to the Marquise Brinvilliers, or in case of her death, that it should be burnt unopened. This writing operated only as a stimulus to curiosity. The box was opened, and found to contain poisons of various kinds, properly labelled, and registers of their effects.† Brinvilliers, after an ineffectual attempt to obtain possession of the box, fled from Paris, but was arrested in a convent at Liège, whither she had been pursued from England. She was convicted, and after confessing her guilt, was beheaded, and then burnt.

A few years later, two women, named respectively Le Vigoureux and Le Voisin, were detected in supplying persons with poison after the Italian fashion, and were put to death. The frequency of the crime in France led to the institution of a court whose office it was to detect and punish crimes of this nature: but the proceedings of this court became so inquisitorial, that after being in activity about a year it was finally closed.

In all the cases above mentioned, poisoning was carried on systematically: in all of them the actors were principally women:

\* The glass mask he wore on these occasions falling off, he was suffocated, and was found dead in his laboratory.

† The poisons were corrosive sublimate, opium, regulus of antimony, and vitriol.

in all but the case of Brinvilliers the infernal trade was carried on from sordid motives, without any personal animosity towards the numerous victims, or even without personal knowledge of them. They supplied poisons with the same indifference as a chemist would make up a prescription for an unknown person. There is yet another point which we cannot contemplate without surprise, namely, the number of persons that, in the cases of Tofana, Spara, Le Vigoureux, and Le Voisin, must have been cognisant of their crimes, and the secrecy which was observed respecting them.

There is a fashion in crime, as in more harmless affairs. One murder by the knife is sure to be followed by several: if a man beat his wife to death, or shoot at his sovereign, others follow his example; one crime, like one wedding, is the precursor of many. At present, poisoning seems to be the favourite mode of disposing of obnoxious individuals. Amid the excitement occasioned by the discovery of Palmer's crimes, Dove availed himself of the information made public regarding strychnine, to poison his wife with this powerful drug. And while his trial was still pending, we heard of antimony sold in doses under the expressive name of 'quietness,' to the labouring women of Bolton, who use it as a quietus for drunken husbands! Has there been a Tofana, a Le Vigoureux, or Le Voisin among the women of Bolton, stimulating them to the commission of these foul acts? It used to be our boast that poisoning was an un-English crime; alas! it can be said so no longer!

Although the criminal annals of England in former times have produced nothing so atrocious as the poisoning systems of Italy and France, yet there is one dark spot in our history, one mysterious crime in which there were many actors—two of them women—and but one ostensible victim, around which still hangs a veil of obscurity, which the researches of the historian and the archaeologist have not yet been able to penetrate. This crime, which, in some points of view, partakes of a political aspect, while in others it appears to originate in the private motives and malice of individuals of exalted station, was the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower of London by poison. 'In the annals of crime,' says Lord Campbell, 'there is not a murder more atrocious for premeditation, treachery, ingratitude, and remorselessness than the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury by the Somersets.' The ramifications of the crime, coupled with its manifest connexion with state secrets, that have never yet been revealed, are so intricate—the parties implicated so numerous, and some of them so exalted in station, that the crime against the individual acquires the character of a plot or con-



spiracy, which derives additional interest from the mystery in which it is still involved.

It is proposed to make the narrative of this crime, and the trials of the reputed agents, the subject of this article ; but previous to entering on the details, we must make a few preliminary observations, suggested by a comparison of the proceedings in criminal cases at the beginning of the seventeenth and the middle of the nineteenth century.

Those who have watched with eager interest the progress of Palmer's trial, just concluded, who have considered the ability of his judges, the impartial and public character of the trial, the extensive, yet conflicting, medical evidence, the rigid cross-examination of the witnesses in the presence of the accused, and the able defence of the prisoner's counsel, will read with some surprise the record in the State trials of the criminal proceedings authorised by the English law in the time of James I.

We find, it is true, no lack of judges and prosecutors ; but there appears to be a sad want of everything which constitutes an impartial trial. The following is an outline of the criminal proceedings in those times. Prisoners and witnesses were examined separately and privately, with the fear of the torture before their eyes, and their depositions taken by the same judges who afterwards tried the cause. On the day of the trial, after the opening of the case, the depositions, or garbled passages only which told against the prisoner, were read in court, and if additional witnesses were examined, their examinations, when in favour of the accused, were perpetually interrupted by a running commentary of the Attorney-General, and thus the chain of the evidence being broken, the jury had more difficulty in distinguishing and retaining the real facts of the case. The documents appertaining to the trials for the murder of Overbury, discovered by Mr. Amos in the State Paper Office, make some curious disclosures relative to the manner in which the evidence was 'cooked,' in order to meet the views of the prosecutors. Many of the documents are in the writing of Sir Edward Coke, the Chief Justice ; every paragraph is marked in the margin with the letters of the alphabet ; at the head of the document are some of the same letters, as, for instance, B. C. F. ; these denote that the paragraphs marked B. C. F., are to be read on the trial, and those only. Many passages are also interlined over erasures, and others marked to be omitted. The case for the prosecution being closed, the prisoner was asked whether he wished to make any observations, and when he had concluded his defence, or declined to make any, the verdict of the jury was required ; and according to this the prisoner was acquitted, or the judge pronounced sen-

tence against him. If the judge was dissatisfied with the verdict, the jurymen were fined. The prisoner was not allowed counsel to defend him, neither were any witnesses permitted to be examined in his favour. In opposition to the principle of the English law, which presumes a man to be innocent until he is found guilty, the guilt was too frequently assumed by the judge, who browbeat and vituperated the prisoner before he was convicted.

But it is not enough to contrast the trials; we should also contrast the reports of those trials. While almost every newspaper has now its own reporter, and the fidelity of their report is secured by the check which is indirectly exercised upon each individual reporter by his fellow-labourers; in the time of James I., and long subsequently, there was but one formal public report of important trials, namely, that contained in the 'State Trials.' These reports are known to have been entirely under the control of Government, who did not scruple to garble, suppress, or interpolate such portions of the evidence and dying confessions in the manner, and to the extent, which they, with sometimes shortsighted policy, deemed best calculated to promote the interests of those in power.

The pillory, branding on the cheeks with a hot iron, loss of ears, and heavy fines, were the terrors held out by the Star Chamber for the punishment of him who dared to publish unauthorized versions of State trials.

Mr. Amos and Mr. Jardine adduce many instances of discordance between the original examinations in the State Paper Office and the official account in the State Trials. It is but fair to remark that many of these may be attributed to the imperfect system of reporting, which then depended greatly upon the recollection of the parties.

Before entering upon the following narrative, we must acknowledge—and do so with pleasure—the assistance we have derived from Mr. Amos's learned and valuable work relating to the Overbury murder. This publication comprises not only the printed accounts of this mysterious crime, but many hitherto unedited documents discovered by the researches of Mr. Amos in the State Paper Office and British Museum. The comments and arguments, which display all the author's professional acuteness and ingenuity, are not the least interesting part of the work, and are highly deserving of an attentive perusal.

Robert Carr, afterwards created Lord Rochester, and subsequently Earl of Somerset, who preceded George Villiers in the affections of James I., was introduced accidentally to the notice of the King about the year 1608 or 1609. He was then in his

eighteenth or nineteenth year. The circumstances attending his introduction were sufficiently romantic to make an impression upon the susceptible heart of the King. While officiating at a tournament as the esquire of a Scotch nobleman, Carr was thrown from his horse, and broke his leg, almost at the feet of James. The compassion which the good-natured monarch felt for his accident warmed into a more genial sentiment as he gazed on the handsome countenance and well-developed form of the young Scotchman. He ordered Carr to be taken to the palace, and visited him frequently. Every day the King became more attached to him. At last, Carr's presence became indispensable to the King's happiness; and the penniless Scotch youth, in spite of his defective education, which the King was not slow to discover, rose rapidly to rank, honours, and wealth. Although James himself condescended to give to his favourite lessons in the Latin grammar, Carr proved but a dull scholar; and whenever his pursuits or employments required literary exertion, he was glad to avail himself of the competent assistance of his friend Sir Thomas Overbury. The friendship between Carr and Overbury subsisted for many years, and their mutual confidence was such that Overbury was admitted by Carr to the most important secrets of the King; he became possessed of the key to the ciphers in which the most confidential communications were written; he opened, read, and took copies of all private despatches belonging to the King; and was employed by Carr to write his love-letters for him. Overbury's assistance was probably of the greatest service to Carr, who, besides his want of education, had the additional defect of speaking broad Scotch. ●

There was great diversity of temper and disposition in the two friends. Carr, although dull and somewhat obtuse in intellect, was naturally gentle and noble in his disposition; so that if he had not been led astray by others he might, in the opinion of his contemporaries, have been a good man. Overbury, on the contrary, was a man of talent and energy; he had cultivated literature successfully, as some of his prose compositions, still extant, testify. His worst enemies do not charge him with any vice, or even with leading an irregular life. Sir Francis Bacon, with the duplicity which forms so odious a part in his conduct as regards the case of Overbury, has given two characters of him. In his speech before the Star Chamber on the trials of Lumsden, Wentworth, and Hollis, where he wished to throw the odium of the murder upon Carr (then Earl of Somerset), he says: 'The greatest fault that I ever heard of him was that he made his friend his idol.\*' When, on the contrary, he wished to

\* *State Trials*, 334.

furnish the King with an excuse for saving Somerset, he thus writes to James: 'Overbury was a man that always carried himself insolently both towards the Queen and towards the late Prince; he was a man that carried Somerset on in courses separate and opposite to the Privy Council; he was a man of a nature fit to be an incendiary of a state; full of bitterness and wildness of speech and project; he was thought also lately to govern Somerset, insomuch that in his own letters he vaunted that from him proceeded Somerset's fortune, credit, and understanding.\*

The reigning beauty of the Court at this time was Frances Howard, daughter of the intriguing Countess of Suffolk, who, when only thirteen years of age, had been betrothed to the young Earl of Essex;† her senior by two years only. The young bridegroom was sent abroad after the ceremony for four years. On his return he had the mortification to find that his beautiful bride received him with marked coldness. Frances Howard, although so young, was a woman of strong and unbridled passions; and her residence under the same roof as her mother was not calculated to give her any accurate notions of moral duties and obligations. While still a girl in years, she had become notorious for her irregular and vicious conduct, and prompted, perhaps, by ambition, as well as by inclination, she conceived a criminal passion for the handsome favourite of the King. Carr was at first insensible to her charms. In order to secure his affection, the Countess employed one Mrs. Turner, her *confidante*, a woman of great beauty but dissolute manners, to procure love-philtres and charms from a Dr. Forman. Her wishes were at last crowned with success: Carr was taken in her toils. Overbury was the writer of the letters sent by Carr to the Countess of Essex. The guilty pair resolved upon marriage; but for this it was necessary that the Countess should obtain a divorce from her husband. Overbury was strongly opposed to this scheme. He expressed his disapprobation of it with warmth, and even violence. A coolness between Carr and Overbury was the consequence. The coolness increased to positive animosity, and on the part of the Countess to hatred, against Overbury. A plan was contrived to effect his ruin. The Countess sent for Sir David Wood, who had been heard to threaten to bastinado Sir Thomas Overbury for some offensive words he had addressed to him.

\* *Memorial touching the course to be had in my Lord of Somerset's Arraignment, addressed to the King by Sir Francis Bacon.*—See Bacon's Works.

† He was the son of Robert Devereux, first Earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the reign of Elizabeth. The second earl afterwards became the leader of the Parliamentary army.

She urged him to revenge his wrongs, adding that she also had been grievously injured by Overbury. She concluded by offering him 1000*l.*, and protection from his enemies, if he would murder Overbury as he returned from Sir Charles Wilmot's late at night. But Sir David declined, telling her, bluntly, 'He would be loath to go to Tyburn upon a woman's word.' In the meantime, Carr and his friends had formed a plot, which was more successful, for removing Overbury. By the representation of Carr, the King was persuaded to nominate Overbury as ambassador to Russia. Sir Thomas was at first willing to accept the office, but, on the artful recommendation of Carr, he was induced to decline it. The King, who is described as 'bearing a rooted hatred to Overbury,' irritated at his refusal, and, perhaps, at some stinging sarcasms which he is said to have vented on the Court, committed him, as Carr had foreseen, a close prisoner to the Tower for contempt. This occurred on the 23rd of April, 1613.

Shortly after Overbury became an inmate of the Tower, Sir William Wade, the Lieutenant, was removed, and Sir Gervas Helwysse\* was appointed in his stead, through the instrumentality of the Earl of Northampton, Carr, and Sir Thomas Monson. Sir Gervas, according to the venal spirit of the times, paid 1400*l.* for his place. He was reputed to be one of the 'unco' godly, the rigidly righteous, who assumed the appearance of wisdom and honesty, if he did not really deserve the appellation which he attained of 'the wise Sir Gervas Helwysse.'

As the Earl of Northampton will be frequently mentioned in this article, it may be as well to give a slight sketch of this nobleman.

The Earl of Northampton, the second son of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was the uncle of the Countess. He was a man of talent and learning. It was said of him, that 'he was the wisest among the noble, and the noblest among the wise.' Honours and riches were showered upon him under King James. As to his character, opinions are divided: there is, however, reason to believe that he connived at the intimacy of Carr (then Lord Rochester) with the Countess, and that he was deeply implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Northampton's death in 1614, previous to the discovery of the crime, prevented his being brought to trial.

To resume the narrative. In order to carry out the nefarious designs against Overbury, it was not enough to appoint a new

\* In the State Trials this name is written Sir Jervas Elves. We have adopted the form used by the Lieutenant himself.

Lieutenant of the Tower, who was in the interest of the enemies of the prisoner; the sub-keeper was also changed, and his place was supplied by one Richard Weston—a creature of the Countess's, and formerly servant to Dr. Turner, the husband of the Countess's *confidante*.

On the morning of the 9th of May, Weston received a message from Mrs. Turner, desiring him to come immediately to Whitehall. There he saw the Countess, who told him that 'a water' would be sent to him, which he was to give to his prisoner. At the same time she significantly told him not to drink of it himself. That same evening Weston's son William, an apprentice to the Countess's haberdasher, brought him a curious little phial, only two inches long, filled with a liquor of a bluish colour when held in the hand, but of a sickly greenish yellow when held up to the light. He was then just going to give Sir Thomas his supper. On his way he met Sir Gervas, of whom he asked, 'whether he should now give him that he had or no?' The Lieutenant, neither affecting ignorance nor surprise, induced Weston to explain himself; then, having obtained the information he desired, he 'terrified Weston with God's eternal judgment, and did so strike him, as with his hands holden up he blessed the time that ever he did know 'him,' with other words to that effect.\* Sir Gervas, touched with Weston's remorse, held out his hand to him, spoke to him kindly—even drank to him; but, strange to say, still left him to take charge of Overbury. The next day Weston broke the little flask to pieces, and threw away the deadly liquor which it contained.

To the surprise of the Countess the victim still lived. She sent for Weston, and questioned him. He maintained that he had given the poison. She put into his hand 20*l.*, and promised him more when Overbury should be dead. As soon as he was gone she set about devising new schemes.

Soon after the Countess sent a servant to the Tower with a present to Overbury of some tarts and wine. The following mysterious letter, addressed to Helwysse, accompanied them.

'I was bid to bid you say that these tarts came not from me. I was bid to tell you that you must take heed of the tarts, *because there be LETTERS in them*; and, therefore, neither give your wife nor children of them, but of the wine you may, for there are not *letters* in it; Sir Thomas Monson will come from Court this day, and then we shall have other news.'

The Lieutenant, true to his timorous policy, did not give the

\* See Helwysse's Letter to the King, in the State Paper Office, published by Mr. Amos, *Trial, &c.*, p. 186.

tarts to Overbury : he carefully put them by, and the black and livid appearance they assumed in a few days made it too manifest what those deadly *letters* were.

After this, other tarts of the same kind were given to Weston by Mrs. Turner, accompanied by a verbal caveat ; Weston promised to give them, and every time he saw Mrs. Turner, asseverated that he had done so. In truth, however, he delivered them regularly to Helwysse, who as regularly caused them to be thrown away.

Sir Thomas Overbury's imprisonment, although only for contempt, was so strict, that neither his father, mother, nor his most intimate friends were permitted to see him ; neither were his own servants allowed to remain and wait on him, although one of them offered to be shut up with him. Overbury was not even permitted to view his friends from the window, lest he should communicate with them. Once indeed, his sister's husband, Sir John Lidcote, had access to him, but the interview was jealously watched by the Lieutenant.

Overbury being thus prevented from opposing her wishes, the Countess instituted against her husband, the Earl of Essex, one of the most disgraceful suits which ever appeared in the legal annals of any country. The King sided with the Countess, and wrote a dissertation in her behalf ; Abbott, the good Archbishop of Canterbury, was the only one of the ecclesiastical judges who had the courage to oppose cancelling the marriage. The Countess gained her suit, and was pronounced\* free to marry whom she would.

In the meantime, Overbury, whose health was declining, wrote repeatedly from his prison in the Tower to Rochester, requesting him to obtain his liberty, and requesting also that his friends might be allowed to see him. Rochester continued to correspond with him, giving him hopes that he might be set at liberty. The father of Overbury, hearing of his son's illness, petitioned the King that his son might have medical advice. By James's orders, Rochester wrote to Dr. Craig, the King's physician, saying that it was his Majesty's pleasure that he should attend Overbury as long as he required his services. Whether Dr. Craig visited Overbury or not does not appear. It is, however, certain that other physicians of the King, namely, Dr. Micham and Sir Théodore de Mayerne,† attended the prisoner. The latter visited him for a considerable time, for his prescriptions, which were subsequently handed to Sir Edward Coke by Pawle de

\* In June, 1613.

† Mayerne had been physician to Henry the Fourth of France, and, after his death, was invited to England by James, who appointed him one of his physicians.

Lobell, the apothecary employed by Mayerne, filled twenty-eight leaves or pieces of paper. Lobell was a Frenchman, who resided in Lime-street, near the Tower. His attendance commenced previous to June 25th, and continued probably up to the decease of Overbury, since he saw the body after death, and testified as to its emaciated and ulcerated state. Towards the end of August, the doctors in attendance and the Lieutenant of the Tower signed a bulletin in which they stated that their patient was 'past all recovery.' Was this really so, or was it only a stratagem to prepare men's minds for the death which was intended so soon to follow? If Overbury was so near his end, why, being only confined for contempt, were not his family permitted to see him?

On the 14th of September, the apothecary, Lobell, was in attendance, and on this occasion a medicament was administered to him by the apothecary's man. Overbury was very ill all night, so much so that Weston remained with him, and removed him to another bed during the night. His servant, Lawrence Davies, is also represented to have passed the night in the room. Early in the morning, Weston went out, as he says, to procure some beer to assuage the burning thirst of the invalid, and when he returned at seven o'clock he found Overbury dead. Whether Davies was with him or not, does not appear.

The welcome intelligence of the death of Overbury was immediately communicated by Helwysse to Northampton. The manner in which it was received may be guessed by the following letter from the Earl:—

' NOBLE LIEUTENANT,

' If the knave's body be foul, bury it presently. I'll stand between you and harm; but if it will abide the view, send for Lidcote, and let him see it, to satisfy the damned crew. When you come to me, bring me this letter again yourself with you, or else burn it.

' NORTHAMPTON.\*

So anxious was Northampton for the speedy interment of the body, that, at twelve o'clock the same day, he despatched the following letter, without signature, by another messenger:—

' WORTHY MR. LIEUTENANT,

' Let me entreat you to call *Lidcote and three or four friends*, if so many come to view the body, if they have not already done it; and so soon as it is viewed, without staying the coming of a messenger from the Court, in any case see him interred in the body of the chapel within the Tower instantly.

\* British Museum, Cotton MSS., Titus, c. vii. for 107 back.—See Amos, p. 173.



'If they have viewed, then bury it by-and-by; for it is time, considering the humours of the damned crew, that only desire means to move pity and raise scandall. Let no man's instance cause you to make stay in any case, and bring me these letters when I next see you.

'Fail not a jot herein, as you love y<sup>r</sup> friends; nor after Lidcote and his friends have viewed, stay one minute, but let the priest be ready; and if Lidcote be not there, send for him speedily, pretending that the body will not tarry.

'Y<sup>e</sup> ever.

'In poste haste at 12.\*

These letters, we should imagine, were intended to be strictly confidential; a third, written very shortly *after*, was probably designed to be shown. The *tone* of the following artful letter is quite different from that of the preceding:—

'WORTHY MR. LIEUTENANT,

'My Lord of Rochester, desiring to do the last honour to his dec<sup>d</sup> friend, requires me to desire you to deliver the body of Sir T. Overbury to any friend of his that desires it, to do him honour at his funeral. Herein my Lord declares the constancy of his affection to the dead, and the meaning that he had in my knowledge to have given his strongest straine at this time of the King's being at Tibbald's, for his delivery. I fear no impediment to this honourable desire of my Lord's but the unsweetness of the body, because it was reputed that he had some issues, and, in that case, the keeping of him above must needs give more offence than it can do honour. My fear is, also, that the body is already buried upon that cause whereof I write; which being so, it is too late to set out solemnity.

'This, with my kindest commendations, I ende, and reſte

'Your affectionate and assured friend,

'H. NORTHAMPTON.

'P.S. You see my Lord's earnest desire, with my concurring care, that all respect be had to him that may be for the credit of his memory. But yet I wish withal, that you do very discreetly inform yourself whether this grace hath been afforded formerly to close prisoners, or whether you may grant my request in this case, who speak out of the sense of my Lord's affection, though I be a counsellor. without offence or prejudice. For I would be loath to draw either you or myself into censure, now I have well thought of the matter, though it be a work of charity.'

In confirmation of the view we have taken of this letter, there is found on the back of it, in the Lieutenant's writing, a statement of his recollections connected with the circumstances which followed the death of Overbury: such as his having written to Northampton for instructions; Weston's account of the diseased

\* Cotton MSS. Titus, B. vii. fol. 464, published by Amos, p. 173.

state of the body; the order to send for *Lidcote* and bury the body speedily. Helwysse states that, in spite of this order and the state of the body, he had kept it until three or four o'clock in the afternoon; that *Lidcote* came on the following day. Hence he could not have seen the body. It is more than probable that *Lidcote* expressed his displeasure at the hasty interment, for Helwysse adds, that he could not get him to bestow a coffin or a winding-sheet upon him. Helwysse says that he himself bestowed a coffin; others say the body was covered with a sheet, and so buried with the haste that was, as Mr. Amos significantly observes, always found to be necessary in the case of those who died in the Tower.\* A hasty burial frequently concealed a violent death.

Previous to the interment an inquest had been held in the Tower before Robert Bright, one of the coroners for Middlesex, and a packed jury of six wardens of the Tower and six others, but no verdict was recorded.†

*Lidcote* apparently was satisfied with what he was told respecting *Overbury's* death, for he made no stir about it; and the circumstances attending it were hushed up, and for a time buried within the massive walls of the Tower, which had been the scene of so many foul and secret murders.

Shortly after the death of *Overbury*, *Rochester* wrote to the mother of *Overbury* a letter, in which he blamed himself as the cause of her son's death, since it was on his account that Sir *Thomas* had fallen into disgrace. 'I wish,' he writes, 'I could redeem him with any ransom; I wish I knew how to repay his faith, and give all you who in him have lost so much satisfaction. You shall find how well I loved your son by my effects, being more willing to do all of you good for his sake than whilst he lived. I will shortly devise with you concerning your son in France, whose expenses I will defray, and ease you of that burthen, and at his return take further time to provide for him; but I think it best that he remain till this tempest is settled.'

The apothecary's boy who administered the medicament was quietly sent abroad by *Lobell*, to prevent disclosures.

Three months passed away; the death of *Overbury* was forgotten in the preparations then making at the Court for the celebration of fêtes, which were to rival those that in the spring had graced the marriage of the Elector of Bohemia with the Princess Elizabeth. On St. Stephen's day (the 26th of December), 1613, a magnificent ceremony took place in the Royal

\* *Overbury* was only thirty-two years of age when he died.

† *Amos*, p. 171.

Chapel of Whitehall. Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, now created Earl of Somerset, the King's powerful favourite, led to the altar the beautiful Lady Frances Howard, who, on the anniversary of the same saint, just ten years before, had been given away by the King in marriage to Robert Devereux, second of that name, the unhappy young Earl of Essex—a girl of thirteen married to a boy of fifteen. Contemporary historians have remarked that the Countess had the effrontery to appear at the altar in the habit of a virgin, with her beautiful hair hanging loose over her shoulders. The courtly Bishop of Bath and Wells read the beautiful service for the holy ordinance of matrimony. Ten years before he had pronounced over the same bride, as she stood with her hand in that of Essex, the solemn words, 'Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder;' and now, while Essex was still living, he was called upon to bless the union of the Countess with Somerset.

A sumptuous banquet succeeded; and a masque, written expressly for the occasion, in which the principal ladies of the Court took part, concluded the day. The King defrayed the expense, which had been profuse. He was even so much interested in the festivities, that, in order to direct them, he broke through his custom of 'going to bed in the afternoon.'

But the festivities did not end here. The courtiers vied with each other in doing honour to the newly-wedded pair. Valuable presents were offered for their acceptance. Even the Chief Justice Coke did not withhold this mark of adulation to the man whom the King delighted to honour. The City of London entertained the Earl and his bride at a splendid banquet; and those who were old enough to enjoy the pageants which followed each other in rapid succession, long remembered the magnificent wedding of the Earl of Somerset with the beautiful Frances Howard.

The marriage of Somerset was the culminating point in his prosperity. It had originated in crime, and might lead to destruction. Somerset knew that it might do so. His spirits sank, his eye lost its brightness, his step its elasticity; he became grave, thoughtful, and silent. In the words of a contemporary, 'Pensiveness and fulnesse doe possesse the Earle; his wonted mirth forsakes him, his countenance is cast downe; he takes not that felicitie in companie as he was wont to do: *but still something troubles him.*'

The King soon began to grow weary of the company of a man who ceased to entertain him. Yet the influence of Somerset was not observed to decline, and the King as yet did not make any efforts to emancipate himself from his control, or to break with

his imperious favourite. But the courtiers had no such hesitation; they had no dark secrets to conceal at any price; they saw that the King had conceived a distaste to the society of Somerset, and they determined to supplant him. With this view they cast about for a handsome youth, who should captivate James's affections—now, for the first time since he had set eyes on Carr—disengaged. An opportunity soon offered of accomplishing their purpose.

George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, a youth of one-and-twenty, had returned at this time from the continent, bringing with him the polished and engaging manners which our rude ancestors found occasion to admire in all who visited them from foreign parts. Nature had given him a figure remarkable for symmetry and manly vigour, and he took care to set it off by the most elegant and fashionable apparel. His actions were remarkable for their perfect grace, and his countenance possessed that extraordinary beauty which, from a supposed resemblance in its sweet expression to the portraits of the saint and martyr Stephen, afterwards induced his dotting master to call him Steenie.

Villiers was speedily thrown in the way of the King. James no sooner saw him than he felt for him an attachment.

The impression made by Villiers on the King was soon perceived by the courtiers, who were anxiously watching the success of their experiment. They immediately began to ingratiate themselves with the new favourite. On the 23rd of April, exactly two years after Overbury was committed to the Tower, Villiers was knighted by the King; a pension of 1000*l.* a-year was granted to him, and he was appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber. The new favourite soon attained that place in the monarch's affections which Robert Carr had once enjoyed, but now had lost for ever.

Somerset perceived, with deep mortification, the success of his rival, and the decline of his own influence in the King's affections, although he still retained a power over the weak mind of his sovereign. His proud spirit could ill brook a rival, and in spite of the conciliatory behaviour of Villiers, Somerset did not attempt to conceal the hatred which he felt towards the new favourite. He rejected with contempt the overtures made by Villiers to serve him, and on one occasion sharply answered him, 'I will none of your service, nor shall you have any of my favour. I will, if I can, break your neck, and of that be confident.' This haughty answer sealed the fate of Somerset.

At this juncture Sir Robert Cotton,\* the confidential friend

\* Sir Robert Cotton, the celebrated antiquary, was the collector of the valuable library bearing his name, and so rich in MSS., which now forms part of the treasures of the British Museum.

of Somerset, perceiving that he had lost the King's affections, and apprehensive of the consequences, prevailed on his friend to secure his safety by obtaining from James a pardon for all offences which he could or might have committed. A pardon sufficiently extensive to cover treason and murder, was actually signed by the King in favour of Somerset, but it was intercepted by his enemies before the seal was affixed, and was thus rendered nugatory.

Towards the middle of July, 1615, it began to be whispered about that Overbury had met with foul play—that he had been poisoned in the Tower. The rumour spread, and at last came to the ears of the King. We have more than one account of the way in which the murder became known at Court. Weldon's narrative, which is confirmed as to the main facts by Wilson, the friend of Essex, and by other writers, harmonizes best with the events connected with this remarkable crime. It is to the following effect.

One day Secretary Wynwood brought to the King a letter, which he had received from Sir Wm. Thrumbull, the resident at Brussels, requesting permission to return, as he had to communicate a most important affair, which had recently come to his knowledge. The Secretary wrote, by the King's direction, to say that the agent could not be spared from his post, and to desire him to send over an express with the news which he had to communicate. Thrumbull declined to adopt this course, stating that it was a matter of such importance and delicacy, that he did not dare commit it to paper. Upon this, James 'being,' as Sir Anthony Weldon tells us, 'of a longing disposition,' rather than not know what it was, sent him permission to return. Thrumbull soon came over, and then he informed the King that one of his servants had told him that an English lad, named Reeve, who had been an apothecary's boy in London, had told them that Sir Thomas Overbury did not, as was commonly supposed, die of a disease, but that he had been poisoned by a medicament, which the boy, under his master's direction, had administered to him. Thrumbull had immediately sent for the boy, whom he examined very closely, and at length induced him to confess the whole truth, in the course of which things came out which appeared deeply to implicate some personages of exalted rank, one of them being the great Earl of Somerset himself. The King immediately sent off a messenger for Sir Edward Coke, the Lord Chief Justice.

When Coke, or, as Weldon says, all the judges, arrived at Royston, the King flung himself on his knees, and telling them that he had just heard of the murder of Overbury, charged them

in the most solemn terms, to investigate the matter without favour, affection, or partiality, concluding thus:—‘If you shall spare any guilty of this crime, God’s curse light on you and your posterity; and if I spare any that are found guilty, God’s curse light on me and my posterity for ever!’\*

Such of the facts as suited the Court were then laid before Coke, who undertook to sift the matter to the bottom. He was not only gratified at receiving any mark of the King’s confidence, but he felt a real pleasure in investigating a subject of intricacy and mystery, and one which promised to afford a field for the display of the acuteness and sagacity for which he was then, and is still so celebrated. He at once commenced operations, following the hints he had received; he examined many witnesses, whose statements soon satisfied him that there had been foul play with Sir Thomas Overbury.

Coke was at one time in some doubt about the instruments of the murder, and he was originally inclined to suspect a person whom he was subsequently led to acquit. This was no other than our old acquaintance, Paul de Lobell. A gentleman named Edward Rider swore that about the commencement of the term, when rumours of the Chief Justice’s inquiries began to circulate, he had met Lobell, who assured him that the report that Overbury had been murdered was untrue, that he had died of a consumption. As to the medicament with which it had been alleged he had been poisoned, that had been prescribed by Mayerne, the King’s doctor, and this Mayerne was the best doctor in England. To this Rider replied that he had heard otherwise in Paris, that he was indeed a braver courtier than a doctor. Rider probably hinted at the State poisonings in France, in which Mayerne is thought to have been implicated. About a week after he again met Lobell, who was then walking with his wife; he stopped and talked to him. He told him it was too manifest now Overbury was poisoned, and added, that he heard it was done by an apothecary’s boy, in Lime-street, who had since run away; upon which his wife, turning to her husband, exclaimed in French, ‘Oh, *mon mari*, that was William you sent into France.’ Whereupon the old man, looking upon his wife, his teeth did chatter as if he trembled, and then Rider asked him if he did send the boy away; he answered it was true he sent the boy to Paris, but the cause of his leaving was that his master (Lobell’s son) treated him badly. Notwithstanding these strong circumstances of suspicion, which indeed operated so forcibly on the mind of Coke himself that he would not allow Lobell’s examination to be taken on oath, no proceedings were taken against Lobell.

\* Weldon.

Whether Coke was duped by his astute rival, Sir Francis Bacon, who was certainly at the bottom of this dark business, or whether he had received a positive injunction against following that clue, cannot now be known. Certain it is that Lobell was allowed to escape unaccused, and nothing which might criminate him was allowed to be made public. The remarkable deposition of Rider was entirely suppressed, and has only been recently discovered in the archives of the State Paper Office.

The Chief Justice was soon satisfied, or professed to be satisfied, as to the instruments of the murder, Weston and Franklin; but when he endeavoured to go higher and detect the principals and real authors of the crime, he found himself lost and perplexed. At length, however, by dint of repeated examinations, of threats, and of objurgations, he learnt with amazement and alarm that no less a personage than the Earl of Somerset, the King's favourite, was deeply implicated. The inquiry was now assuming a very dangerous turn, and he determined not to take the responsibility alone. He therefore posted off to the King, and acquainting him with what he had learned, desired that some other persons might be joined in his commission. The King, delighted with the course of the transaction, immediately assented, and nominated the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Steward, and Lord Zouch, for that purpose. With this accession to his dignity, and diminution of individual responsibility, the Chief Justice was quite content, and plunged into the affair with an increased ardour.

Somerset was then at Royston with the King. He was induced to leave him and go up to London. The King parted from him with the most extravagant demonstrations of affection—disgusting in themselves, doubly disgusting when we know, as we do, that they were entirely false and insincere. Sir Anthony Weldon graphically describes the strange scene; he tells us, that when the Earl kissed the King's hand, the King hung about his neck, slabbering his cheeks, saying, 'For God's sake, when shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep till you come again.' The Earl answered that he would return next Monday (this being Friday). 'For God's sake let me see thee then!' returned the monarch; then, as if unable to contain his raptures, exclaimed, joyfully, 'Shall I—shall I, indeed?' Then, clasping the Earl in his arms, he lolled about his neck, saying, 'For God's sake give thy lady this kiss for me!' He repeated these endearments at the top of the stairs, and, accompanying the Earl down, also at their foot. The Earl was scarcely seated in his coach before the royal hypocrite turned round to his attendants and said, 'I shall never see his face more.'

It is impossible to describe the ferment excited in the public mind by the disclosures which were necessarily made, and the rumours which were afloat. The excitement occasioned by the discovery of Palmer's crimes is still fresh in our recollection, although the attendant circumstances are by no means parallel. In the one case the criminal was a person in the middle ranks of life, and of very questionable character; in the other, the principal person accused was a nobleman, who was generally supposed to enjoy the unlimited confidence of his sovereign, and an almost absolute power over the kingdom. It was believed that he was not alone in his guilt; that he had accomplices in all ranks of life. His young Countess, the most beautiful woman in James's Court, and with whose infamy the whole country had rung a few years before, was a participator in his crime. He was associated in iniquity with Court milliners, apothecaries, discarded medicine boys. The mode, too, of perpetration of the crime was of a nature that had always been peculiarly hateful to the English people. They hated it because they thought it was a foreign practice—they hated it because they feared it above all other kinds of attack. For if a man were assaulted in the street, he might at least defend himself; and if he were seized on his bed by the midnight assassin, he might still struggle with his murderer. But to be assailed in so insidious and fearful a manner,—to take in death with the daily bread necessary for their sustenance,—to drink it in a pleasant cup of sack,—to be poisoned by a pair of gloves, or by a saddle, or by smelling to a bouquet, was a dreadful idea, which made the stoutest men shudder; which filled their minds with uneasiness and suspicion, and almost made them loathe their repasts. For this reason the English had always regarded 'empoisonment' with peculiar abhorrence; it had been declared by Act of Parliament a species of treason, and a singularly painful and lingering death had been provided for its punishment: there were many whose fathers had seen poisoners, men and women, publicly boiled to death in Smithfield, being gradually immersed from their toes in order to protract their agony. There were circumstances besides, attendant on this affair, of a most mysterious nature; so that, besides envy and alarm, the love of the marvellous and the 'curiosity' of the people were stimulated. Moreover, recollections of strange passages within the last few years recurred; the story of the mysterious death of Prince Henry,\* the 'sweet babe,' as he was

\* The death of Prince Henry was attributed to poison. There was a post mortem examination of the body. It seems to be the general opinion that the prince died of a contagious fever; on which account the King and Queen were prevented from seeing him in his last illness. Mayerne attended him; and this



called, 'who was only shown to this nation, as the Land of Canaan was to Moses, to look on, not to enjoy,' was revived, together with all the alarming rumours with which it had been connected. The attention of the public took a dangerous and suspicious turn. The public-appetite, which, lately so harmless, gloated on tales of Court scandal, now fixed on dark and alarming topics: it recurred to the subject of Popery; it ran over in terror the list of popish crimes; it reflected on the gunpowder plot, and on the murder of Henry IV.; it muttered with horror the names of Ravaillac and Catherine de Medici.

While the public mind was in this state of feverish excitement, several important and suspicious events occurred, which converted the popular alarm into a downright panic. On the 27th of September, the Lady Arabella Stuart, so long and so barbarously confined in the Tower, died. Her death was at once ascribed to poison. Great men had an obvious interest in her death, and the people were now in a temper to believe great men capable of any enormity. On the day of her death, Richard Weston had been first examined. The next day he was interrogated again, and it was rumoured that he had then admitted having made an attempt to poison Sir Thomas Overbury. Other arrests now took place. Mrs. Turner, the inventor of yellow starch, which had gained her no favour with some of our Puritan ancestors, was taken up. James Franklin was also committed to custody. They were examined, and made revelations implicating others. A great many persons were now sent for and examined. The Chief Justice was observed to work with tremendous energy; and, indeed, what he had to do was enough to occupy all his time, and to put to the test all his acuteness. For, besides the various and extraordinary statements of the accused, other information poured in upon him from all sides; volunteers came forward, offering all manner of tales to him, raking up numberless half-forgotten circumstances of suspicion, and filling up their half-obliterated outlines with the wild inventions which the prevailing panic had aroused; for the minds of men were not now sufficiently cool to discriminate between reminiscences of facts and the fancies of the imagination, always so vivid in a time of popular excitement.

And now there was a pause; the Chief Justice ceased his examinations, and went down to Royston to see the King. But

physician was in the habit of inserting into his book of prescriptions minute descriptions of the temperament of his patients. One of these books is preserved in the British Museum; and it is a suspicious circumstance, that all the prescriptions relating to Prince Henry have been torn out, yet the same book contains prescriptions for the King, and for the Queen's horse.

the interval was far from being a calm. Information had ceased to transpire. The popular curiosity was no longer satisfied, and therefore grew more stimulated. The silence of Truth left the field open for Rumour. Reports got abroad which increased the interest. Then it was that the stories about great personages, which at first had only been loose surmises, grew to giant proportions, and prepared the people for the most astounding revelations. At length, on the 18th of October, the populace learnt with amazement that Robert Carr, the great and proud Earl of Somerset had been committed to the custody of the Dean of Westminster. This event wound the public alarm up almost to a frenzy. Weston's trial was fixed for the next day. The interval was a period of anxious excitement. Very few eyes closed that night in London. The citizens mounted guard with great watchfulness, they patrolled the streets, and examined every suspicious object; they set persons to watch the movements of the Papists, who were believed to be at the bottom of the plot. It was commonly reported that Northampton (himself a papist) and Somerset had conspired with the Spaniard to deliver up the navy, and that part of their scheme was to have poisoned the King and all the Protestants at the christening of the Countess of Somerset's child, of which she was expected shortly to be delivered. The Londoners were alive and vigilant all the night, and in the morning they poured into the Guildhall, where Weston was to be tried.

The Judges took their seats—the Lord Mayor in his robes—the Lord Chief Justice and the other Judges in their scarlet and ermine. As soon as the commission had been read and the grand jury sworn, the Lord Chief Justice addressed them in that solemn and dignified tone for which he was noted. His speech, though disfigured by the quaint affectations of the age, was deeply impressive—at times almost rising into a severe eloquence. It was listened to with breathless attention. Every word was caught up with eagerness. They listened while the Chief Justice—rightly revered as the oracle of English law—told how, of all felonies, murder is the most horrible; of all murders, poisoning the most detestable; and of all poisoning, the *lingering* poisoning. He told them it was an un-English crime, and his audience turned pale when he told them of the hideous perfection to which that diabolical art had been brought; how there were those who could give a poison which should reserve its deadly influence for one, or two, or three months, or longer—according to the ingredients of which it was composed—and that this irresistible and insidious foe might be administered in odours or transmitted by mere contact. The grand jury, con-

sisting of fourteen persons, then withdrew. In about an hour they returned and delivered in the bill of indictment endorsed *billā vera*. Immediately all eyes were turned to the bar, where the wretched prisoner was brought up. He was a man of about sixty years of age. His forehead was wrinkled with age, his hair sprinkled with grey. His countenance, though not wanting in a certain degree of comeliness, had a stern and grim expression, and was now distorted with terror. His face was deadly pale, his lips quivered, and his knees tottered as he stood at the bar while the indictment was read. It charged him with having murdered Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower of London by administering various poisons—rosalgar,\* white arsenic, and mercury sublimate—on four different occasions. The prisoner was then asked, in the usual form, whether he was guilty of the murder, yea, or no. The poor wretch, instead of answering, became agitated, and in his distress screamed several times, 'Lord have mercy on me, Lord have mercy on me.' At length he stammered out, 'Not guilty.' But when asked how he would be tried, instead of answering in the usual form, 'By God and my country,' he exclaimed that he referred himself to God—he would be tried by God alone. And though the Chief Justice spent an hour in persuading him to put himself upon his country, he could get no other answer out of him than that he referred himself to God. And now his patience was exhausted, so he proceeded to terrify the prisoner with a description of the lingering death with which the law punished those who refused to put themselves upon the trial of the law. He repeated all the harrowing details of that dreadful punishment; that he was to be stripped naked and stretched out on the bare ground; that heavy iron weights were to be laid upon him and gradually increased; that he was to receive no food but a morsel of coarse bread one day, and a draught of water from the nearest sink or puddle the next; and so to linger on as long as nature could linger out, adding that men had been known to live on in this torment for eight or nine days. Still the prisoner, to the mortification of the Judge and the rage of the populace, resolutely refused to put himself upon the country.

Coke knew very well that until the principal had been convicted, the accessories could not be tried. He began, therefore, to fear that his prey would escape him, and all his industry and labour prove useless. The audience, too, began to tremble lest their curiosity and love of blood should be unsatisfied by the long-expected disclosures, and their fury broke forth in a low cry

\* Rosalgar, red orpiment, a compound of arsenic and sulphur.

of rage and disappointment when Coke told them that, until the principal had been convicted, the accessories could not be put upon their trial. The Chief Justice, therefore, determined to try the effect of a bold, a new, and an illegal proceeding. He said plainly that he knew the prisoner had been tampered with by some great ones—accessories to the fact, friends of the Howards, and then, amid the indecent cheers of his auditors, declared that their curiosity should, nevertheless, be satisfied, and commanded the Queen's Attorney (General?) Sir Lawrence Hyde, to state the case—reading the depositions of the witnesses and the confessions of the prisoner. Sir Lawrence Hyde at once obeyed. He unhesitatingly charged the Earl and Countess of Somerset with being 'the principal movers unto this unhappy conclusion,' and the audience stood aghast at his boldness when, raising his voice, he called the Countess a rotten branch, which being lopped off, the noble tree of the Howards would flourish better. Then he proceeded with an orderly narrative of the case—ascribing the motive of the crime to the resentment of the Earl and Countess against Sir Thomas for his opposition to 'that adulterate marriage' between them. He described the machinations by which the King had been worked upon to commit Sir Thomas to the Tower—how the prisoner at the bar (who had formerly been the Countess's pander) was now promoted to the office of bravo, and sent as warder of the Tower to attend on Overbury—how Sir Thomas was kept so close that he scarce had the comfort of the day's brightness, neither was any suffered to visit him, father, brother, his best friends, were strangers to him from the beginning of his imprisonment unto the end. He then detailed the several attempts made to poison the victim—he moved the audience to tears by reading his sorrowful letters to Somerset entreating his liberty and expostulating with the Earl for allowing his old friend to be thus immured—he told how in his despair he fell sick—how the wicked Countess sent to offer him any delicacies he might fancy—how the sick man answered that he longed for luscious meals—tarts and jellies—which the Countess and Mrs. Turner poisoned and sent to him—how at length they gave him that fatal clyster which 'caused his soul to leave his poisoned body'—and how his body was denied Christian burial, was then irreverently thrown into a pit digged in a very mean place within the precincts of the Tower. He was followed by Mr. Warre, who had been a fellow-student with Sir Thomas at the Temple, and described with all the warmth of youthful friendship his amiable manners, his wit, and his virtuous conversation and life, concluding with this bold saying—*Pereat unus, ne pereant omnes; pereat peccans, ne pereat*

*respublica*. Then Mr. Fenshaw read the depositions of all the witnesses, after which the Court adjourned until the Monday following.

In spite of his endeavours to satisfy the curiosity of the people, the unconstitutional proceeding of Coke did not altogether give satisfaction; and one Mr. Lamsden had the boldness to write a letter, which he sent by a gentleman of the bedchamber to be delivered to the King. In this letter he censured freely the conduct of the Chief Justice at the arraignment of Weston. The only result of this letter was his own arrest and subsequent trial and punishment.

On Monday, the 23rd of October, Weston was again brought up, when, having been well plied in the interval, he put himself upon his country in due form, and was speedily convicted. Then the Chief Justice delivered another great speech magnifying the horrible nature of the crime—pointing out how marvellously the finger of God had brought the foul matter to light after it had slept two years—and, alluding to the magnitude of the cause, he desired it might hereafter be known as *THE GREAT OYER OF POYSONYNG*; after which he passed upon the prisoner the usual sentence of death. The Court then rose, and the auditory dispersed with loud cheers for the watchful Chief Justice, and loud acclamations of joy for the approaching punishment of the King's tyrannous minions.

They sent the joyful tidings all through the country, and the bells of the City rang merry peals as if they had heard of a great victory.

It appears that Somerset had deposited the letters written to him by Northampton, Overbury, and others in a cabinet, which he had left in the care of Sir Robert Cotton. Alarmed at the conviction of Weston, Sir Robert knew the nature of his trust, and fearing searches, delivered the cabinet to a friend of his, one Mrs. Farneforth, or Hornford, who deposited it for safety with a merchant of Cheapside, in whose house she had formerly lodged. On some alarm, Sir Robert sent to Mrs. Farneforth, and desired her to return the cabinet immediately. The merchant was so surprised at the suddenness of her application (for it was on a Sunday, during service-time, that she went for the cabinet, on the pretence that it contained papers relating to her jointure), that he, knowing the rumours that were about, refused to give it up to her unless she would open it in his presence, and satisfy him that there was nothing else there. She would not comply with his wishes. Then said he, 'It is a troublesome time; I will go to my Lord Chief Justice, and if he find no other writings than such as concern you, you shall have them again.'

He went accordingly to Coke's chambers, but Coke was at church. He then went to Lord Zouch's, one of the Commissioners, who would not take upon himself to open the cabinet, but went to St. Paul's, where Coke was gone to hear the sermon, and calling him out, they together opened the cabinet, and found the letters. Neither Northampton, Overbury, nor Somerset were accustomed to date their letters; and the fact that Somerset had been persuaded by Cotton to allow him to place such dates on these papers as might be to the advantage of Somerset, added greatly to the suspicions against the Earl.

Two days after his trial, Weston was taken to Tyburn, there to suffer execution of the sentence pronounced against him. While the hangman was preparing to do his office, several gentlemen, among whom were Sir John Wentworth, Sir John Hollis, and Lidcote, rode up to him on horseback and addressed him. They wished him to discharge his conscience and satisfy the world, 'whether he did poison Overbury or not?' Weston's reply was, 'I die not unworthily; my Lord Chief Justice has my mind under my hand, and he is an honourable and just judge.' Sir John Hollis, Wentworth, and Lidcote were, in consequence of this proceeding, placed under arrest. It is remarkable that, although so many of Weston's examinations have been preserved, this confession of his guilt is not to be found.

The next trial which took place (on the 7th of November) was that of Anne Turner, who was indicted for aiding and assisting Weston in the murder of Overbury. Mrs. Turner was the widow of a physician, and a woman of great beauty, but indifferent character. She appeared in court with her hat on. But Sir Edward Coke, telling her women must be covered in church, but not when they are arraigned, ordered her to remove it; she then covered her hair with her handkerchief. Since the death of her husband she had been living under the protection of Sir Arthur Manwaring, by whom she had two children. She was the servant of the Countess, to whom she was much attached, and the *confidante* of her guilty passion for Somerset. These two women—the one desirous of gaining the affection of the Earl, the other of preserving that of the father of her children—were in frequent communication with Dr. Forman, who sold love philtres and potions, and who was reported to practise magic arts to inspire persons with love or hatred, according to the wishes of his employers. On the death of Dr. Forman, his widow found letters, by which much was discovered relative to his connexion with the Countess and Mrs. Turner. The anxiety of the Countess that Mrs. Forman should burn these letters, raised suspicion in the mind of the latter. She destroyed some of the

letters, but others, addressed to her 'sweet father,' by his 'affectionate, loving daughter, Frances Essex,' were privately preserved. These were afterwards produced in court.

The reputed magic implements and images were also exhibited; and while they were being shown, an incident occurred which excited a great sensation in those present, and confirmed the general belief in the origin of the images and symbols. 'There was heard,' it is said, 'a crack from the scaffolds, which caused great fear, tumult, and confusion among the spectators and throughout the hall, everyone fearing hurt, as if the devil had been present, and grown angry to have his workmanship showed by such as was not his own scholars; and this terror continued about a quarter of an hour.' The supposed magical images turned out to be harmless French babies or dolls, some dressed, some undressed, which, as there were in those days no *Magasins des Modes*, were used to exhibit the fashions.\* Among the other things shown in court was a book in which Dr. Forman was accustomed to enter the names of those who visited him before he would give them any information. It appears that Forman was not very scrupulous in confining the entries in his book to those who came to his house; many ladies who had never been there were surprised to find their own names, and much mirth was occasioned in court when Sir Edward Coke found his own name in the first page he opened.†

Mrs. Turner had been in prison some time before her trial, and did not know that Weston had been executed. When, during the trial, she became aware of this fact, she was greatly depressed. The evidence was read over before the trembling woman, and when it was closed, the Lord Chief Justice, addressing the prisoner, told her she had the seven deadly sins, which he enumerated, and exhorted her to repent, and pray that these seven devils might be cast out. After this exhortation, the jury retired and brought in a verdict of *guilty*. She was sentenced to death, and was executed a few days after her trial. As she was carried in a cart from Newgate to Tyburn, the place of her execution, she scattered money among the people. A morbid curiosity drew crowds to see her die, and many ladies and gentlemen gazed from their own carriages on the spectacle. Mrs. Turner wore on this occasion a ruff stiffened with the yellow starch for which she was famous; from this time the fashion became obsolete. Her hands were bound with a black ribbon, and a black veil concealed her death-struggles.

Two days before the death of Mrs. Turner, Sir John Hollis,

\* See *Aulicus Coquinariae*.

† Weldon.

Sir John Wentworth, and Mr. Lumsden were tried before the Court of Star Chamber for traducing public justice. Coke was, on this occasion, one of the judges in what might be considered his own case, and Sir Francis Bacon, the attorney-general, made a long speech, in which he spoke of the King's solicitude that justice should be done, even though the investigation affected the characters of two persons—'one a nobleman whom his Majesty greatly favoured and advanced, and his lady being of a great and noble house.' The three offenders were convicted. They were sentenced to fine, and imprisonment for a year; and, in Lumsden's case, until he produced his authors. Lidcote was not brought to trial. There is in the State Paper Office a petition from him, apologizing for having asked questions of Weston when at the point of execution, and requesting that he (Lidcote) might be set at liberty.\*

The trial of Sir Gervas Helwysse took place on the 16th of November. Helwysse, it will be recollected, had been appointed Lieutenant of the Tower shortly after Overbury became a prisoner, on the immediate recommendation of Sir Thomas Monson, but, as it was asserted, by the contrivance of Somerset and Northampton. The correspondence between Northampton and Helwysse proves that the latter was in the interest of the Countess, and that he was fully aware of the plot for detaining Overbury in the Tower. He was accused of aiding and abetting Weston in the murder. His defence has been preserved. He commenced his discourse by a bold but dignified charge against Coke of having tampered with the evidence to the disadvantage of the accused.

'Before,' he said, 'I answer to the matter of charge against me, let me remember your Lordship of one speech which I learned from your mouth: I have heard you speak of it at the council table, and you have delivered it at the assizes in the country, that, when a prisoner stands at the bar for his life, comfortless, allowed no counsel, but strong counsel against him, perchance affrighted with the fear of death, his wife and children to be cast forth out of doors, and made to seek their bread, you have always pitied the cause of such a one; you have protested that you had rather hang in hell for mercy to such a one, than for judgment. My Lord, you have not observed your own rule in my cause; you have paraphrased upon every examination, you have aggravated every evidence, and applied it to me, so that I stand clearly condemned before I be found guilty. If I be so vile a man as your Lordship conceives me, I were unworthy

\* Ames, p. 212.



'of any favour; but I hope your Lordship shall not find it: so I will deny nothing that hath evidence of truth against me—I will not tell a lie to save my life, and I beseech your Lordship so to conceive of me, move your charity toward me.'

He admitted that Weston had told him there was poison in what he was going to give to Overbury, but so far from participating in his guilt, he stated that he pointed out to Weston the heinous nature of the crime. It was urged against him that knowing what Weston intended to do, he should have discharged the man, instead of showing him greater kindness than before. Helwysse stated also that he was not aware that Overbury had actually been poisoned until after the death of the prisoner, when he heard it from Weston. He added, that if he were guilty, the Lord Treasurer (the Earl of Suffolk, father of the Countess,) was also in the plot, as could be proved by letters—now in the possession of his wife—from Suffolk to him. These letters were not produced, neither was Suffolk or his intriguing lady examined.

The Chief Justice suffered Helwysse to conclude his defence, when, putting his hand into his bosom, he drew from thence the confession, which he had, until this time, artfully withheld, of Franklin. The name of this man has already been mentioned. 'It is not,' said Coke, 'your deep protestations, nor your appealing to God, that can sway a jury from their evidence, which is not yet answered unto. But to leave you without excuse, and to make the matter as clear as may be, here is the confession of Franklin, saying, this poor man, not knowing that Sir Gervas should come to his trial, this morning he came unto me at five of the clock, and it was told me that he was much troubled in his conscience, and could not rest all that night until he had made his confession; and it is such a one (these were his words) as the eye of England never saw, nor the ear of Christendom never heard.' The confession of Franklin was then read. It contained a statement of the plot to murder Overbury, and asserted that Helwysse was cognisant of it. After the reading of the deposition, Helwysse exclaimed, 'Lord have mercy upon me!' This exclamation was attributed by Coke and others to the consciousness of his own guilt, and not to the hopelessness of his situation under so unfair a trial. Upon this confession of Franklin, who was shortly to be tried as accessory to the same offence, Helwysse was convicted and sentenced to death. His execution took place on Tower-hill on November 20th, and Drs. Whiting and Fenton officiated at his death, and received what is called his confession. In this he stated that he was drawn into the plot by the Earl of Northampton and Sir Thomas Monson, and *none others*.

The next trial was that of James Franklin: it took place on

the 27th of November. Franklin was a physician by profession. His personal appearance was by no means prepossessing : he was swarthy, sallow, and crook-backed ; and his moral character was such that Mrs. Turner had earnestly entreated that she might not die on the same day as so foul a villain. Coke had not a better opinion of him. He was so thoroughly convinced of his guilt, that in a letter to the King he states that his life is only spared until he has related all he knows of this nefarious transaction.

Franklin was charged with having supplied the poisons. He was convicted principally upon his own confessions, four of which, of different dates,\* are mentioned in the State Trials. It is a remarkable fact, that neither the originals nor any authentic copies of these documents are to be found in any of the public repositories. Franklin was executed shortly after his trial. Franklin's evidence was so contradictory, and his character so bad, that little reliance can be placed on it, where it is unsupported by other evidence. It appears that he divulged that the murder of Overbury was but one of a series of murders which had been planned on a grand scale, and that several persons of high rank, besides the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and the Earl of Northampton, were concerned in the plot.† It was to the discovery of this plot that Coke alluded in his speech on the trial of Sir Thomas Monson, which we shall presently notice. No direct evidence of the existence of this plot has been made public ; but it is clear, from the letters of Coke and Bacon to the King and Villiers, that they believed in it.‡

The arraignment and trial of Sir Thomas Monson, for the murder of Overbury, took place on the 4th of December. Some of the circumstances attending it were peculiar. On coming to the bar, Monson had requested of the Chief Justice an answer to the questions he had asked of the Lord Treasurer, and also that Sir Robert Cotton might be present at his trial.

Previous to the trial, Coke had, as usual, maintained a close correspondence with the King. In one of his letters to the King, Coke states that he had deferred this trial, not in respect of any innocence he had found in him, but because he was persuaded that Monson could discover secrets worthy and necessary to be known, and because he might in some points prove a good witness against the Countess.

Contrary to the expectation of Coke, who thought he would stand mute, Monson pleaded *not guilty*, and put himself upon

\* November 12th, 16th, 17th, and 22nd.

† State Paper Office, Dom. Papers, 1615, Nov. 28. No. 326. Amos, 227, 8, 9.

‡ See also Bacon's expostulation to Sir E. Coke.

God and the country. This rather disconcerted the plans of the Bench, who had resolved not to proceed with Monson's trial. Coke, therefore, broke up the proceedings abruptly. After praising the justice and lenity of the King, who had suffered Monson to remain in the custody of his (Monson's) own brother-in-law, he alluded to the discovery of some plot which was yet a secret, 'which maketh,' he said, 'our deliverance as great as any that happened to the children of Israel.' Then, after commenting shortly on the results of the previous trials, and the penitent deaths of those who had been hung, Coke read a brief note from the Lord Treasurer (Suffolk), to the effect that he could neither accuse nor excuse Monson. Some discourse then ensued between Monson and his Judges, they asserting his guilt, and accusing him of papacy, he maintaining his innocence. Suddenly six yeomen of the guard, richly drest, stept from a place where they had been privately stationed: advancing to the prisoner, they produced a warrant from the Lord Chancellor and Coke, and led Monson away through the gaping crowd to the Tower of London. As they slowly made their way through the streets, followed by the execrations and curses of the people, the rain fell in torrents. Monson, who was not prepared for this, and had no other protection from the weather than a handsome velvet dress, and was moreover in bad health, suffered so much from this exposed walk through the City, that he narrowly escaped with his life.

The cause of this sudden and unexpected termination of the trial is involved in mystery. Weldon says it was occasioned by a private communication from the King, who had expressed a censure touching the weakness of the evidence against Monson. Be this as it may, in spite of the brow-beating of the Judges at the trial, Monson was set at liberty, and the editor of the *State Trials* observes\* that Coke, having during this trial let drop some insinuations that Overbury's death had in it somewhat of retaliation, as if he (Overbury) had been guilty of the same crime against Prince Henry, was rebuked for his indiscretion, and before the next year expired removed from his post.†

The subordinate agents in this dark crime having been punished, the commissioners now prepared for bringing the principals to trial. The net, as Weston expressed himself, had been made to catch the little fish; it remained to be seen whether the great ones would escape through the meshes.

We must now return to Somerset, who, on the 18th of October

\* Page 348.

† Coke was not only deprived of the Chief Justiceship, but was, in the year 1621, sent to the Tower, on pretence of misconduct during the Overbury trials. His imprisonment was not, however, of long duration.

was committed to the custody of the Dean of Westminster, while the Countess remained a prisoner in her own house and apartments. On the 25th of October Somerset was examined after dinner, and again on the 28th before dinner, when such grave matter of suspicion was found against him that he would have been sent to the Tower if he had not still held the seals. On the 2nd of November the seals were taken from him, and he was committed to the Tower.

The Countess, meanwhile, was detained in close and almost solitary confinement; no one was allowed to approach her but the servants whose attendance was necessary. Separated from the husband, to attain whose love she had sacrificed so much, and ignorant of his fate; banished from the Court where her beauty had won universal admiration; lonely and disappointed, she passed the wearisome hours which must intervene before she became a mother, and in sad anticipation of what might be the result of the trial which was hanging over her head, and which was only suspended until her convalescence. On the 9th of December she gave birth to her only child—a daughter. One month was allowed for the recovery of her health, and on the 8th of January she was examined by the commissioners touching the part she had taken in the murder of Overbury. On the 27th of March, 1616,\* she was sent to the Tower. When she heard the place of her destination, the wretched, and, perhaps, conscience-stricken woman, passionately entreated that she might not be imprisoned in the room in which Overbury had died.

During this interval the commissioners had not been idle. Somerset underwent several examinations. Sir Edward Coke and Sir Francis Bacon corresponded privately with the King, and some letters passed between Bacon and Villiers relative to the approaching trial, in which the King was deeply interested. Somerset had acknowledged the share he had taken in procuring the imprisonment of Overbury, but had denied any attempt on his life. He also expressed a decided disinclination to be put upon his trial. Every effort was made, but without success, to induce him to confess. He was told by Coke that four persons had already been attainted and executed for the murder of Overbury; he was also informed that his wife had voluntarily confessed her guilt, and hopes of mercy were held out to him if he would also confess his participation in the crime. Somerset expressed his sorrow that his

\* This date is assigned by Camden; and as the child was born on the 9th of December, 1615, the birth could not have taken place, as Mr. Amos supposes, in the Tower.

wife was guilty of so foul a part, but continued to assert his own innocence.

Bacon was then Attorney-General, and while Coke was labouring vigorously at the discovery of the murderers, Bacon's efforts were directed towards satisfying the wishes and anxieties of the King. Like a prudent man, he took care to be on good terms with the reigning favourite—Villiers. The letters written by Bacon to the King and Villiers, on the subject of the approaching trial of Somerset, are deserving of close attention. They manifest extreme anxiety on the part of the King lest Somerset should make disclosures which James earnestly desired should not be revealed. What was the nature of the secret which the King was solicitous to preserve does not appear. There is, however, no doubt that both Somerset and Overbury were in possession of State secrets in which the King was concerned. Overbury, indeed, had written to Somerset, threatening to reveal certain secrets if Somerset persisted in ill-treating him,\* and Somerset acknowledged that he had communicated these secrets to Overbury with the King's concurrence. It was thought that these secrets might relate to Spanish affairs, and suspicions of treasonable practices with Spain were conceived respecting Somerset. Nothing, however, could be proved against him in this direction. The knowledge of the secret had, since the death of Overbury, probably been confined to the King and Somerset, unless he had since taken Villiers into his confidence.

The plan of conduct recommended by Bacon was wary and politic. Somerset was to be informed that the evidence against him was strong enough to convict him; while, at the same time, hopes were to be held out of the King's mercy, and efforts were to be made to keep him in good humour and to induce him to submit quietly to his trial—a very unnecessary precaution, one would think, in cases where the prosecutors held sufficient proofs against the accused, unless it was apprehended that he could make unpleasant disclosures in which other persons were implicated. These arrangements were to be kept so private that the sergeants engaged in the case were not to know of them; and, in order to cover them more effectually, some general heads of direction were to be sent to all employed in conducting the prosecution. A memorial was drawn up by Bacon, in which the heads of the charge against Somerset were submitted to the King's consideration. This memorial, with the King's answers, has been preserved.† In our opinion the King's remarks are

\* *State Trials*, p. 357.

† It is published in Bacon's Works, vi. p. 97; and by Amos, p. 443.

the more pertinent of the two. Legal questions were also submitted to the Judges, among which is the following:—‘Whether, if my Lord of Somerset should break forth into any speech of *taxing the King*, he be not presently by the Lord Steward to be interrupted and silenced; and, if he persist, he be not to be told, that if he take that course, he is to be withdrawn, and evidence given in his absence? And whether that may be; and what else to be done?’ So pertinacious was Bacon on this point, that he expressed the same idea in ‘a particular remembrance for his Majesty,’ in which he went so far as to suggest that Somerset should receive a private intimation from the Lieutenant before the commencement of the trial, that, ‘if in his speeches he should tax the King, that the justice of England is, that he shall be taken away and the evidence go on without him, and then that all the people will cry *away with him*, and then it shall not be in the King’s will to save his life, the people will be so set on fire.’

Questions were also proposed for the consideration of the King in council; such as—‘Whether the trial should be staid in the event of Somerset’s confessing? and, in this case, whether the commission shall be privately dissolved, or the summons discharged in open court? Whether his trial shall not be set first, and hers after, because then any conceit, which may be wrought by her clearing of him, may be prevented; and it may be he will be in better temper, hoping of his own clearing, and her respiting.’

The letter of Bacon to the King, of the 28th of April, is one of the most important, not only for the matter, but because it contains James’s replies to Bacon’s suggestions.\* It was the wish of the King to spare Somerset; it was Bacon’s business or interest to suggest motives and means. We shall quote only two of the arguments in favour of mercy. ‘That the blood of Overbury is already revenged by divers executions’—that is to say, that the little fish had been taken in the net, while the great ones were to be suffered to escape. And ‘That confession and peniteney are the footstools of mercy; adding this circumstance likewise, that *the former offenders did none of them make a clear confession*.’ A remarkable admission, although intended for the King’s ear only, considering Coke’s assertions to the contrary, and the opportunities which Bacon, as Attorney-General, had of getting at the truth.

Among other arrangements for keeping Somerset in good humour, the King suggested that ‘a little charm might be

\* Bacon’s Works, vol. v. Letter cxxxviii.

infused into his ear some few hours before the trial; this was probably a conditional promise of mercy. It was suggested by Bacon that Dr. Whiting, the King's chaplain, who had a peculiar talent for 'pressing the consciences of people,' and who had attended Helwysse and Mrs. Turner at their executions, should try his powers of persuasion upon Somerset and also upon the Countess, and induce them to confess.

But it was not enough to engage the professional services of the acute and sagacious Bacon in finding a loophole for the escape of his former favourite; James adopted other and secret means to endeavour to obtain a confession from Somerset. Secretly, and with the utmost caution, he wrote to the Lieutenant of the Tower (Sir George More) a letter,\* which he sent by Walter James, the secretary of Somerset, desiring the Lieutenant to admit James to the presence of his prisoner 'with such secrecy as none living may know of it; and after his speaking 'with him in private, he may be returned back again as secretly.'

Not satisfied with this letter, four days† after, James again wrote confidentially to the Lieutenant. In this letter, after saying that he 'cannot leave off to use all means possible to move Somerset to do that which is both most honourable for the King, and his own best,' he adds, 'you shall therefore give him assurance in my name, that if he will yet, before his trial, confess clearly unto the Commissioners his guiltiness of this fact, I will not only perform what I promised by my last messenger both towards him and his wife, but I will enlarge it,' &c.

Another letter, without date, and to the same effect, followed this; but the King was disappointed. Somerset would not confess.

In the meantime, preparations had been making for the trial of the Earl and Countess. The Peers selected to try the cause had been summoned as far back as the 27th of April, and the day of the trial had been fixed for the 15th of May; but, on account of the Countess's indisposition, it was subsequently postponed until the 23rd, and ultimately until the 24th, on which day the trial of the Countess took place.

Although nearly twelve years had elapsed since the last State trial in Westminster Hall, namely, that of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, the ceremonial attending it was in the recollection of many persons then living. The present ceremony was expected to be still more imposing. An Earl and his Countess—the one the favourite of the King, the other a scion of

\* Dated 9th May, 1616. *Losely's Papers*, (see *Amos*, 471,) published in 1835, by A. T. Kemp, Esq.

† May 13, 1616.

one of the first families in England—were to be tried by their Peers for felony. The excitement of the people had, during the long interval that had elapsed since the trials in the autumn of the minor agents concerned in the murder of Overbury, subsided almost into a feeling of disappointment; and the notion gained ground that those who were thought to be most culpable, would be permitted to escape the punishment due to their crime. The active preparations for the trials awakened the expectations of the people, and the excitement increased as the appointed day drew near. Seats in Westminster Hall were engaged more than a week before the time; four or five pieces was the ordinary price for a seat. One man, a lawyer, gave as much as 10*l.*, for the two days, for seats for himself and his wife. The sum of 50*l.* was paid for a corner which would contain a dozen persons. Some, anxious to secure their places, took possession of their seats as early as six o'clock in the morning of the day of trial. Every part of the vast building, except that which was destined for the accommodation of the official personages and the prisoners, was filled with spectators. Every avenue leading to the Hall was crowded with men, women, and children, eager to catch a glimpse of what was passing within, and to ascertain the result of the trial. Business was at a stand; public amusements neglected; even the law-courts were almost deserted; the people themselves being, as Lord Bacon said, more willing to be lookers-on in this business than to follow their own.

The spectacle within was solemn and imposing. At the upper end of the Hall, on an elevated chair of state, and robed in full official costume, sat the good and venerable Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who, on this occasion, officiated as Lord High Steward. Although in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Ellesmere retained so much of the remarkable personal beauty for which he had always been distinguished, that persons frequently went to the Court of Chancery to enjoy the pleasure of gazing on his handsome face; and happy, says the facetious Fuller, were they who had no other business there. On the right of the Chancellor stood the Usher with the White Rod; on the left, another Usher with the Black Rod; near him, the Garter King-at-Arms and the Seal-bearer. Eight Sergeants-at-arms stood on either side; others were placed behind the Chancellor.

The twenty-one Peers, who constituted the Court of the Lord High Steward, sat on each side on benches placed on a gallery a little lower than the seat of the Chancellor, and approached by twelve steps. In a row behind the Peers sat the Judges in their scarlet robes and collars of SS. The principal seat was occupied by the most eminent of lawyers, Sir Edward Coke, the Lord



Chief Justice of England, that 'spirit of a fiery exhalation, as subtle as active.\* Well-proportioned in his person, regular in feature, his presence added dignity to the Bench; while his grave and composed manner veiled the impetuosity of his temperament. At the further end sat the King's Counsel, at the head of whom was the great Sir Francis Bacon, then Attorney-General. He was easily distinguishable by his lofty, spacious, and open forehead; by the lines of thought upon his brow; and by his bright and penetrating eye. The Clerk of the Crown and his deputy stood in the midst of the court, the Sergeant-Crier beside him. Close by the Court of Common Pleas a small room or cabin had been built as a place of rest for the prisoners. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir George More, stood near.

All being silent, the Garter King-at-Arms rose and delivered the patent to the Lord High Steward, who received and kissed it, then handed it to the Clerk of the Court.

The Sergeant-Crier proclaimed silence in the name of the Lord High Steward. The commission was then read; the indictment handed in; Walter Lee, the Sergeant-at-arms, returned the precept for summoning the Peers of Frances Countess of Somerset; the Peers answered severally to their names, each standing up as his name was read, with hat off, until the next was called. The Lieutenant of the Tower was ordered to bring in his prisoner. There was a dead silence, broken only by the rustling of garments, as all the spectators turned towards the place where the prisoner was expected to appear. Sir George More led in the subdued and trembling Countess, and placed her at the bar. The usual ceremony of carrying the axe before her had been dispensed with. The Countess appeared dressed in black, with a cypress chaperon on her head; and a cobweb-lawn ruff and cuffs. Although pale from long confinement and agitation, and suffering perhaps from the painful disease which shortened her life, she was still young,† and eminently beautiful; and the spectators, while they recollected the brilliant fêtes which took place on her marriage with Somerset, and the adulation she had received from all ranks, could not help contrasting the exalted station she had once occupied with her present ignominious position. All present commiserated her unhappy condition. Among the spectators was one who, placed where he could escape observation, fixed his eye sadly and tenderly upon her; it was the young Earl of

\* Wilson, in Kennet.

† It is stated in the Proceedings for the Divorce, that the Countess was married to Essex in 1603, and that she was then thirteen; that, in 1613, she was between twenty-two and twenty-three; she must, therefore, have been twenty-six at the time of her trial, and not twenty-one, as Mr. Amos supposes. Essex was two years older. Somerset was nearly the same age as the Countess.

Essex, the boy-husband of her youth, whose affection she had repulsed, whose name she had resigned to assume that of the now disgraced favourite. Unseen by the Countess, Essex had come to witness the result of the trial of her whom he had so fondly loved, for the murder of her new husband's friend.

'Frances, Countess of Somerset,' said the Clerk of the Court, 'hold up thy hand.'

She held it up until the Lieutenant told her she might put it down. The indictment was then read; and when Weston's name was mentioned, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she hid her face with her fan. When the indictment had been read, the Clerk of the Court again addressed her:—

'Frances, Countess of Somerset, what sayest thou? Art thou guilty of this felony and murder? or not guilty?'

The Countess, making an obeisance to the Lord Steward, answered 'with a low voice, but wonderful fearful, "Guilty."'

Sir Francis Bacon then rose. In a speech carefully prepared, he addressed the Lord High Steward, gave his own version of the discovery of the murder, panegyricized the King, and contrasting the humility and repentance of the Countess with the persistent denial of those who had been executed, he held out hopes of pardon to the Countess in terms which could scarcely be misunderstood. In fact, a disposition to extenuate was apparent throughout the proceedings of this day. The King's instructions for the investigation of the murder were then read, and commended by Sir Edward Coke and by the Lord High Steward. The Attorney-General then desired that the confession might be recorded, and judgment given against the prisoner.

'Frances, Countess of Somerset,' said the Clerk of the Court, 'whereas thou hast been indicted, arraign'd, and pleaded guilty, as accessory before the fact, of the wilful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, what canst thou now say for thyself why judgment of death should not be pronounced against thee?'

The Countess replied, humbly, fearfully, 'I can much aggravate, but nothing extenuate my fault; I desire mercy, and that the Lords will intercede for me with the King.'

The voice was so low, that the Lord High Steward could not hear her, and the Attorney-General was obliged to repeat her words.

The Usher of the White Staff, bending his knee, presented it to the Lord High Steward, who pronounced sentence of death against the Countess.

The unhappy woman was re-conducted by the Lieutenant to the Tower, and the Court broke up; yet, notwithstanding sen-

tence had been passed, it was the general opinion that her life would be spared.

The trial of Somerset was to take place on the following day. The King had addressed to the Lieutenant another private letter, which showed that his anxiety on the subject of the trial was not at all diminished, and that he still apprehended opposition on the part of Somerset.

As yet, the prisoner did not know what day was fixed for the trial; it was considered time to inform him. Late at night, before retiring to rest, he was told by Sir George More to prepare himself. The Earl absolutely refused, saying, they should carry him in his bed; that the King had assured him he would not bring him to trial, neither did he dare to do so. More was so surprised, that although 'he was accounted a wise man, yet he was neare at his wits end.' What follows must be related in the words of Sir Anthony Weldon:—

'Yet away goes Moore to Greenwich, as late as it was (being twelve at night); bounseth at the back-stayres as if mad, to whome came Jo. Loveston, one of the grooms, out of his bed, enquires the reason of that distemper at so late a season. Moore tells him he must speak with the King. Loveston replies, "He is quiet" (which, in the Scottish dialect, is fast asleep). Moore says, "You must awake him." Moore was called in. (The chamber left to the King and Moore). He tells the King those passages, and desired to be directed by the King, for he was gone beyond his owne reason, to heare such bold and undutiful expressions from a faulty subject against a just soveraigne. The King falls into a passion of tears: "On my soule, Moore, I wot not what to do! thou art a wise man, help me in this great straight, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master," with other sad expressions. Moore leaves the King in that passion, but assures him he will prove the utmost of his wit to serve his Majesty; and was really rewarded with a suit worth to him 1500*l*. (although Annandale, his great friend, did cheat him of one-half; so was there falsehood in friendship).

'Sir George Moore returns to Somerset about three next morning of that day he was to come to triall, enters Somerset's chamber, tells him he had been with the King, found him a most affectionate master unto him, and full of grace in his intentions towards him: "But (said he), to satisfie justice, you must appeare, although returne instantly againe, without any further proceedings, only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you." With this trick of wit he allayed his fury, and got him quietly, about eight in the morning, to the Hall; yet feared his former bold language might revert againe, and being brought by this trick into the toille, might have more enraged him to fly out into some strange discovery; for prevention whereof he had two servants placed on each side of him, with a cloak on their arms, giving them withall a

peremptory order, if that Somerset did any way fly out on the King, they should instantly hoodwink him with that cloak, take him violently from the bar, and carry him away; for which he would secure them from any danger, and they should not want also a bountiful reward. But the Earle, finding himself overreached, recollected a better temper, and went on calmly in his tryall, where he held the company until seven at night. But who had seen the King's restless motion all that day, sending to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, cursing all that came without tidings, would have easily judged all was not right, and there had been some grounds for his fears of Somerset's boldnesse; but at last one bringing him word he was condemned, and the passages, all was quiet. This is the very relation from Moore's owne mouth, and this he told *verbatim*, in Wanstead Parke, to two gentlemen (of which the author was one), who were both left by him to their own freedome, without engaging them, even in those times of high distemperatures, unto a faithful secrecie in concealing it; yet, though he failed in his wisdom, they failed not in that worth inherent in every noble spirit, never speaking of it till after the King's death.'

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 25th of May, the trial of the Earl of Somerset began. The ceremonial was the same as on the previous day, except that the axe was carried before him.\* The Earl appeared in the cloak and George and other insignia of the order of the Garter. His dress was of plain black satin, laid (or trimmed) with two satin laces. His yellow hair was curled, his beard long, his face pale, his eyes sunk in his head. His manner was modest, but firm. The indictment having been read, Somerset pleaded 'not guilty,' and the trial went on.

The Lord High Steward addressed the prisoner, saying he might speak boldly, and urging him to confess the truth, lest his wilfulness should cause the gates of mercy to be shut upon him.

The Attorney-General delivered a long and very elaborate speech, divided and subdivided into many heads, and then parts of the examinations of the different witnesses were read in court. Although we have not space to enter into the evidence, still a few remarks with regard to it will be necessary. On comparing the version of this trial, as published in the *State Trials*, with the manuscript copy in the writing of Sir Ralph Wynwood, preserved in the British Museum, and also with the documents discovered by Mr. Amos in the State Paper Office, many discrepancies will be observed; many omissions, some interpolations, and many garbled statements will be perceived. Those circumstances which would tell in favour of the prisoner are stu-

\* When a peer was tried for felony, the axe was carried before him; when he was convicted, the edge was turned towards him.

diously kept out of sight, while every endeavour is made to procure the conviction of the accused. It may be confidently stated, that no prisoner would now be convicted on the evidence adduced on the trial of Somerset.

Somerset's bearing was manly and collected; eye-witnesses speak of his constancy and undaunted carriage all the time of his arraignment. At five o'clock he began his defence. He expressed his confidence in his own cause, which he was come there to defend. He acknowledged that he had consented to the imprisonment of Overbury, but denied being accessory to the murder. 'Let not you, then,' he said, 'my noble Peers, rely upon the memorative relation of such a villain as Franklin; neither think it a hard request when I humbly desire you to weigh my protestations, my oath upon my honour and conscience, against the lewd information of so bad a miscreant.'

With regard to the pardon he had obtained from the King, and in which the word *murder* was inserted, he explained that this word was included in the general words added by the lawyers, and that he had nothing to do with its insertion.

Towards evening the effect of the scene was heightened by the introduction of a number of lighted torches, rendered necessary by the declining light. The torches, added to the crowd assembled in the Hall and the warmth of the weather, rendered the heat almost unbearable. Many persons left in consequence, or were carried out fainting.

Having concluded his defence, the prisoner, after recommending his case to their Lordships, was withdrawn while the Lords conversed together. On returning to their seats, their names were severally called by the Sergeant-Crier. Then the Lord High Steward, addressing each of the Lords by name, asked him whether Robert Earl of Somerset was guilty as accessory before the fact of the murder of Overbury, for which he had been arraigned, or not guilty. One and all replied guilty. The verdict might have been anticipated, for most of the nobles summoned belonged to the faction that would rise by the fall of Somerset.\* The prisoner was then brought up for judgment, and sentence of death was passed upon him. The edge of the axe was turned towards him. The Lord High Steward then broke his staff; the Court dissolved; and the prisoner was led back to the Tower. Thus ended the great oyer of poisoning.

One incident of the trial we must not neglect to mention. The Earl of Essex, who, although present at the trial of the Countess, had kept himself out of sight, had, during the Earl's trial, placed himself in full view of his rival.

\* Amos, 357.

Shortly after his trial, Somerset wrote to the King a long and obscure letter, part of which probably related to the discovery of the secret between the King and himself. 'I will say no further,' he writes, 'neither in that which your Majesty doubted my fitness to fall into, for my cause nor my confidence is in that distress, as for to use that mean of intercession, or anything besides; but to remember your Majesty that I am the workmanship of your hands, and bear your stamp deeply imprinted in all the characters of favour; that I was the first plant engrafted by your Majesty's hand in this place, therefore not to be unrooted by the same hand, lest it should taint all the same kind with the touch of that fatallness.'

Although sentence of death had been recorded against both the Earl and Countess, no steps were taken to carry it into execution. They still remained in the Tower. Within two months after the trial the liberty of the Tower was granted to the Earl, and he was seen to walk about with the Garter and George about his neck. Nor was this all the indulgence he received from the King. His habiliments or arms as a Knight of the Garter were suffered to remain at Windsor, although, as was customary on the admission of new knights, they were moved higher, in this case, to make room for those of Sir George Villiers, the Earl of Rutland, and Lord Lisle. Mr. Chamberlain, writing to Sir Dudley Carleton, says:—'It is much spoken of how foreign princes of that order (to let our own pass) can digest to be coupled in society with a man lawfully and publicly convicted of so foul a fact; or how a man civilly dead and corrupt in blood, and so no gentleman, should continue a Knight of the Garter; but this age affords things as strange and incompatible.'

The Countess's pardon had already received the royal signature and seal, but her release did not follow immediately.

The people were by no means satisfied with the lenity and indulgence shown to the Earl and Countess. They recollected and acknowledged the truth of what Weston had said, namely, that a net had been made to catch the little fishes, while the great ones were suffered to break through. The four persons who had been executed for the murder of Overbury were considered in the light of scapegoats, who bore the sins and blood-guiltiness of the King's favourites. The people were indignant that the great criminals should be suffered to escape punishment, while others should be hung for the sins they had or had not committed. The discontent was general, and the popular feeling was publicly displayed upon the occasion of the Queen's visit to Town, in company with the Countess of Derby, Lady Ruthen,

and Lord Carew. A report was spread that the Countess of Somerset and her mother were in the coach; the people vented their displeasure by hooting and hissing; the crowd continually increased, assailing the party with railings and revilings, and abusing the footmen. In vain did the Countess of Derby make herself known to the people and address them; they would not be convinced, but followed the carriage, to the great terror of the ladies, until it entered Whitehall. Lord Carew would have alighted to convince the people of their mistake, but was not permitted by the Queen, lest he should not be able to join them again.

After an imprisonment in the Tower of five years, the Earl and Countess had permission to retire to the country, but their liberty was circumscribed to the space of three miles around their residence.

In the year 1624, four months before the death of the King, James, forgetting, or at all events disregarding the curse he had denounced upon those who should spare any who were concerned in the murder of Overbury, granted to the Earl and Countess of Somerset a free pardon, and settled upon the Earl 4000*l.* a year in land.

But freedom did not bring happiness to Somerset and his Countess; hatred succeeded to love; bitter quarrels disturbed their lives, and peace and quiet were only attained by the cessation of all intercourse. The Earl and Countess lived several years in the same house without communicating with each other. The Countess died, after long and severe suffering from a cancer, in 1632.

In the later years of his life, when wearied with the insolence of Villiers (then Duke of Buckingham), from which he had not energy to emancipate himself, King James, feeling the return of his old affection for Somerset, or perhaps attracted towards him by the secret which they shared in common, entered again into confidential correspondence with his disgraced favourite. He even consulted Somerset on matters relating to his rival, Buckingham. Some years ago the fair copy, by a secretary, of a letter written by Somerset, in answer to some communication from the King, was found in a small box containing family papers at Nesbit Hall, the ancient seat of the Carr family. The part of this letter quoted by Mr. Amos\* proves the confidential intercourse which existed between the Sovereign and the writer.

Nor was this their only communication. Bishop Burnet mentions a private interview between James and Somerset in the

gardens at Theobald's by night. The Earl spoke of the meeting to a friend, who related it to the historian.

'The King,' says Burnet, 'embraced him tenderly and with many tears; the Earl of Somerset believed the secret was not well kept, for soon after the King was taken ill with some fits of ague, and died of it. My father (says Burnet) was then in London, and did very much suspect ill practice in the matter; but perhaps Dr. Craig, my mother's uncle, who was one of the Queen's physicians, possessed him with these apprehensions, for he was disgraced for saying he believed the King was poisoned. It is certain no King could die less lamented or less esteemed than he was.'\*

Somerset died in obscurity in 1645, a despised and disappointed man. The only child of the Earl and Countess, who was named Anne<sup>a</sup> after the Queen, was married to the Duke of Bedford, and was the mother of Lord William Russell.

Thus have we brought to a close the narrative of this mysterious crime, availing ourselves of the light shed upon the story by the recent discoveries in the State Paper Office. But, notwithstanding these discoveries, the plot remains shrouded in a double veil of mystery and darkness, which it seems almost in vain to endeavour to penetrate. Foremost among the 'historic doubts' which throng the subject, two questions, however, seem to stand forth—Who murdered Overbury? and why was he murdered?

We think there is strong reason to believe that the parties executed for the murder—namely, Helwysse, Weston, Franklin, and Mrs. Turner—how guilty soever in intention—and of their evil intentions there can be little doubt—did not really effect it. We entertain no doubt that the wicked Countess had plotted the prisoner's death; but consider that plot failed,—probably through the intervention of Helwysse. Of this intervention she was unaware, and therefore believed herself guilty of the fact, as she certainly was in design. Hence her confession.

Taking this view of the Countess's guilt, we of course believe that Somerset was innocent. It was the opinion of his contemporaries that he was accessory to the imprisonment, but that he was innocent of the murder; that he fell, as he himself expresses it, 'rather from want of well defending than by force of proofs.' In this opinion we entirely concur.

Now it appears from the documents published by Mr. Amos, that the immediate cause of Overbury's death was the medication administered by the boy Reeve, under the direction of Paul de Lobell, the apothecary of Sir Theodore de Mayerne, the King's

\* Burnet's *History of his Own Times*, p. 29.



French physician, who attended Overbury for some months during his imprisonment, and apparently by the King's orders.

But Lobell had no animosity against his victim. He was therefore employed by others. Who were they?

We must answer this inquiry by another. Who had cause to wish his death?

THE KING, we are told, had conceived a rooted hatred against Overbury. The cause of his hatred we can only conjecture. Overbury had insulted the Queen, but this was an offence that would hardly have stirred James's blood. Was it then, this, that the King desired to get rid of one who was privy to the same dark and mysterious secret, the knowledge of which gave Somerset, a few years after, so strange a power over his royal master? We are told that Sir Edward Coke, in the trial of Monson, and in his letters to the King, threw out dark hints respecting some fearful plot of which he thought he had found the clue, 'yet was rebuked, and lost his place as Chief Justice for his officiousness.' Be this as it may, we think it plain that Somerset was acquainted with some secret, the revelation of which would have consigned James to infamy, as the fear that it might be revealed threw him into the agony of terror so graphically described by Weldon. If so, considering the intimacy between Somerset and his Mentor,\* it may be taken for granted that Overbury knew it too. Those students of English history who believe that James contrived the destruction of the Gowries, will find no difficulty in believing that he also contrived the destruction of Overbury. It is not necessary to suppose that the King actually instructed Lobell to administer the poison; perhaps he only uttered some such significant wish as that which, uttered by Henry II., caused the murder of Becket.

\* 'Overbury was known to have great interest and strict friendship with my Lord of Somerset . . . he was a kind of oracle to him; . . . the time was when Overbury knew more of the secrets of State than the Council-table did.' From the speech of Sir Francis Bacon on the trial of Somerset.—See the *State Trials*.

ART. II.—*Prize Essay on the Prevention of the Smoke Nuisance.*

By CHARLES WYE WILLIAMS, Associate Institute Civil Engineers. London: John Weale. 1856.

WHEN a foreigner sets sail for England, he does so with a conviction that he is bidding adieu to clear air and sunny skies. He has heard that our sea-girt isle is perpetually mantled in fog, and that myriads of factory chimneys ceaselessly pour into the atmosphere their contribution towards the general gloom. As he crosses the Channel this idea is confirmed by the long lines of smoke which, issuing from the steamboat funnels, stretch away to the distant horizon, and display their blackness against the white cliffs of Albion.\* As he enters the metropolis, either through Bermondsey or Blackwall, the hanging clouds of grimy mist and the discoloured architecture give reality to this impression. Further acquaintance with us may teach him that the sun does often shine, and that brightly, in London, and that the sooty cloud which spreads over our great manufacturing towns does not extend perceptibly into the country; yet he will inevitably return home with the conviction that among the predominant institutions of England is smoke.

And smoke is a positive nuisance. It renders day too much like night; it interferes with the healthful enjoyment of the fresh air: it prevents the growth of roses, literally and figuratively; it dulls our appreciation of bright colours, and increases our national spleen; it corrodes our stone-work, it destroys our clothes, and it has been reckoned to cost Manchester alone 200,000*l.* per annum in soap. Think of a regular London yellow fog, when you cannot see ten inches before you, when you are frightened by horses and cabs on the footpath, and glaring link-boys starting up under your feet, and lose your way in the middle of the street, feeling the bitter smoke entering eyes, nose, and lungs, and conscious of being momentarily covered with what Dickens calls 'snowflakes that have gone into mourning for the loss of the sun.' Or think of a laundress in the outskirts of town, who, wishing to take advantage of a bit of clear sky and freshening wind, hangs out her lines weighed down with rows of snowy linen; but the fickle wind changes, and when she returns—we drop the subject; talk, if you please, of the trouble caused by the three million blacks in the Southern States of America, but attempt not to describe her dismay and grievance.

We all grumble, and at length the legislature steps in, and says that smoke shall be done away with. It begins with Michael Angelo Taylor's Act, in 1821, and ends, at least as far as the

metropolis is concerned, with Lord Palmerston's Smoke Nuisance Abatement Act, which came into operation on the 1st of August, 1854. But Acts of Parliament are not omnipotent, and unfortunately these particular Acts, while they tell what is to be done, leave the poor smoke producer in profound ignorance as to how to do it. The artist, with a few dashes of his brush, or strokes of his chisel, may create new forms of loveliness and power; but even the original Michael Angelo could not, with a few dashes of his pen, have created the means of sweeping from our skies the unlovely veil of smoke. We have heard that, in some eastern lands, Palmerston is looked upon as a mighty wizard, who had only to pronounce a magic word, and presto! his foes disappear, and thousand swift-winged spirits acknowledge his potent sway. But even he has found that it was not enough to cry, 'Let smoke cease,' in order that the malignant cloud should dissolve into pellucid air, and the sun's rays stream down unhindered to the gladsome earth.

What was to be done? The legislature declared that every one whose chimney smoked in London should be summarily convicted and fined. Derby, Halifax, Glasgow, Liverpool, and other provincial towns, have copied the law of the metropolis; and Paris has followed our example, for England has not a monopoly of smoke. Yet there was no efficient or generally known way to obey the command of the Government; no wonder, then, that a crowd of speculators arose with their panaceas for the mischief, some not at all understanding it, others full of strange theories, but each attempting, by violent advertisement, to force the public to believe in his proffered nostrum. In fact, it appears that seventy-seven patents were taken out in 1855 for this purpose alone. But to which shall the poor manufacturer look for the cure of his obnoxious furnace? He is assailed with, 'Use a split bridge;' 'Pass the air through two strata of fire;' 'Try our calorific plates;' 'Regulate the draft;' 'Make the chimney taller;' 'The whole question of furnaces and boilers is one of mere dimensions.' Many of these recommendations may be good, but what is to decide between them?

We believe that a reply to this question can be best arrived at by a thorough examination of the causes of smoke; we think too that this may be made perfectly comprehensible by the majority of those who own furnaces, and thus they will be enabled to test the claims of those inventors who offer to remove the evil. This is our present object, and before us lies a treatise, which has great claims to our regard, since it obtained the special gold medal offered by the Society of Arts for the best Essay on this very subject. It is entitled, *Prize Essay on the Prevention of*

*the Smoke Nuisance*, and its writer is Mr. Charles Wye Williams, who is already known to the world as the author of an *Essay On the Combustion of Coal, chemically and practically considered*. He has a patent of his own, and when we first opened this book and saw the large amount of italics, and observed the controversial tone, and the curt, little remarks between brackets, we thought that the quiet-looking old gentleman, whose portrait serves as the frontispiece, was of the same stamp as the empirics on whom we have just been animadverting. But on closer inspection we found that he was thoroughly acquainted with the science of the matter, and with its practice too, and we were led to ascribe these unpromising indications to his necessary connexion with the tribe of patentees.

Before we can cure an evil, we must generally learn something about its origin. So as the proverb 'Where there is smoke, there is fire,' is literally true, we shall ask our readers to look for an instant at the question—'What is fire?' With fire itself we are all well acquainted; we wonder perhaps at its power, we feel awed by its resistlessness, yet we make it our servant, and brightly it does our bidding. From remote antiquity, man has known how to cook his food by fire, to warm his benumbed limbs, and to reduce metals from their ores, but he has not understood the agent that he was daily employing on a thousand missions. The Persians saw in the luminous blaze so mysterious, so intangible, rising up ardent to heaven, and suddenly lost to human sight, something that was supra-material, and they bowed down in adoration before it. The Greeks were skilful in asking questions of nature, but they were not usually so skilful in understanding her replies. Some of their philosophers considered fire as one of the four elements of which all matter was built up, whilst Heraclitus esteemed it the prime element which, variously modified, formed all the shifting phenomena of the universe. In any case, their idea was that fire was something substantial that went out of the body burnt. This too was the notion of the alchemists. They believed that when a substance was in combustion sulphur left it, why we cannot conceive, unless it was because most flames are yellow. But sulphur itself burns; what is the blue flame which proceeds from it? They said 'Pinguetudo' or 'Oleum.' However the aphoristic statement, 'Ubi ignis et calor, ibi sulphur,' was not universally received, for Geber believed in every case in the emission of a 'terra pinguis.' But other investigators arose; alchemy threw off its oriental garb and its oriental affix, and became modern chemistry. Hooke and Mayow believed, that in the process of combustion, something came out of the air, 'the Nitroaërial particles,' and attached itself to the body burnt; but

this glimpse of the truth was forgotten, and the idea of fire as a substance was elaborated by the renowned Stahl, in his famous Phlogiston theory. He believed that this phlogiston was an actual entity, though he could not isolate and exhibit it, for whenever he caught a flame by itself, it unfortunately just went out. There were certain objections, no doubt, to this theory; for instance, the necessity of air for maintaining combustion, and what was more dwelt upon at the time, the increase of weight which certain bodies, such as lead and tin, exhibit when calcined. But, oh! the ingenuity an unsound theory brings into play! Phlogiston was esteemed the very principle of lightness, which, by departing from a body, of course left it heavier! So, for seventy years, this hypothesis bore triumphant sway, till Lavoisier attacked it, and, in 1772, announced his belief that combustion depended on the 'combination of the body burnt with part of the atmosphere.' The discovery of oxygen, by Priestley, two years afterwards, showed which part of the atmosphere it was that thus combined: yet, strange to say, Priestley himself remained the latest advocate of the Phlogiston theory, and died in that faith, while gradually every other chemist adopted the modern view, and the truth of it is now unquestioned. But the Lavoisierian statement has been enlarged, and fire may be now chemically described as the phenomenon arising from such an intense combination between two substances that sufficient heat is evolved to render them, or the resulting products, luminous.

This may be illustrated by two cases, which will enable those who are unacquainted with chemical science to understand more easily our subsequent remarks. Charcoal, coke, soot or lamp-black, are all more or less pure conditions of an elementary substance termed carbon. The air contains a fifth of its volume of oxygen gas. Now when carbon is heated with oxygen, the two combine, with the appearance of fire, and form another gas, called carbonic acid, which is the very gas which we see rising up in champagne and other effervescent drinks, which fills the brewer's vat during the fermentation of the wort, which is frequently found in cellars, or at the bottom of wells, and which forms the dreaded choke-damp that fills a mine after an explosion. This gas is invisible, but, nevertheless, contains within itself the carbon or charcoal, and always in a regular proportion; namely, eleven parts of it contain three parts of carbon and eight parts of oxygen by weight, in chemical combination.

Hydrogen is the lightest gas that is known; if a jet of it be ignited in the air, or if a jet of oxygen be ignited in hydrogen gas, an intensely hot but slightly luminous flame is the result, and steam passes off, which is capable of being condensed into

water. It requires two measures of hydrogen to combine with one measure of oxygen, and the resulting steam, if at the same temperature, would occupy just two measures, but of course it is produced at a very high degree of heat, and thus greatly expanded.

Having thus explained what is the nature of combustion, we turn to the philosophy of smoke.

Start not, gentle reader, nor imagine we are about summarily to introduce you to the cloud philosophy of Professor Teufelsdrück, or to pour forth a rhapsody on the virtues of the narcotic weed: No! the smoke with which we have to deal is more material than the first, perhaps more innocent than the second.

When sitting over a fire, every one has observed a coal which has just begun to feel the intense heat. From some fissure exudes a black pitchy mass, ever changing its shape, and from it starts a small jet of gas shooting out perhaps between the bars with considerable force, and then turning upwards towards the chimney. Now what is taking place here? The coal is a chemical compound, or rather a number of different chemical compounds, formed principally of carbon and hydrogen. There are also present oxygen and nitrogen, with small and very varying quantities of sulphur, and also of those mineral constituents which form the ash. With none of these latter substances have we anything to do now, as they do not affect the question at issue. The jet that springs from the roasting coal is composed of a number of gaseous compounds of carbon and hydrogen, formed by the destructive action of heat, and is identical with the gas with which our streets and dwellings are lighted. All these products are termed hydrocarbons, but some of them (especially those named light carburetted hydrogen, and olefiant gas) are perfectly gaseous at ordinary temperatures, while others condense on cooling to oily liquids, or sometimes to solid bodies. These constitute the tar of the gas works, and to these indeed it is due that we see the little jet, for its partial opacity and its brown or blue tint are owing to the fact that the slightly volatile bodies are already condensing. But as we watch the swelling coal, the jet suddenly catches fire, and it burns with all the whiteness and brilliancy of a gas flame. And now what is taking place? The gas has mixed with the air, and fire having communicated with it, the hydrogen has left its friendly carbon to join company with the oxygen, and fly off as vapour of water, while the carbon unites also with oxygen, and forms the invisible carbonic acid. Stay, we are proceeding too fast; the carbon deserted by its hydrogen, for an instant remains alone, not as a gas, but as extremely finely divided charcoal—charcoal indeed, but not black; so

heated is the flame that it becomes instantly white hot, and thus imparts the luminosity that we see. But white-hot charcoal will not long exist as such in our atmosphere: it combines with the first particle of oxygen which it encounters, and flies away again as an invisible gas. That the flame does contain actual charcoal may be proved by any one who will cut it through by a piece of white porcelain, card, or anything else which will momentarily cool it, when the white surface will be seen covered with carbonaceous soot. From this white brilliant flame no smoke proceeds, but presently the flame becomes red, and from its apex thin films of sooty smoke ascend. This is, because from some reason the temperature of the flame is reduced, the charcoal is heated only to redness, and by the time it reaches the tip of the flame is so lowered in temperature that it will not combine with the oxygen with which it may then come into contact, but ascends the chimney as finely divided charcoal, perhaps to be there deposited, perhaps to be borne aloft into the atmosphere, by the accompanying steam and invisible gases. 'Here then,' as says Mr. Williams, 'in an open fire-grate are represented the usual varieties in the stages of perfect and imperfect combustion:—white or red flame, with or without smoke. These varieties, however, are the result exclusively of one cause, namely, the varying quantities of gas evolved, and the extent to which in each case they have obtained contact with the air, before their temperature had been too much reduced. From these appearances we justly infer what takes place in the furnace.' For, indeed, the furnace is only a fireplace on a larger scale, and much more confined.

There is one other point to which we must allude in the coal fire. After the gas has been tolerably well expelled from the coals, they cake together and burn away with a bright red heat and no flame. In this condition they form no visible smoke, and the product of combustion is almost wholly carbonic acid, since the hydrogenous constituents had nearly all been consumed before the fuel was reduced to this coky state.

There is an unfortunate ambiguity prevailing with regard to the use of the word smoke; an ambiguity that has been rendered the more puzzling by one of its results, namely, that the Act of Parliament requires that the furnaces 'shall consume or burn the smoke,' and most of those who have treated on the subject speak without hesitation of 'smoke consumption,' while Mr. Williams and a few others maintain most stoutly, that to burn smoke is scientifically absurd, and practically impossible. Now Mr. Williams certainly has the advantage of most of his opponents in scientific knowledge; he understands the theory of

the matter well, and does not commit such self-contradictory blunders as a gentleman who lately read a most elaborate paper before the Society of Arts on the subject, and during the course of it made the following statements: 'Smoke, as it appears to the eye when issuing from a factory chimney, is a compound of soot, dust, steam, and gas, of the same description as is produced and distributed by the gas companies.' And, 'The smoke which affects the public is mainly composed of the hydrogen and such portions of carbon as are thrown off with it.' Yet we have in vain sought for any clear indication of what meaning Mr. Williams attaches to the term smoke. He obviously repudiates the popular use of the term, for he refuses to apply it to the brown jet which issues from the gas coal, and which of course is combustible enough. With this we find no fault, but he writes—'According to the views of scientific men, the term smoke is applied to the *volatile produce* of the furnace *after* the process of flame or combustion has taken place, in contradistinction to that which issues *direct from the coal*, and which is called gas or gaseous vapours.' Now this '*volatile produce*' may be either invisible or a black cloud, according to the completeness or incompleteness of the combustion. Do scientific men call it smoke in the first of these cases? They do not. We certainly remember that Professor Faraday, in lecturing at the Royal Institution on the ventilation of rooms heated by gas, used the term smoke in this manner; but he did so only because no other short word was at hand, and he apologized for the unusual application of the term. Nor does the essayist himself abide by this definition: by prevention of smoke, he means not putting out the fires, but producing invisible products of combustion, and further on he gives the following wiser description:—'Smoke must be taken as it is—namely, a *compound cloud of all these three gaseous bodies* (nitrogen, carbonic acid, and steam), together with the portion more or less of the solid, uncombined, visible, free carbon.' But what of the dictum that smoke cannot be consumed? If smoke be the '*volatile products*' of combustion, the oxydized gases, they of course can be neither consumed nor prevented; if smoke be the diffused carbon, that is combustible enough; if smoke be the carbon, together with the large volume of oxydized gases and nitrogen through which it is diffused, the gases certainly cannot be burnt, but that which renders the mass visible, and gives it a right to be called smoke, may be. If Mr. Williams means to affirm that when black carbon is once deposited in the midst of a mass of these oxydized gases, it cannot by any possible means be made to combine with oxygen, we doubt the correctness of the assertion. That prevention is



better than cure, however, we do not doubt, and we think Mr. Williams has done great service in fixing attention on this fact, even though his determination to maintain his favourite theory, that smoke cannot be consumed, has led him into several unguarded statements in Section VII. of his Treatise.

It was stated above that a furnace is a fireplace on a large scale and more confined, and it is just upon this confinement that the great difficulty hinges. The engineer's object is of course to heat the boiler as much as possible; thus he must leave as little space as he can for the heat to radiate away into and be lost. Besides, in many places, especially in steam-boats, the smallness of the whole machinery is a great desideratum. It must be remembered also, that if a very large amount of cold air sweeps through the burning fuel, or between it and the bottom of the boiler, it will most materially reduce the temperature of the surrounding iron, and will also tend to carry the hot gases up into the chimney. The fear of this seems to be continually before the minds of our engine-makers, and they sometimes will make a furnace of a cylindrical form seven or eight feet long, and only about two feet in diameter; and this long box the stoker will almost fill with coal, and then shut the door as tight as possible, just as though the object were to imitate a gas retort. If they could succeed perfectly in this endeavour, unignited gas would assuredly stream up the chimney, generating no heat, and eventually the fire itself would go out for want of the great supporter of combustion. But this of course is never attained in practice; air does find access, the hydrogen of the gas is consumed, but the widowed carbon has little chance of meeting with another partner, and so in a sad black stream the sooty particles are borne up the flue and into the surrounding air. Disgust of neighbours, prosecution, fine, follow; but in vain, the furnace does not feel the punishment, the tall chimney smokes ruthlessly as before; renewed disgust, and further prosecution and heavier fine threaten its unhappy owner, and he turns doubtfully to those who with clamorous voices profess their ability to cure the giant evil.

Sir Henry de la Beche and Dr. Lyon Playfair presented, in March, 1845, to the House of Commons a Report, in which they ascribed the nuisance complained of to the three following causes:—

'1st. The want of proper construction and adjustment between the fireplaces and the boiler, and the disproportionate size of the latter to the amount of work which they are expected to perform.

'2nd. The deficiency of draft and imperfect construction of the flues leading to a chimney of inadequate height or capacity.

'3rd. The carelessness of stoking and management by those intrusted with the charge of the fireplaces and boilers.'

To take the last of these first into consideration, an improvement in the mode of 'firing the furnaces' might be often easily effected; and on that subject Mr. Williams has many judicious remarks. It is impossible for a stoker to do credit to himself if he have to feed a furnace which is radically defective in its construction; but a man, by his inefficiency, will often impede the proper working of a good furnace. There are stokers who seem to think that their whole duty consists in shovelling coals into the flue as rapidly as they can, and heaping them up inside, just where it will give them least trouble; that is, immediately within the door, and midway between the sides. Now, this is just the wrong place to put the coals; the bars ought to be equally covered; and as the combustion goes on most rapidly (in ordinary cases) at the sides, and at the further end, attention should be especially paid to throw fresh fuel into these places. Then, again, no heaping up ought ever to be allowed, for it narrows the passage which the air can traverse, and so produces imperfect combustion. The throwing of much coal on at a time, or in great lumps, is another vicious practice. In Cornwall they manage these things well, as the following quotation from Tredgold will show.\*

\* The mode of firing adopted in Cornwall is spreading the charge of fuel equally and thinly over the fire, and feeding the fire frequently with small quantities at a time, and with coal broken into small pieces. It is, in fact, merely a return to the method recommended by Smeaton and Watt. The former in his direction for working the York Water-works engine, August 29, 1785, says:—'Break every coal that is bigger than a goose's egg, and the oftener you fire, and the thinner, the better. The fire should be kept an equal thickness, and free from open places or holes, which are extremely prejudicial, and should be filled up as soon as they appear.'

The following narrative by Mr. Lowe, as given in the *Society of Arts' Journal*, may be interesting in illustration of this point:—

'He had often occasion to cross in the steamer from Holyhead to Kingstown, and he had remarked the splendid bow of carbon which the *Columbia* left in her wake from port to port. He had pointed it out one day to the captain of the vessel, and he had been permitted to try the experiment of stoking three of the furnaces every ten minutes instead of every twenty minutes, and by leaving the furnace-door on the latch instead of closed tight; the result was that the smoke all

\* As quoted in Mr. Williams's Essay.

disappeared; and from that day to this the engines of the *Columbia* were enabled to make twenty-one revolutions per minute instead of nineteen, and no black smoke was ever seen from her funnel to pave the sky with carbon from port to port.'

Several mechanical contrivances have been devised for feeding the fires regularly without the aid of the human stoker, who may be careless or negligent, even if he be thoroughly instructed. We may mention Brunton's revolving grate, and Stanley's self-feeding apparatus, and Juckes's, which is thus described:—

'An arrangement of endless chains which, being caused to revolve upon cylinders, stretch the chains as it were from one end of the furnace space to the other; such chains being formed of links a few inches long, constitute in themselves the fire bar surface of the furnace. Over the outward end is fixed a contrivance for feeding the apparatus with small coal, and motion being given to the machine, the fuel is carried gradually onward.'

This plan has been adopted at Messrs. Truman and Hanbury's with success and economy, although large brewers' vats are much more difficult to deal with than ordinary boilers. The annealing furnaces of the Royal Mint have also been improved by Juckes's chain-apparatus. We remember seeing this arrangement, or something very similar, at the Printing-office of Messrs. Chambers in Edinburgh, and as we gazed at the small pieces of coal on the endlessly revolving chains, we saw the appearance, which is poetically described in the Prize Essay as 'that of a bed of crocus flowers—the flame rising in numerous detached vertical jets over the whole surface of the thin bed of fuel, by reason of the air passing upwards through it in small streams.' 'All these systems, however, are incompatible with the requirements of heavy charges and more active firing.'

But the mischief which arises from bad stoking is insignificant as compared with the far less remediable mischief caused by faultiness of construction in the furnace and flue. It will be readily seen that, for the complete combustion of a certain quantity of coal, a certain large quantity of air is required. Thus in the blast furnaces for the reduction of iron ore, the air that enters by the twyers is computed as equal in weight to all the iron-stone coal and limestone taken together that is thrown into the fiery cavern, equal in weight we say, we leave our readers to imagine how many times as much in bulk. Now, we have already seen that, where the gases from the coal are not mixed with a sufficiency of oxygen, they are only partially burnt, and a deposit of black carbon results. There must, indeed, be enough

air to do something more than ignite the gases, for, to use Mr. Williams's expression—

'Flame is not the combustion of the gas. Flame itself has to undergo a further process of combustion, being but a mass of carbon atoms *still unconsumed*, though at the temperature of incandescence and high luminosity. Flame is, then, but one of the stages of the process of combustion. Its existence marks the moment, as regards each atom, of its separation from and the combustion of its accompanying hydrogen, by which so intense a heat is produced as instantaneously to raise the solid carbon atom, then in contact, to that high temperature: thus preparing it the more rapidly to combine with oxygen so soon as it shall have obtained contact with the air, but not a moment sooner.'

Now, it would not be very difficult to calculate the precise amount of air theoretically necessary for the combustion of a certain coal; but in practice a much larger quantity is indispensable, because the air never gets absolutely intermixed with the gases.

The following statement of the late Professor Daniel will illustrate this point:—

'With regard to the different forms of hydrocarbon, it is well known that the whole of the carbon is never combined with oxygen in the process of detonation, or silent combustion, unless a large excess of oxygen be present. For the complete combustion of olefiant gas, it is necessary to mix the gas with five times its volume of oxygen, though three only are consumed. If less be used, part of the carbon escapes combination, and is deposited as a black powder. Even subcarburetted hydrogen (our common coal-gas), it is necessary to mix with more than twice its bulk of oxygen, or the same precipitation will occur. It is clear, therefore, that the whole of the hydrogen of any of the compounds of carbon may be combined with oxygen, while a part of their carbon may escape combustion, and that even when enough of oxygen is present for its saturation.'

'That which takes place when the mixture is designedly made in the most perfect manner, must undoubtedly arise in the common process of combustion (in a furnace), where the mixture is fortuitous and much less intimate.'

It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that while a charge of coal is burning, there should pass through the furnace not merely the amount of air theoretically necessary for its combustion—namely, about 150 cubic feet for each pound, but a considerably larger quantity. A good deal will depend also on the way in which the air is introduced, so that it may become as well mixed as possible with the gaseous fuel. Now, instead of this being attended to, the door of the furnace is often shut directly the charge of coal is shovelled in, the only access of air

is through the bars of the grate, which are covered with an almost impermeable layer of clinkers, ashes, and fuel, and there is little space allowed between the heap of coal and the boiler, the bridge at the end of the furnace will not allow any large quantity of gaseous products of combustion to pass, and the chimney itself is not large enough for the whole expanded volume of carbonic acid gas, steam, and nitrogen, nor is it sufficiently tall or sufficiently heated to produce the necessary draft. Now, any one of these errors of construction is enough to impede the proper combustion and produce smoke. As to the exact dimensions requisite for all these different parts of a furnace, we are not sufficiently acquainted with practical engineering to form any correct opinion, or to offer any adequate advice; nor, indeed, would it be possible for any man to lay down precise rules applicable in every instance. There are, however, a series of very valuable remarks on the subject in the Prize Essay, arranged under the following heads:—

- '1st. Of the *chamber* of the furnace and the area *above* the fuel.
- '2nd. Of the ash-pit and the area below the fuel.
- '3rd. Of the means and mode by which the air should be admitted to the gas in the chamber.
- '4th. Of the required quantity of air in reference to the *draft*.
- '5th. Of the passages through which the *products* of combustion are carried away.
- '6th. Of the distance, length of *flue*, or run, along which the products have to travel.'

From this part of the work we shall merely quote, in a somewhat condensed form, and omitting the wood-cuts, a case given by the author, which will illustrate at once some of the causes of the disease, their diagnosis, and means of cure.

'Messrs. Crossfield and Company, large sugar-refiners, having been convicted for a smoke nuisance, employed a person who had previously been successful in the application of the perforated air-distributors. In this case, however, he was at fault. . . . On the admission of the air through the perforated box in the door, . . . the gases were effectually consumed, and the generation of smoke prevented. This was, however, accompanied by a diminished supply of steam. Here was a mystery which could not then be solved. In this state of things, the active partner, Mr. Barrow, applied to the writer of this Essay. . . . On examining the furnace, one cause of failure was apparent. The boiler was cylindrical, twenty-four feet long by six feet six inches in diameter, containing two cylindrical flues of two feet seven inches. In each of these was a furnace of seven feet long, thus giving a grate surface of eighteen square feet. With so large a furnace the evolution of gas from each charge of coal was necessarily large, and requiring a large quantity of air for its combustion, with a commensurate throat

area for the discharge of the products. . . . The area should have been 450 square inches; instead of these proportions, however, the actual area was found to be but 189 square inches—equal to ten and a-half square inches for each square foot of grate surface, instead of twenty-five. This area was manifestly so small that it was impossible that even one-half the volume of heated products could be discharged through it with any ordinary draft.

‘The consequence of this restriction might easily have been predicted, since, when the due quantity of air was admitted to the gases in the chamber, a proportionate abstraction from the supply by the ash-pit must be the inevitable consequence, thus causing a diminished action in the furnace, less fuel to be consumed, and less steam generated. In this case there were three modes of relief; either adequately to enlarge the throat areas—to reduce the area of the grate surface—or, to diminish the quantity of products passing over the bridge. The first was impracticable, from the smallness of the furnace and its semi-circular form. The second would have caused too serious a reduction in the quantity of steam produced. The third plan was adopted by admitting the supply of air to the gases through a perforated distributor placed in the bridge, thus in effect relieving the throat-area from the products arising from the combustion of the gas.

‘This mode of relief being applied, the advantage, however, was scarcely perceptible, and the evil of a reduced pressure of steam still continued. . . . On further examination, a still greater source of error was discovered. This was a remarkably contracted area of exit in the flue leading from the boiler to the main chimney-stack. Although each of the two furnaces had eighteen square feet of grate surface, and which, at twenty-five square inches for each, would have required an area of exit of 450 square inches, this area was actually contracted to 126 square inches.

‘This area was then, but with some difficulty, enlarged, when it equalled 240 inches. This, however, was still too small for such large furnaces. . . . Although considerable relief to the exit of the products was thus obtained, its effect was nevertheless unsatisfactory, and even intermittent,—a circumstance which still remained to be accounted for. Not deterred by these difficulties, a further examination was made. The proprietor had observed that occasionally the hot products from some one of the furnaces, instead of ascending the stack, which was eighty feet high, appeared to influence the draft of some others of them, forcing back, as it were, the hot products out of their doors. . . . Having with difficulty obtained access to the base of the stack, the evil was at once manifested. The interior area of the base was but five feet diameter, into which four apertures were made for the exit of the products of the two steam-boiler furnaces and two large charcoal heating stoves. These openings being opposite each other, it was evident that the products from each would be projected directly against those of the one opposite, thus acting the part of a damper on its issue, and necessarily diminishing the draft, the stronger overpowering

the weaker. The remedy was that suggested by Pealet, and well understood by engineers in this country, namely, the interposing diaphragms or cross walls, thus giving to each outlet an independent vertical action.

‘This being effected, a sufficient increase of draft was produced, and the gases were consumed without the recurrence of the diminution of steam, although the area of exit still remained manifestly too small to do justice to such large furnaces.’

There is one aspect of this question which, as far as we know, has never received that attention to which it is entitled. Carbon will combine with only half the quantity of oxygen requisite to form carbonic acid, and produce another invisible gas, well known to chemists by the name of carbonic oxide. Now we do not know whether the cloud of smoke issuing from a refractory furnace contains any of this gas, but we believe it is produced in locomotives, and we have some recollection of seeing the blue flame indicative of it playing about some blast-furnaces up the Swansea valley. Besides, where carbonic acid passes over carbon at a red heat, there are precisely the conditions for its production. Now this carbonic oxide used to be considered a very gentle and harmless member of the community of gases, but lately it has been convicted of serious delinquencies, and its character has sunk in chemical estimation. Nay, so insidious has been this wicked gas, that many of its evil doings have been attributed to its brother carbonic acid. Thus we strongly suspect that many of the cases of suffocation from sleeping in rooms heated by charcoal-braziers are due to this cause. Take the following anecdote as an illustration of its deleterious effects.

On the 18th June, 1854, M. Dupuis-Delcourt made a scientific ascent in a balloon with several newly-invented philosophical instruments. Having only a small balloon at his disposal, he proposed filling it with hydrogen, from the works of M. Selligie. It was intended to prepare this gas by passing steam over iron, but the workpeople during the night, to save themselves trouble, substituted charcoal in place of the iron. M. Delcourt ascended, though he found the balloon not so buoyant as he anticipated. At the height of about 5000 feet, the rarefaction of the air and the influence of the sun dilating the gas, he let some of it out by the lower part of the balloon. The aeronaut instantly felt too ill to continue his observations, and speedily became insensible, while the balloon, continuing to empty, descended, and he was roused from his stupor by the people who received him on the ground. More than three hundred persons having assembled, and the wind beginning to beat the balloon down, four or five became entangled in the ropes; M. Delcourt not wishing the

balloon to be torn, and fearing the effect of the gas on the crowd, tried to turn it upside down, so that the gas should escape into the air, but just as he was stooping for this purpose, the crowd pressed so upon the balloon that the gas was squeezed out in large quantity, and the aeronaut was again rendered insensible, and remained so for two hours, and several other people were likewise seriously affected. This was certainly due to the carbonic oxide, which was mixed in large quantity with the hydrogen, and which, being heavier, did not stream upwards when allowed to escape from the balloon. Many other accidents, some of them fatal, are narrated in the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy, from which we have taken the above.

We can hardly suppose that this gas, so noxious in large quantity, is altogether innocent when diffused through the atmosphere, and we deprecate the pouring of it from the mouths of our factory chimneys instead of the thoroughly oxydized carbonic acid, which, although incapable of supporting life, has little or no actively poisonous quality, and which returns to the atmosphere the carbonaceous portion of primeval forests in a condition ready to be assimilated by the trees of the present epoch, and to enter into new and various transformations full of life and beauty, such as may serve the present purposes of man, and may even form part of new coalbeds for the use of future generations. Our furnaces should be like the lungs of the animal kingdom, which, by wondrous wisdom, are so designed as to return to the atmosphere the carbon and hydrogen of the body in such forms as can be appropriated by the vegetable kingdom, from which all living creatures directly or indirectly derive their sustenance.

Let it be distinctly understood that the prevention of smoke is a saving in fuel. A ton of coals is capable of giving out a certain amount of heat, and if a part of this ton be sent flying up the chimney unconsumed, it cannot produce that amount. It is true that the quantity of carbon in the blackest cloud of smoke is small as compared with the other constituents, but it is something; and let it be remembered, also, that where much smoke is formed, the carbon is generally associated with some volatile hydrocarbons, which have wholly escaped combustion, and thus the coals have vanished, like Macbeth's witches, into air, but without leaving any effect behind. This is peculiarly the case in the smoke from domestic fireplaces, where, from a deficiency of draft, a large portion of gas escapes unignited. The smoke of London is principally from private houses; and that it contains tarry matters, as well as fine charcoal, is sufficiently indicated by the odour and appearance of a yellow fog.



Indeed, the waste of heat in our common fireplaces is terrible, arising partly from imperfect combustion, partly from its being carried up the flue. Count Rumford estimated it at five-sixths of the whole, and Dr. Arnott corroborates that calculation; while it is a matter of notoriety that in a continental grate a fourth part of the fuel will often suffice for warming a room.

But our object is not just now to reckon how many millions sterling their fondness for open fires costs the English nation annually, but to remind the owners of furnaces that the same thing, though on a less frightful scale, takes place in their fires, and that it is to them a matter of some importance whether a pound of coal is made to evaporate eight pounds of water or only six. The alteration of a furnace involves expense; but those who have succeeded in preventing by that means the formation of smoke, have generally found themselves quickly reimbursed.

Mr. Fairbairn has publicly stated that smoke 'had been got rid of to a very great extent in Manchester, for, though the number of engines at work had been doubled within the last fifteen years, the quantity of smoke was not more now than at the commencement of that period; and this had been accomplished by the authorities instituting proceedings against offenders.'

There can be little doubt that not only half but the whole of the dense smoke, not in Manchester alone, but throughout the country, may be prevented. Thus our atmosphere would be clearer, the sun would shine more brightly, the health of the community would be improved, the vegetable kingdom would thrive better, and a great saving would be effected in every article that requires washing, as well as in the quantity of fuel consumed for the production of heat. Let every patent then have its fair trial; there are few, if any, that are not applicable in certain cases; but especially let a knowledge of the true principles of combustion be more widely extended, not only among the owners of furnaces and their servants, but among engineers, many of whom, by their culpable ignorance of these first principles, entail long vexation and expense upon those who have confided in their skill.

ART. III.—*The Life of Henry Cornelius Agrippa Von Nettesheim, Doctor and Knight, commonly known as a Magician.* By HENRY MORLEY, Author of 'Palissy the Potter,' &c. 2 Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

IN this book Mr. Morley has completed a kind of biographical trilogy. His object has been to exhibit the life of the scholar at the period when Letters were revived and the Church was reformed. Assuming that the interest of this era is far from extinct, he has endeavoured to illustrate the peculiarities of the time by narrating the struggles and the achievements of three of its most notable men. Perhaps more by accident than as part of his original purpose, he has fixed upon a Frenchman, an Italian, and a German—upon a peasant's son, a member of the middle classes, and a scion of nobility. Palissy the Potter, Cardan the Physician, and Agrippa the Courtier and Knight, may therefore be regarded not only as types of the age, but as representatives of three great nations of Europe. Two parts of this scheme having been admirably accomplished, we have now to glance at the subject of the third.

The question to be asked with regard to Agrippa is this—Was he a genuine philosopher, or a mere showy charlatan? Sham or no sham? as Mr. Carlyle would say. Did the man believe all that he asserted, and honestly endeavour to make the world wiser by the labours of his brain? Or was he a crafty impostor, availing himself of his deeper knowledge, and his adroiter tongue, to extort the admiration, or to extract the gold of the less lettered portion of mankind? Undoubtedly the general impression has been that Cornelius was a conjuror of the first water. Hudibras has done much to stigmatize his memory, for the author of that blistering satire insists upon his wonderful proficiency in the art of lying—celebrates the diabolical dog which acted as his preceptor in all matters of occult philosophy, and treats him as a sort of prince amongst the practitioners of sorcery.\* Rubelais, as Mr. Morley says, began to revile him, before he was well in his

\* Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,  
I' the garb and habit of a dog,  
That was his tutor; and the cur  
Read to the occult philosopher,  
And taught him subtly to maintain  
All other sciences are vain.

A deep occult philosopher,  
As loarn'd as the wild Irish are;  
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound  
And solid lying much renown'd.

grave, under the designation of Her Trippa :\* and, so late as the last age, Southey upbraided his cold ashes in a ballad, wherein an apprentice magician attempts to conjure by means of one of Agrippa's books, the leaves of which are made of dead men's skin, and the characters written with blood, but is killed by the exasperated spirits he contrives to evoke.

The object, however, of the present work is to prove that Cornelius was no cozening quack or brazen-browed pretender. Mr. Morley strips him of all claims to the character of a professional sorcerer. He breaks his staff, buries it 'certain fathoms' in the legendary deposits of the dark ages, and, deeper than plummet ever sounded, drowns the dread book, whose leaves were made of human parchment, and whose letters were penned in human blood. Seen through the mists of tradition, and enveloped in the haze of heresy with which his memory was invested by hostile monks, it is no wonder that his form should loom before us, dilated in its size, and distorted in its proportions. But to Mr. Morley he is neither an enchanter nor an impostor. He is simply a genuine scholar, a legitimate philosopher, a penetrating theologian, a pattern of erudition, and a man of large heart and liberal genius. We have no doubt that this view is substantially correct. The portrait now drawn by Mr. Morley's skilful and well-practised pencil is infinitely more human than the caricature hitherto accepted as the true likeness of Agrippa; and for this reason we are bound to rejoice that a much calumniated man has at length been restored to his rightful place amongst the learned notabilities of his day.

But may we venture to confess it? We lament whilst we rejoice. The process of disenchantment to which Cornelius has been subjected inspires us with certain emotions of regret. It does not exactly comport with our relish for the romantic. For the sake of scenic effect we would much rather that Agrippa had been permitted to figure on the stage as a licensed and well-authenticated magician. Let us at once acknowledge that we are rather partial to conjurors. We have a weakness for those old marvel-mongers of the Paracelsian school. We cannot think, without a touch of admiration, of the men who wandered about in all the power of their audacity—exquisitely oblivious of the irrationality of their pretensions—to assist others in the art of making gold, though their own tattered garb might afford the strongest evidences of poverty; who offered to sell you a phial of the elixir of life, whilst their own bodies were tumbling rapidly to decay; or who promised to expound the minutest secrets of destiny, though they had never been able to tell what the morrow

\* *Pantagruel*, chap. xxv. Comment Panurge se conseille à Her Trippa.

had in store for themselves. Perhaps we are interested in them because they were the great scourges of credulity—the unconscious castigators of people who were willing, and, indeed, eager to be cheated. For where there are dupes there will be charlatans. Given the carcass, the eagles will soon be gathered. If Sir Epicure Mammon was resolved 'to be an ass,' and hoped to acquire unbounded wealth at a stroke, ought we not to feel some satisfaction when Subtle the alchemist compels him to pay down 10*l.* in cash, and then enjoins him to bring his spits, and-irons, and dripping-pans, in order that they may be converted into gold that very afternoon? \* All we regret is, that Subtle did not ask for 50*l.* Mammon ought to have been heavily mulcted for his stupidity. Hence we are inclined to believe that empirics have done much to whip the world into a more reasonable state of mind. Not that they are entitled to the least praise for their selfish exertions; but it would be unjust to deny that, whilst serving their own ends, they have unwittingly accelerated the destruction of many a popular delusion. Will it be wicked, therefore, if we repeat that it has given us some pain to see poor Agrippa ejected from the synagogue of sorcerers? Shall we venture too far if we express our sorrow that a reputed enchanter is now disfranchised—that a picturesque nuisance to society has been summarily converted into a decent conventional hero? We trust not. We should have been glad, at least, to have retained that four-footed familiar. Our feelings are not at all outraged when we fancy it barking a discourse on the influence of the stars, or communicating the choicer secrets of necromancy in a whispered whine. Neither are our nerves in any way agitated, when we think of Cornelius professing to raise spirits by the fumes of spermaceti and aloes, or attempting to produce storms and lightnings by burning the liver of a chameleon on the hearth-top. Nor yet are we shocked at the notion of that fiend-compelling treatise, with its gory characters inscribed on mortal vellum. On the contrary, we prize the memory of that delicious horror which used to creep over us in our more youthful days, when we reflected that the incidents of Southey's tremendous ballad might perhaps be as authentic as the history of Rome or Greece in general. But provoking as the sacrifice must be, it is fitting that it should be made. Truth must be permitted to prevail. Let Agrippa, therefore, be dismantled of all his magical accompaniments, and if we are not at liberty to revel in the exploits of the enchanter, let us be content with such instruction as may be derived from the strivings and the sufferings, the sayings and the writings, of a gifted and remarkable man.

\* Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a descendant of the noble house of Nettesheim, was born in September, 1486—that is, three years after Luther first saw the light, and one year after Richard the Third ceased to behold it. The name Agrippa has given rise to some speculation, because it was anciently applied to those who came into the world feet foremost.\* The question is of little consequence. He got into the world, he continued in the world for nearly half-a-century, and though for him it proved to be a rough sort of world at best, yet his life would doubtless have been precisely the same had he entered the planet in the more popular fashion. His birthplace was Cologne, 'that town of monks and bones, and pavements fanged with murderous stones.' His education must have been liberal, for he learnt several languages, and acquired a wonderful stock of information before many lads have forced their way across the *pons asinorum*. At a very early age he is to be heard of at the Court of Maximilian the First, Emperor of Germany, by whom he was received as secretary. In that capacity he displayed such marked ability, that, whilst still a minor, he was despatched on a secret embassy to the capital of France. It was soon discovered, in fact, that Cornelius was a sort of ruling spirit, likely to make a figure on this sublunary stage if a proper part could be devised for the aspiring youth. There was power in abundance within him, but it was difficult to say how far it could be usefully applied. The danger seemed to be, that one so restless and adventurous would take to some erratic way of living, in which the love of excitement and the longing for supremacy could be readily indulged. At Paris, indeed, he quickly connected himself with a secret society of theosophists; and, though his stay there was not very protracted, it appears to have involved him in some political enterprise, of which he and his correspondents subsequently spoke in the most mysterious terms. A great blow was to be struck. It was to be for the honour of his Majesty the Emperor. If successful, it would redound to the glory of all who were concerned. Their letters read as if the conspirators were in charge of a Gunpowder Plot. But in time the tone changes. Some of them had begun to talk big at the Imperial Court. This had excited great expectations on the part of the courtiers. His Majesty was looking for something considerable from Cornelius and his confederates. It was necessary, therefore, that the dark project should be put in execution without delay. But now Agrippa, as the commander-in-chief of the conspiracy, found himself involved in an awkward scrape. For the aspect of the business appears to

\* *Ab aegritudine et pedibus.* Aulus Gellius, Noct. Attic. lib. xvi., cap. 16.

have undergone a material change, and it seemed doubtful whether the blow they were about to launch at the head of another would not fall upon themselves. The chances of success were greatly reduced: if they failed, their credit would be lost, and their services would be repaid in persecution; if they prevailed, it was questionable whether new perils would not spring out of their very victory, and only draw them on to a surer destruction. Nay, worse still, the scheme assumed a complexion which troubled the conscience of Agrippa, and rendered it almost an act of insanity to persevere. But the pressure was such that the confederates were compelled to proceed, though with every probability, as was admitted, of being 'tumbled into Styx' for their pains.

And what was the enterprise so enigmatically discussed? Judging from events, it seems to have consisted in a foray into Spain with the view of restoring a young Catalonian nobleman, the Señor de Gerona, to certain possessions from which he had been expelled, there doubtless being ulterior purposes for the special benefit of his Majesty the Emperor. The attempt was made. Cornelius and his associates fell, like a little military avalanche, upon a fort near Tarragon, and captured it without difficulty; but the peasantry flew to arms, the invaders were driven from their position, and soon found themselves in a species of mountain-trap. They were so closely beleagnered in a town near Villardona that their lives did not seem worth purchasing at a groat. By means of a cleverly-concocted stratagem, however, they were enabled to slip through the fingers of their enemies and to beat a safe, but undignified, retreat to the border.

It says little, perhaps, for Cornelius, that his manhood was inaugurated by so equivocal an exploit. Far more engaging is the aspect under which he next appears. Instead of the conspirator we have now the elegant scholar and the academic orator. Reuchlin, the great Hebraist of the day—he who was gravely empowered to report upon the propriety of exterminating Jewish literature, when the ignorant fanaticism of the monks regarded Hebrew and Greek as heretical acquirements—had written a cabalistical treatise, *De Verbo Mirifico*. Men of genuine learning received this book with considerable respect; the Pope devoured its contents with gluttonous delight; and many who cared for nothing but fighting or intriguing were soon deep in the mysteries of Gemantria, Notaricon, and Themura. In other words, they were pondering over the new meanings and the multiplied readings which might be given to Scripture by transposing or rearranging the letters of the Sacred text. Believing that the

dead characters were instinct with significance, and that everything which could be wrung out of them when dissected according to rule, was a part of their original import, the cabalists occupied themselves in playing at biblical anagrams, though doubtless in a spirit of reverent recreation. Great at all times is the power of words, but great in particular is the power of names. For these, as the cabalist thought, were originally given by God, and must therefore embody some mystic virtue specially appropriate to the person or thing denoted. Knowing certain sacred appellations, you might perform miracles by their means : Moses did so when he baffled the magicians of Pharaoh ; Elijah did so when he drew down fire from the skies ; Daniel did so when he sealed up the mouths of the ravening lions. But there was one name which surpassed all others in potency, this was the hidden name of God—the Shemhamphorash—the Word of Words. Such was its might that it moved all things, both in heaven and earth, and he who had been initiated into that grand secret might work whatever marvels he desired. It was this mirific word which constituted the great theme of Reuchlin's book ; and it was Reuchlin's book upon which Cornelius now undertook to deliver a course of lectures before the University of Dôle. Crowds came to hear him : the Parliament and magistrates were there ; so were many learned professors and grave divines. The Vice-Chancellor of the University was deeply interested in the young orator, and attended every prelection in the course. The public, admitted without pay, were charmed with one who appeared to be as deeply versed in Hebrew lore as if he had sat at the feet of Gamaliel every hour of his life. When the discourses were concluded, the authorities conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Divinity, with something additional in the shape of sterling coin. Cornelius, however, had not been without an eye to business, though innocently enough. He was anxious to secure the patronage of Margaret of Burgundy, and had availed himself of so favourable an opportunity for launching forth vehemently in her praise. Could he but secure her smiles and obtain a place near her person, his fortunes would surely be made.

But it was not enough to propitiate a single princess. Dr. Cornelius had more chivalry in him than could be consumed in the cause of the fair governess of the Netherlands. He resolved, therefore, to strike a good stroke in favour of woman at large. The idea which occurred to him was just such as might be expected from a youth of three-and-twenty, who is indulging in dreams of matrimonial bliss, and who persists in regarding every damsel as an angel, and every agreeable dame as a demi-goddess.

He discovered, one fine morning, that the female sex is infinitely superior to the male. Snarling people would doubtless say that this is a discovery which every man makes within a week after he is smitten, and relinquishes within a month after he is married; but we are bound to suppose that in the case of Agrippa the revelation was exceedingly impressive, for instead of confining himself to private declarations of his belief in his love-letters, where, of course, he might have been as outrageous as he liked, he proceeded to write an elaborate treatise on the topic, setting forth the pre-eminency of woman in a grave but determined tone, and enforcing his views with all the learning and research of a sage. If the leading idea of the work is that of an impassioned youth, the execution is that of a cool, skilful, and ingenious philosopher.

The Essay, *De Nobilitate et Præcellentia Feminei Sexus*, was composed in the year 1509. Many of its arguments are such as we moderns should deem hopelessly absurd; but as three centuries and a half have been told off on the clock of time since it was written, we need not be surprised if much of its matter is now laughably obsolete. Cornelius begins at the beginning. Like a true pundit he starts with the creation of the world. Man was called Adam—that is, earth: woman was called Eva—that is, life. The latter is therefore superior to the former, because the thing represented by her name is infinitely nobler than the thing represented by his. As much as the subtle principle of vitality transcends the mud and slime of earth, so did the mother of the race surpass the father of mankind in dignity and worth. Without, however, insisting too strenuously upon the significance of these names, though Agrippa heaps up many learned illustrations in favour of his view, he contends that woman is more excellent than her master because she was the latest in the order of production. First, the meanest things were brought forth—minerals and inorganic matter, then came vegetables, afterwards zoophytes; next, fishes, fowl, quadrupeds, creeping things, and penultimately, man. But it was not until every living thing had entered and taken its place on the planet—not until the great procession, continually swelling in importance, had fully debouched upon the stage, that she who was destined to be the charm as well as the crown of creation was permitted to appear. Nor was the place of her origin less expressive of her superiority; for was not she produced in Paradise itself, whilst all other beings, her husband included, were extra-parochial in their birth? Then, too, woman was constructed of worthier materials than her partner: he was fashioned of inanimate clay, she of clay which had already been honoured and etherealised by the possession of life. Hence it



follows that she never turns giddy, even on the brink of a precipice ; whereas poor frail men are apt to lose their heads and topple to destruction. For the same reason, should a man happen to fall into the water, he will sink in a few moments to the bottom ; but when the catastrophe happens to a female, she will float for a considerable time on the surface. Cornelius might easily have explained the fact, so far as it is a fact, by attributing it to the greater buoyancy of the feminine garb ; and had he lived in the present age of 'inflated petticoats,' he would have doubted whether it was possible to submerge a lady at all. So, if a man should be drowned, he lies on his back ; but a woman floats face downwards, out of pure deference to the modesty of the sex. Then we are assured that whilst gentlemen are frequently bald, ladies are never under the necessity of appealing, if the anachronism may be allowed, to Rowland's Macassar. Nature will not permit the fair countenance of woman to be defiled by a beard or a moustache ; but less solicitous about the men, she allows them to grow as much capillary furze as they choose, and to go like wild beasts, if they think proper. And if these statements fail to convince the reader of the nobler quality of female clay, can he resist when told that if a woman just washed should undergo another cleansing, the water employed will not be dirtied in the least ; whereas a brute of a man would visibly pollute it, though it were the tenth ablution the Ethiop had undergone.

Nor does Agrippa hesitate to claim as a merit what most satirists agree to regard as a 'fair defect.' Her power of tongue is ranked amongst the proofs of her surpassing excellence ! The faculty of talking, he intimates, has been conferred upon her with such prodigality, that a taciturn woman is rare, and a lady perfectly mute is a phenomenon the world has hardly ever witnessed. Equally slashing are the theological arguments adduced by this erudite author in support of the pretensions of the sex. With amazing coolness he tells us that all original sin was derived from Adam, none from Eve. It is true that the temptation was addressed to the latter, and that the apple was plucked from the mysterious tree by feminine hands. But Cornelius adroitly contends that the interdict was laid exclusively on the husband, and that if she, who was free to take for herself, sinned in giving the fruit to her spouse, the blame of the transaction must rest with the Devil, who acted scandalously in deceiving her instead of going boldly to work with the man. With singular subtlety, too, does Cornelius elevate the evil deeds which women have occasionally done into positive evidences of their superiority. Was not Samson the strongest of mortals, and did not Delilah overmatch his brawn with her cunning ? Was not Solomon the

sagest of sovereigns, and did not women drown his wisdom in their caresses? Look at Job. Did he not patiently endure every calamity which befel him, and, so to speak, snap his fingers at Satan, until his wife threw him off his guard, and in so doing showed that she was more powerful than the Devil himself? Then, too, are not women commended in Scripture for deeds which would have been censured in men? Jacl, the wife of Heber, took a nail and drove it into the temples of the sleeping Sisera; but was not she blessed amongst her sex for the murderous act? Judith seized the sword of Holofernes, and cut off the head of the unsuspecting general, and was she not made illustrious by the feat? Other arguments of a still more desperate character are adduced. He does not even scruple to impress fabulous stories into the service of the sex. The phoenix, for example—that rarest of birds—is always a female; the basilisk, on the contrary, because it is the most noisome of reptiles, is invariably a male. Nor is Cornelius exactly honest in his arguments, for it must be admitted that whilst he carefully sets forth the credit side of the case without troubling himself about the *per contra* when dealing with the ladies, he reverses the process with regard to the lords of creation. Cain, the first murderer, was a man. Lamech, the first bigamist, was a man. Noah, the first drunkard, was a man. Nimrod, the first tyrant, was a man. But he is at no pains to schedule the good deeds of the rougher sex, and, if possible, is still more insensible to the iniquities of the weaker. In fact, Agrippa is perhaps the most thorough-paced champion the women ever possessed. He bounds over hedge and ditch, he dashes through brake and briar, he would rush headlong through fire and water, in order to pay a single compliment to the fair. Nothing stops him. We believe he would have said something polite to Jezebel, or made an offer to Xantippe, if disengaged. Whilst reading his treatise it is difficult to imagine that women have ever condescended to tell a fib or commit a fraud—that they have ever eloped with their lovers or poisoned their spouses. Most heartily do we wish we could believe all '*le bien qu'on a dit des femmes*,' and reject all '*le mal*,' as a pure fiction; but history is too strong for us, and forbids the courteous concession. Pleasant as it is to follow this neck-or-nothing advocate of feminine superiority, we are sorry to say that his own after-experience furnished a sad and crushing confutation of his book. Will it be credited that his third wife—for three he had—proved faithless to her husband, and that Cornelius, spite of his prodigious trust in female excellence, was compelled to procure a divorce? Who will deny that the woman who could betray the generous and quixotic enco-

miast of her sex—the creature who could commit such treason against her entire order, and cancel by her own conduct the lofty praises which he had uttered—was guilty of as base a delinquency as is to be found recorded in the annals of masculine depravity?

This treatise, written when the author was only twenty-three (A.D. 1509), was not published until many years afterwards. On its completion, Cornelius braced himself for a still greater literary undertaking. This was nothing less than a complete *Treatise on Occult Philosophy*. The task was one of prodigious magnitude, for does not he himself describe magic as the knowledge of all nature, and should not we define it as the knowledge of something more? It was a bold thing for a youth of three-and-twenty to attempt to explore the dark places of mystery, and to wring out the subtlest secrets of Existence, when so many able inquirers had ventured upon the same errand, and returned to the light bending under the burden of puerile fancies and silly superstitions. Even men like Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, Arnold of Villeneuve, Anselm of Pisa, and others of similar stamp, had totally failed, as he acknowledged, in their magical excursions. They had gone forth like gallant ships to procure gold from Ophir, but had returned with apes from Tarshish. Pondering this, his 'spirit was roused within him,' and, young as he was, he determined to vindicate the noble science from the calumnies of its foes, and at the same time to free it from the absurdities with which it had been encumbered by its ignorant friends.

To work he went. Three books were speedily written. Having from his early years been a bold and inquisitive student of the marvellous, he felt himself tolerably competent to handle the illustrious theme. The first portion treats of elementary magic; that is, of the nature and power of the material things around us. His physics are such as certainly would not now be endorsed by a Faraday or a Lardner. He has four elements; but they are convertible into each other. Earth may be resolved into water; water evaporated into air; air, when ignited, becomes fire; and fire again will produce stones, as is seen in meteorolitic descents. Each of these elements has sundry specific virtues. Fire, for instance, increases the power of good spirits, and if kindled near a corpse will drive away evil ones. Air is a kind of elastic mirror, receiving the images of things and conveying them into the persons of men through the pores or the lungs; for if you happen to pass a spot where any one has recently been killed, the air will be full of the transaction, and, the images being inhaled, will produce great consternation in your mind.

These four elements exist in and impart their virtues to all things, from a stone to a star, from a demon to an archangel. But in each object there is something more, namely, an *occult* power, which it derives from the Soul of the World. For there is a spirit, or quintessence—that is, a fifth element—attached to the body of the world, as the spirit is to the body of man; and through this medium the influence of the celestial orbs is conducted into plants, metals, stones, and other terrestrial substances. The virtue of any particular thing is great in proportion to the quantity of this spirit it may possess. But, being an occult virtue, how is it to be ascertained in order that it may be turned to account? There are certain signs which must be interpreted, or principles which must be applied. For instance, Like produces Like. If therefore we want to become bold, let us catch a lion or a cock, and take the heart, or eyes, or forehead of the creature. If we want to become talkative, let us make use of a chattering frog.

Then Agrippa enters at large into the peculiar influences of the celestial bodies upon terrestrial things, for each star has its special properties, and impresses its seal or signature upon the substances which are subject to its rule. Some objects are solary, as is the case with gold, because it is yellow and lustrous, or with the baboon, because that animal barks twelve times a day, *et equinoctii tempore quoddecies per singulas horas mingit*. Others are under the patronage of the moon; as the cat and the panther, which are held to be lunar beasts, because the eyes of the former, and a spot on the shoulder of the latter, wax and wane in harmony with the phases of our satellite. Others, again, are mercurial, martial, jovial, or saturnine; or they may be ruled by some particular star or group of stars, as the dog is by Sirius, or the bear by Ursa.

Then Cornelius betakes himself to the more practical part of his subject, and gives us a course of lessons in Magic. The influence of any star may be brought down to our very doors by the skilful use of the objects which belong to, or represent that star. If we want to produce solary effects, let us employ solary things at solary seasons. And not only stars, but angels may be induced\* to put themselves *en rapport* with man; for if an image be duly constructed of materials appropriated to a certain spirit, that image will shortly be possessed or animated by the angel in question. Various modes are explained by which the occult virtues we wish to realize may be procured, such as suffumigations, ointments, amulets, rings, and other wonderful agencies; so that any clever student who can make up a prescription, or go through a process in compliance with this

magical pharmacopœia, may work his little miracles with perfect success.

In his second Book, Cornelius treats of Mathematical Philosophy, and discusses the occult powers of numbers and geometrical figures; for numbers and geometrical figures have their recondite virtues as well as corporeal things. Thus the herb cinquefoil is an antidote to poison and a dispeller of demons, not because of its physical merits, but because the number of its leaves is five; had they been six, it must have been impotent for those particular purposes, whatever others it might have answered. The circle is the most perfect of figures, and therefore it has great virtue in repelling evil spirits; let a man who is evoking demons take his stand in the centre, and its charmed margin is a barrier they dare not cross. Similarly, the pentangle is of vast efficacy in cases of conjuration, by reason of the number of its sides. Then our occult philosopher enlightens us respecting the harmonies of sound and of the celestial orbs, and proceeds to explain divers astrological matters as gravely as if he were writing a treatise on practical astronomy or the use of the globes.

The third Book is more serious still. It is upon the powers which may be acquired through the medium of holiness. The purified soul, working by Love, Hope, and Faith, may attain the command over spiritual beings, and so accomplish miracles. Thus it may enlist their services by the use of sacred words, in which, as already seen, there is extraordinary virtue. Rightly used, they will heal diseases more effectually than the best physician. Inscribe 'Abracadabra' on parchment in the proper way, and it will cure all kinds of fevers. The sacred seal described by the Rabbi Hama, when employed in a spirit of profound piety, will dissipate every species of grief. Afterwards, Agrippa is copious upon the subject of angels and devils. He says also that every man is attended by a good demon to direct his thoughts; secondly, by the genius which ruled his nativity; and thirdly, by a spirit belonging to his particular calling or profession, which we may call his business demon. The names of celestial intelligences may be spelled out from the stars, and much cabalistic lore is dedicated to this fantastic sort of interpretation. The summoning of good spirits, the arts of necromancy, the prophetic powers of the soul, and many other delicate questions, are brought under consideration before the master of magic winds up his work, which he does with an assurance that it is intended only for those who are of a chaste and modest mind, whose faith is unwavering, whose hands are free from wickedness, and who live in decency and holiness.

Conjuror or no Conjuror, again we ask? Upon two grounds,

at least, the monks endeavoured to hold up Cornelius as an unhallowed intriguer with the powers of darkness. He wrote this treatise, which they regarded as the work of a sworn magician; and he kept pet dogs, one of which they said was a familiar, because, shortly before his death, he is related to have removed a mystical collar from its neck, and dismissed it with the words—‘Go, accursed beast, thou has brought me to perdition!’ Of course this objurcation must pass for nothing, for the simple reason that in all probability it was never uttered. The dog amounts to as little as the ‘devil’s-bird’ which Bombastes kept ‘in the pommel of his sword,’ or the diabolical scorpion which Bombastes’s disciple, Thurneysser, carried about with him in a phial of oil. But the book certainly reads like a *Manual of Magic*, compiled by one who had a tolerable share of faith in the science. Let us remember, however, that it was written near three centuries and a half ago, when kings kept professed astrologers at their court; when the clergy were hunting up old women as witches, and a thousand sufferers, it is said, were burnt in one year in a single district (Como); when intelligent laymen shared in the superstition, and the vulgar were ready to depose that they had seen old hags changing into the forms of brutes, or flying through the air on broomsticks. Let it be observed also, that Agrippa expressly states that he writes in *riddles*, which the ignorant and depraved cannot read, but which the wise will be able to comprehend; and further it should be remarked, that in a subsequent book (the *Vanity of the Sciences*), he speaks slightly of this juvenile performance, and in particular denounces astrologers as a pernicious race, with whom indeed he had so little sympathy, that in his maturer years he was highly incensed when called upon to cast horoscopes even by a queen.

This work, however, like the treatise on *Female Pre-eminence*, was destined to continue in manuscript for a number of years. The good abbot Trithemius, famous in those days for his encouragement of learning, received it, when submitted for his judgment, ‘with more pleasure than mortal tongue could tell,’ but counselled the author to be wary in publishing. There was great merit in this advice. Not only was the theme of a questionable character in the opinion of many, but just about this period a fanatical monk of the name of Catilinet was engaged at Ghent in attacking poor Agrippa on account of the lectures he had given at the University of Dôle. The young Doctor was denounced before Margaret herself as a cabalist and heretic, and all his hopes of patronage from that quarter were at once destroyed. The blow fell heavily upon the head of the expectant scholar. Com-

pelled to look elsewhere, not only for promotion but for bread, he returned to the Imperial presence, and put his soul once more in the livery of the Court. Maximilian soon found him employ. He was despatched to England on a secret mission to Henry VIII.—then young and gay, fond of mumming and masquerading, fond of *incognito* visits to the City, but afterwards fonder of marrying wives and of treating them in a style which would have furnished Cornelius with many a biting illustration of masculine wickedness. Here Agrippa held congenial intercourse with Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, the bold scholar who dared to promote the study of Greek, the intrepid preacher who ventured to divide the bread of life at St. Paul's instead of cheating his hearers with the chaff of the schools. But his stay in England was short. His mission discharged, he returned to Germany and was sent by the Emperor to the Italian wars—those in which the military pontiff, Julius II., was figuring with so much apostolic propriety. For several years Cornelius pursued the trade of a soldier, varying his duties by intervals of study and by the delivery of lectures at Pisa and Pavia. In the course of his campaigning, he was once taken prisoner by the Swiss: on another occasion, he received the dignity of knighthood on the field: as a member of the Council of Pisa he had the honour of being excommunicated by the Pope; and at the battle of Marignano, into which he went with part of a manuscript Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans and other literary ware on his person, the loose sheets were seen flying from his pocket in the heat of the engagement, and, but for the ardour of a young friend who rushed forward to seize them, would have been trampled into a bloody pulp on that hard-fought plain.

The issue of the wars was adverse to the hopes of Agrippa. Francis I. took possession of the Duchy of Milan, and severed his connexion with the University of Pavia. Deprived also of his pay as a soldier, he could make neither profession available for his support. Then follows another dismal interval of suspense. For two or three years he looks anxiously around him for a place where to pitch his tent and rest his weary foot. Friends interest themselves on his behalf, and princes accord him a passing smile, but his purse is well-nigh empty, and his heart grows sick with hope deferred. Doors of promise, indeed, appear to open, but before he can dart in, they are cruelly closed. At one time there is a fine prospect for him at Vercelli, where a great ecclesiastical dignitary will give him 200 ducats a-year and a house of his own selection. But the great dignitary cools in his bounty, and leaves the poor scholar to pick up ducats where he can. At another, he enters the service of Charles the Gentle of Savoy, perhaps in the capa-

city of a physician ; but there, says one of his friends, ' You will be offered little pay, and you will get it at the day of judgment.' Then doors of good augury are heard creaking at Grenoble, at Avignon, at Geneva, but all to no purpose, until at last he receives the appointment of advocate and orator to the free town of Metz (1518). Thither he proceeds, and there he trusts to settle. For a while all goes well. He makes official speeches, writes a tractate on original sin, gives medical assistance when the plague is astir, and prescribes ' Pestilence pills' and ' Adam's Earth' for its relief. But unfortunately he is soon entangled in a theological controversy ; and in such a monkery as Metz, a place which, small as it was, actually kept an Inquisition of its own, this was a fearful event for one whose orthodoxy was more than suspected. The text of the contention is richly illustrative of the frivolous motives which have frequently been adopted for a grand ecclesiastical row. There was a legend afloat to the effect that St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, married three husbands in succession, and that by each of them she had a daughter, whose name was Mary. The celebrated Faber d'Étaples, otherwise Father Stapulensis, the friend of Luther, having no worthier employment for his pen at the moment, wrote a treatise in refutation of this tradition. Cornelius read the work, he too having a listless hour on his hands, as we must presume. Whilst discoursing on the subject with a certain Deacon of Metz, Roscius by name—the latter being equally in want of fitting occupation at the time—Agrippa expressed his full concurrence in Faber's conclusions. The monks, idler than all, immediately took fire. They denounced the town orator as a slanderer of the blessed Anne. They affirmed that Faber's book ought to be burnt. They would doubtless have had much pleasure in adding its author to the proposed literary *auto-da-fé*. Cornelius defended his opinions in a series of propositions which Salini, the prior of the Dominicans, attempted to refute, but got dreadfully mauled in a rejoinder wherein the town-orator spake out right fiercely, styling his antagonist a dog, and telling the friars a bit of his mind respecting their extortionate proceedings in the matter of indulgences and other priestly impostures.

Another event soon occurred to aggravate the fury of the monks. A young woman in the neighbourhood was seized, on suspicion of being a witch, and brought before the Civil Court for trial. Savin, the Inquisitor, interfered in the proceedings with a view to ensure, and, if possible, to accelerate her condemnation. Agrippa came forward as her advocate, and, incensed at the sanguinary spirit of the man, opened fire oratorically upon the Torquemada of Metz. Nor was he choice in his language, if we may judge from the epithets employed in his



letters. He calls him a 'rascally Inquisitor'—'a great fat swollen brother'—'a bloate dbrute'—'a bloodthirsty man'—'a blaspheming brotherkin:' in fact, discoursed of him in such vigorous terms that, if his public denunciations corresponded in any degree with his epistolary vituperation, the followers of St. Dominic could never be expected to forgive their assailant. The result was such as he might have anticipated. The temperature of Metz, socially considered, became too high for his comfort or even for his endurance. He resigned his office, and set out anew to search for a home and an income.

It is needless to relate how this ill-starred adventurer travelled from place to place, buoyed up by promises of employment, but eating the salt bread and climbing the steep stairs which are appointed to those whose fortunes are dependant upon the favour of princes. With a wife, who died, however, in 1521, but was succeeded by another in the following year, and a family still increasing, Cornelius was brought into close colloquy with suffering, and was not without fears that he might perish in the struggle for food. From Metz he proceeded to Cologne, where he tarried many weary months, expecting help from the Duke of Savoy; from Cologne he journeyed to Geneva, where he practised medicine for support; from Geneva he was lured by a will-o'-the-wisp to Friburg, of which town he was elected physician and counsellor; but scarcely had he settled himself there when a still more flaming *ignis fatuus* attracted him from Switzerland to France. He was offered the post of physician to the Queen-mother, Louisa of Savoy, a woman full of hatred for heretics and full of affection for gold. To Lyons, therefore, he went, and entered upon his duties, but month after month flew by without the slightest intimation on the part of the princess that her servants were not expected to subsist on air. Cornelius then threw out a few modest hints on the topic: next, direct application was made to the treasury; afterwards pressing entreaties were urged; but though 'rich in promises,' if promises could constitute wealth, he found it impossible to get one of them cashed. It is pitiable to read his wailing epistles whilst compelled to sue like a mendicant for his official pay. Smarting with vexation after the failure of a desperate attempt to nail a shuffling and evasive treasurer, he says: 'You see how we are played with! Think of me, 'fought against on every side by sorrows—by griefs, indeed, 'greater and more incessant than I care to write. There is no 'friend here to help me: all comfort me with empty words: 'and the Court title, which should have brought me honour and 'profit, aggravates my hurt, by adding against me envy and 'contempt.' Again he writes: 'Through the royal promises I

'am turned, like Ixion on a wheel, haunted by all the furies. 'I am almost losing human senses, and become good for nothing.' Add to this, that he incurs the displeasure of his patroness, though for what reason he is unable to explain, until he bethinks him that he has not played the courtier with sufficient dexterity; for had he not, when consulted respecting the nativity of the Chevalier Bourbon, then in arms against France, predicted his success, without considering that the business of a loyal astrologer is always to interpret the stars favourably for his sovereign? Because, like Balaam, he could not curse when desired, the Queen directed his name to be erased from the pension-list, without even apprising him that her royal sunshine—was it not rather pure moonshine?—was about to be withdrawn. In fact, poor Agrippa was discharged like a dog. 'Had I been a servant to a merchant or a draper, or even to some peasant,' he exclaims, 'man or woman of the meanest class, no such master or mistress would have turned me off without warning, even if I had been guilty of offence. . . . It is an act of authority which would be called in any private person an act of perfidy and betrayal.' Verily, if Cornelius *had* known how to read men's fortunes in the heavens, or *could* have manufactured philosophical gold, he would surely have foreseen his own melancholy fate at Lyons, and would have tried to extract ingots from paving-stones rather than procure pay from the flint-hearted Louisa of Savoy.

In the midst of all these vexations, however, he had applied himself to the composition of a treatise, *De Incertitudine et Vanitate Scientiarum et Artium atque Excellentia Verbi Dei*. The book is certainly something of a literary puzzle. Here was a man who had drunk more deeply at the wells of knowledge than most of his contemporaries—who was accounted such a living repository of wisdom, that Paulus Jovius calls him *portentosum ingenium*, and Ludwig, *literarum literatorumque omnium miraculum*—who had spent his early years in investigating the most recondite questions, and his riper ones in completing the Grand Tour of Philosophy—and yet this man, at the age of forty, deliberately seizes his pen to tell the world that all learning is vanity, and that the greatest happiness is to know—nothing! *Nihil scire felicissima vita*. Unquestionably the book must be read, for the most part, as a satire. He himself styles it a cynical declamation, and declares that he writes as a dog. The treatise might indeed have been suggested, if not dictated, by the Stygian pug he was fabled to have kept as his counsellor. It is a fierce snarl at all secular learning. The writer appears to have been indulging in 'potations deep' of scepticism, and then roused to

frenzy, he rushes out into the fields of philosophy, ravaging, says an able writer in a recent work, 'with a wild Berserker fury the whole domain of knowledge.\*' Like Sextus Empiricus, though in a different vein, he seems as if he would invalidate the authority of all human wisdom, and reduce the mind to a mere mirror on which passing images might be represented, but where nothing could be certainly and lastingly impressed.

The trick of the work is, however, somewhat too barefaced. His object is to show that there have been conflicting opinions in every science, and conflicting practices in every art; and from this unquestionable fact you are expected to infer that nothing human is worthy of trust. You talk of grammar, for instance,—are you prepared to decide whether there are fifteen pronouns as Priscian asserted, or more, as Diomedes and Phocas maintained? Are gerunds nouns or verbs? Is H a letter, or not? Should *questio* be written with a diphthong or a simple vowel? Perhaps you are a student of history? Very well; but seeing that the same event is variously related by different writers, must you not set some of them down as liars of the first magnitude? And if satisfied of an author's veracity, how can you be sure that he is not perpetually blundering; for did not Ephorus relate that there was but one city in all Ireland, and did not Stephen the Grecian assert that Vienna was a town of Galilee? Nor is arithmetic a fixed and settled science. It is not decided whether an odd or an even number is to be preferred; whether any number, in fact, can be said to be properly even; or which is the most perfect number between three, six, and ten.

In like savage fashion does Agrippa run down the various species of accomplishments. Dancing is an abominable art. Were it not set off with music, it would appear the greatest vanity of vanities. It conduces to wantonness, and is the fitting accompaniment to lascivious feasts. It is the friend of idolatry; for when the children of Israel had sacrificed to their golden calf, they rose up to sing and dance. Statuary and painting, too, have been turned to heathenish uses, and have proved efficient auxiliaries to superstition. Architecture, indeed, is not a bad thing in its way, but does not ostentation dictate the construction of most of our edifices? What built the Pyramids, the Labyrinth, the Sphynx, the Tower of Babel? What suggested the mad project for chiselling Mount Athos into an image of Alexander holding a city of ten thousand persons in his right hand? What but pure unmitigated vanity? As for music, is it not an art professed by men of ill-regulated dispositions only? Does it not

\* *Hours with the Mystics.* By R. A. Vaughan, B.A., vol. ii. 38.

tend to produce vagabond habits, and to make people vagrants? And are not rhetoric, poetry, geography, physic, and numerous other arts and sciences which he describes, all tainted with folly and vitiated by interminable inconsistencies?

Mingled with this sophistry, however, there is much bitter truth, and many a sage reflection, which, though wholesome, must have been inexpressibly galling. 'Emperors,' says he, 'kings, and 'princes who reign now-a-days, think themselves born and 'crowned not for the sake of the people, not for the good 'of their citizens and commonalty, not to maintain justice, but to 'defend their own state and prerogative, governing as if the 'estates of the people were committed to them, not for protection, 'but as their own spoil and prey.' Gallantly spoken, Cornelius! for assuredly one of the most frightful blunders ever perpetrated in this world is to suppose that millions of mortals were created for the behoof of a single man, unless indeed that man is twelve feet high, as strong as twenty Samsons, and as wise as if the brains of a whole nation were treasured in his skull. Would it not be laughable if Paley's famous metaphorical pigeon—the bird which gave such offence to George III.—had claimed all his brother pigeons as his own property, and strongly insisted that none of them should ever be put into human pies? Agrippa is equally plain-spoken with regard to courts. A court, says he, is nothing else than a 'convent of noble and famous knaves, 'a theatre of the worst satellites, a school of the most corrupt 'morals, and an asylum for execrable sins. There pride, arrogance, haughtiness, extortion, lust, gluttony, envy, malice, 'treachery, violence, impiety and cruelty, with whatever other 'vices and corruptions there may be, dwell, rule and reign.' Was not this a dainty dish to set before a king? Nor does he spare the pope; for after a terrible portraiture of the priesthood, he declares that the pontiff is the most intolerable of all, and that none of the tyrants had ever equalled him in pomp and pride. But when he has to deal with the monks, his old and implacable foes, he seizes his scourge of scorpions, and applies it to their greasy backs with a vigour which would have made them tingle, though protected by the cuirass of the self-flagellating St. Dominic himself.

Let us not, however, forget the declared object with which this treatise was composed. 'I write it,' said the author, 'because I 'see men puffed up with human knowledge, contemning the study 'of the Scriptures, and giving more heed to the maxims of philosophers than to the laws of God. . . . Moreover, we find that a 'most detestable custom has invaded all or most of the schools 'of learning, to swear their disciples never to contradict Aristotle,

'Boethius, Aquinas, or whoever else may be their scholastic god, from whom if there be any that differ so much as a nail's breadth, him they proclaim a scandalous heretic, a criminal against the holy sciences, fit only to be consumed in fire and flames.' In other words, Agrippa was anxious to give a rap on the knuckles to the pedants and philosophers of the day.

'You tie down free inquiry, it is meant to say (observes Mr. Morley); you chain our spirits to the ground; you claim to have all wisdom when you know what has been written about your sciences and your arts. But you are wrong. There is as much vanity as sense in all your wisdom, and beyond it lies an undiscovered world in God's word and His works. Hear me cry, 'Out upon knowledge!'

This, in short, you pompous pretenders, is the pill which I have thought it necessary to administer to your conceit! Though bitter to the taste, I trust it will prove profitable in the digestion!

What good this treatise might effect, is a question it would be difficult to answer; but we fear that it was written in a spirit of reproof not at all unlike that in which the Cynic trampled on the pride of Plato. It certainly looks a bilious book. We can hardly suppress the idea that the vast quantity of knowledge absorbed by the author had turned rancid on his stomach, and that the work was produced whilst labouring under the horrors of indigestion. Though prompted, as it probably was, by the *Moriae Encomium* of Erasmus, it is too serious in its tone, too tart in its temper, too slashing in its invectives, to enable us to regard it as a piece of genuine irony; and yet, on the other hand, it is so flagrantly one-sided in its objections, that no man could expect it to make any useful impression if the purpose were simply to correct an erring philosophy, or to administer a salutary snubbing to the pedants of the age. But what can be said of a disquisition in which the writer begins by assuming the privilege of writing like a dog, and ends by sounding the invidious praises of an ass?

As might be expected, this bold declamation brought him into trouble before long. Meanwhile, having received an invitation from Antwerp, he left Lyons with his family, but was vexatiously becalmed at Paris, where, for months, he was compelled to remain, his scanty resources oozing away with frightful rapidity whilst awaiting the passports and safe conduct which the troubles of the time required. Arriving at length at Antwerp, whither he had long turned a wistful eye, as a consumptive patient does to some balmy spot where health is said to dwell, he began to practise as a physician. Patients appeared, with lucrative disorders;

and, not being queens or princes, they were expected to pay. To the joy of Cornelius they really *did* pay. He was fortunate, also, in winning the smiles of the Regent Margaret—those smiles of which the monk Catilinet had dispossessed him in his younger days. Office, too, was conferred upon him, and the doctor was made Councillor of Archives, and Historiographer to the Emperor Charles V. Surely the sun of prosperity had now scattered the clouds of misfortune which had clustered so thickly, and hung so heavily over the path of that weary-footed man? Now, at least, his road would lie through green meadows, and by pleasant streams, and beneath smiling skies? Alas! it was but a temporary gleam of bliss! Suddenly the plague struck down his wife, and left him lamenting. She who had been the sharer of his sorrows for the last eight years was snatched from his heart just when his troubles seemed to be surmounted. Then death dealt him another blow, by removing his patroness, Margaret. Soon afterwards he printed his *Vanity of the Sciences*, and conjured up, if not demons, yet a host of enemies, from the Emperor and his courtiers down to the cormorant monks. His stipend, too, was left unpaid, and the cloud of foes was augmented by clamorous creditors and money-lending hornets. At length he was haled to prison for debt; but, being released, he withdrew from the Tartarus of Court and repaired to Mechlin, where he wedded a woman who seemed to join the general league against his happiness, for she dishonoured his name and forced him to retaliate by a divorce. But why dwell on the miserable remnant of his days? Menaced with death by the Emperor, involved in fierce contentions respecting his works, compelled to move from place to place in search of shelter, actually imprisoned for a while in France, this stricken deer crawled to Grenoble at last, and there, with the hunters' arrows bristling thick in his sides, and the hunters' yells still echoing in his ears, he sank to the ground and died an outcast's death.

Such was the end of Henry Cornelius Agrippa at the age of forty-nine. There are men whose lives appear to be little else than a scene of protracted torture. They do not fit the world, or the world does not fit them. They seem to have been born a few centuries too soon, or it may be, a few centuries too late. Perhaps they have landed on the wrong planet, or strayed into the wrong system? Meant for Mercury or Jupiter, they have wandered into this wicked, money-making, most uncongenial star. Who knows? At any rate they find themselves immersed in an element they cannot freely respire, and surrounded by circumstances with which they cannot cheerfully fraternize. What is to be done? Strive to accommodate themselves to their posi-

tion, and wear away life in silent toil or, worse still, in sullen inaction? That would be impracticable with men so restless in temperament, so aspiring in intellect as Agrippa. They must rule though they should suffer, and speak though they should bring down the firmament on their heads. Hence, as they will not labour in harmony with their age, they must prepare to do battle with the world and to maintain a running fight to the last. Much, perhaps, of the suffering which Cornelius was compelled to endure, may be ascribed to his own indiscretion. He sought for patrons without sufficiently counting the cost. He was unwilling to pay the price in sycophancy, and therefore chose a courtier's life without being disposed to practise a courtier's arts. Honourable to some extent this certainly was, but unfortunately he thought it his duty to go through existence hanging to the skirts of some great person, as though that were the sole method by which an ambitious man could mount to the stars. It is pitiable to see one of the 'lights of the age' lounging about the purlieus of palaces and waiting to don the livery of any prince who would take him under his wing. Better for Agrippa would it have been had he manfully repudiated the Courts he professed to abhor as so many little 'hells,' and valiantly sat him down to write books and make shoes like his contemporary, Hans Sachs, or his successor, Jacob Behmen.

Not the least noticeable consequence of this error was that Cornelius was compelled to spend much of his time in playing the *Dun*. Now Duns are always nuisances. The character is odious under the most favourable circumstances. Let your claim be as just as it may, the debtor believes that he is a persecuted man, and naturally wishes you at the bottom of the Red Sea. Let that claim be as just as it may, you too are conscious that the task of worrying the fellow into honesty is painful to the feelings and injurious to the temper. But if this is unpleasant when dealing with an equal, what must it be when a prince is in your books, or when you have to badger an Emperor? You cannot send in your bill, and plead that you have a large account to make up by next Monday. You cannot give him a call at his palace, and after delivering a cross little sermon on probity, intimate that you will wait no longer than next week. Still less can you put the matter in the hands of your solicitor, and instruct him to apprise his Majesty that unless the amount due be paid by return of post, proceedings at law will be immediately commenced for the recovery thereof. And least of all would it be polite to send in the bailiffs to your sovereign and have his goods seized in execution. It would have been a different thing for Cornelius if he could have issued a writ of summons against

Queen Louisa, or got the Emperor Charles deposited in gaol. But that would have been high treason. Hence the mischief of having a monarch for your debtor. Instead of taking severe measures in case the offender persists in his iniquity, the wretched claimant must prefer humble petitions, or write adulatory verses, or fritter away his independence in wheedling courtiers to undertake his cause, only to discover at last that the labour of earning a salary is nothing to the labour involved in getting it paid. It was so with Cornelius. He had to dun treasurers and princes; he had to dun a queen and an emperor; he had to dun when there was no poverty to plead, and no excuse to assign for the delay. Why he should have stooped to lead a life of importunity may not be very intelligible to us who look upon patrons as extinct monsters, and who cannot sympathize heartily with the usages of a mediæval age. But certainly if Dante had stood in need of another galling occupation for his *Inferno*, he might have fixed upon a high-minded dun—he himself had a bitter taste of the trade—and pictured him as a turnspit-dog compelled to clamber up incessantly in a red-hot wheel, in the vain hope of reaching a scanty pittance of flesh, which, if attained, would prove to be phantom food after all.

But, however luckless Cornelius may have been whilst living, one piece of good fortune has befallen his memory when dead. Mr. Morley has become his biographer. We wish he could have foreseen the event before he departed. It would have brushed many a frown from his brow, and lit up many a dark hour with flashes prophetic of posthumous fame. How consoling to the exile, could he have known that one day an Englishman would come forward, with generous temper and in a loving spirit, to strew flowers over his ashes, and to remove the monkish mud with which his name has been encrusted! Perhaps zeal for a vituperated man has led the author to take too favourable a view of his subject; perhaps, too, he has devoted more space and toil to his task than its intrinsic value really demands. But Mr. Morley is always a delightful biographer; he is always dexterous and workmanlike in his productions; he always infuses so much sentiment into his pages, that the very bone-dust of his characters seems as if it would begin to live; and writing as he has here done with the view of rescuing an injured reputation from further obloquy, it is a duty to say that the literary merits of the work are fully equal to the benevolent intentions of its composer.



**ART. IV.—(1.)** *Third and Fourth Reports from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Accidents in Coal Mines, 26th July, 1853, and 26th June, 1854.*

**(2.)** *Our Coal and our Coal Pits—the People in them, and the Scenes around them.* By a Traveller Underground. (Longmans : 'Traveller's Library.') London. 1853.

It is a singular fact, that many of our great commercial undertakings only attract public attention in what may be termed their abnormal condition. While all things proceed smoothly, and the expected results are obtained, the public knows little or nothing of them; but when some terrible catastrophe occurs, then every man seeks to ascertain something about the concern even during its normal state. Who, save the shareholders and directors, knows anything of a joint-stock bank, until it breaks? Who knew anything of the management and responsibilities of such concerns, until of late years one unfortunate bank after another has broken down under the frauds or faults of those connected with it? So, too, in coal mines: Who amongst the people at large had any idea of them, until one accident and explosion after another had been described in the journals of the day, and statements of the causes of such catastrophes had been put forth, or rather, buried coal-deep in the mine of parliamentary blue-books?

Now, it is our intention in the present paper to present to our readers a view of the ordinary condition of our great coal mines, and the extraordinary causes of, and circumstances attending, accidents and explosions in them. The frequency of explosions of the most destructive character has invested the subject with a dark and painful interest, and the information connected with this subject is not accessible to the general reader. To become acquainted with things so remote from the eye of ordinary men, the inquirer must himself study underground, and, like the writer of these lines, creep and crawl, and thread his doubtful way, perhaps a thousand or twelve hundred feet underground, with Davy lamp in hand, subject to all the pains and penalties and perils which await subterranean travellers. Having sojourned for some considerable period amongst the blackmoors of the mines, and having ourselves perambulated at least a score of miles underground, in the deepest and most dangerous recesses of the great Newcastle pits,—having, moreover, conversed in their own homes with some hundreds of the pitmen, night after night,—heard them recount

their hardships, hair-breadth escapes, and dismal experiences, we think we may offer our services in the capacity of a guide to the coal-pits. We will only add, that if depth of descent be any qualification, we have descended, and fully inspected the celebrated Monkwearmouth pit, near Sunderland, the shaft of which is as deep as the Monument of London would be high when piled *seven or eight times* upon itself. Having the curiosity to add our Newcastle descents together, we find that we have descended there twelve coal-pit shafts, the depth of which in the aggregate, one shaft added to another, would be eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty feet. If we ever cherished any vanity after such exploits, one glance at the glass upon our ascent to the open day was sufficient to dispel it all; and of the writer in such a condition it might have been said—

‘He was a man as black as any other ;  
And tho’ warm water washed away the stain,  
When asked—‘And is that you now, or your brother?’  
Replied—‘Tis neither, till I’m clean again.’

We must assume that our readers are acquainted with the elementary geology of coal and coal-fields. They know that coal is confined to certain localities. A glance at any geological map of Britain shows that certain places are coloured in dark hues, to indicate coal districts. So we mark the great Northumbrian and Durham coal districts,—the most important, productive, and most largely mined of any in the world. Then we notice the Yorkshire and Lancashire coal-fields, and those of Staffordshire and South Wales, not to mention several minor patches of dark colour. Although all these districts agree in geological character, to some extent, they differ much in the thickness of the seams of coal, their value and marketableness, their depths from the surface and accessibleness. Newcastle coal of the best quality is seldom above five or six feet in thickness in the seam, while Staffordshire has a noted ‘ten-yard seam.’

Unfortunately, it is difficult to obtain good statistical statements of the extent and produce of British coal-mines, and hence few persons are aware of the vast value of this mineral to the country. Forming a conjecture from the data at present known by various researches, we may state that there are in Great Britain and Ireland fifty-one coal-fields, and that the area of the whole of these coal measures (as they are technically termed) is 11,859 square miles, or 7,589,760 acres. In the year 1845 there were raised from these coal-fields 31,500,000 tons of fuel. But this production has largely increased, as will be seen by the subjoined

tabular comparison of the production of the principal coal countries:—

	Area of Coal Districts.		Production in 1852.
* Great Britain . . . .	7,589,760 acres	—	50,000,000 tons.
Belgium . . . .	370,000 acres	—	6,500,000 tons.
France . . . .	740,000 acres	—	5,500,000 tons.
Prussia . . . .	390,000 acres	—	6,000,000 tons.

The production of British collieries was in the year 1854 no less than 64,661,401 tons, and in 1855, 64,453,070 tons, being a decrease of 207,331 tons for that year.

To descend from the whole country's production to the consumption of the metropolis. In the year 1700 the consumption of London was 470,000 tons; it now exceeds 4,000,000 tons. The Great Northern Railway alone now brings to London about half a million tons per annum.\*

To afford an idea of the coal trade between the northern collieries and London, we notice that the following quantities were shipped from the chief northern ports for London in October, 1852:—

Ships.	Port.	Tons.
337 . . . .	Newcastle . . . .	117,086
178 . . . .	Sunderland . . . .	58,041
100 . . . .	Seaham . . . .	26,613
173 . . . .	Hartlepool, &c. . . .	52,453

As respects foreign trade, during 1852, a total of 1054 tons of vessels sailed from Newcastle with coals to 311 foreign ports, in different parts of the world; and from January 1 to June 30, 1852, the total exports of coal from the river Mersey to foreign countries were 128,205 tons.

For our present paper, no other coal-field than the northern claims our attention. Its magnitude, and the magnificence of its mining establishments take precedence of all others. Its area cannot be given as more than 837 square miles, being 243 square miles for Northumberland, and 594 for Durham. This is the great source of our domestic coal, and that of several other countries. In 1854 the coal produce of this district was no less than 15,420,615 tons. A question of curiosity has often been asked—viz., How long will this source answer to the increasing demands upon it? To reply to this question is by no means an easy matter. Some eminent men have attempted to

\* The total weight of coals brought from, and distributed amongst, various districts on the Great Northern Railway, in 1854, was 804,683 tons. The coal consumption of Manchester and Salford is, in round numbers, above 2,000,000 tons.

reply, and have materially differed. The scientific men have given a much shorter lease to us and our posterity than the practical miners. Dr. Buckland only allowed 400 years, but he thought there was no coal beneath the limestone, and has now been proved in error. Mr. Hugh Taylor's calculation is scarcely entitled to attention, when he gives us 1720 years of fireside comfort. Subsequent calculators have made a closer reckoning, and allowing ten feet of available coal, after all deductions, and supposing this to extend over 924 square miles, they say the produce would be 9,107,000,000 tons of coal; subtract from these, 2,000,000,000 tons, as already excavated, and then we have a remainder of 7,107,000,000 to come. Assuming the present annual consumption from this field to be 15,000,000 tons, then the time in which we should exhaust the supply would be 500 years. The fear of failure of coal is, however, ridiculous, for, even should the northern field be exhausted, the other coal districts are now sending to market very tolerable domestic coals, which, though inferior to the famous Wallsend, are yet no bad substitutes. It may be worth while to add, that *Wallsend* is the name of a colliery near Newcastle, and that the produce of the real Wallsend pit is a mere nothing to the quantity bearing its name, a name now indicative of quality, and appended indifferently to all best coals.

The great northern coal-field was worked under royal charter in the thirteenth century, and despite of some curious prophecies of the evils to be apprehended from 'filling the air with noxious vapours from the filthy mineral fuel,' the pits were made deeper and deeper, and in 1615 the coal trade employed 600 sail. Under Charles I. it monopolized one-fourth of the sailors of the kingdom. The first rude steam-engine north of the Tyne began to work in 1714, and in 1772 not less than 5585 colliers sailed from the Tyne, carrying 330,200 tons of coal, in necessarily small vessels. Now, if we take our station in Tynemouth Priory when the wind has changed, after long-continued easterly gales, we may observe many hundred fine collier ships putting to sea, and rejoicing in their freedom. On one occasion about 300 vessels, all coal-laden, were seen making sail together in a single tide, and distributing themselves over the ocean with their prows turned in almost every direction—all sinking deep into the waters, and weighed down with their mineral burden of far more worth to us than auriferous sands or Mexican mines.

The first *steam collier* entered the Thames in September, 1852, having run the distance from Newcastle in forty-eight hours. A company has been formed for the increase of steam colliers, and should screw steam-ships be found practicable for this trade,

many benefits will accrue to the London consumer. The screw-steamers can sail three feet to one of the lumbering collier brig; but the railways seem to be endeavouring to rival even these, and can convey coals at one farthing per ton per mile, free from vexatious dues and duties, privileges, monopolies, &c.

A very useful summary of information respecting the northern collieries is found in the following concise table for 1843:—

Districts.	Average depth of Shafts.		Number of Pits.	Number of Men & Boys Employed.	Coals raised per annum.	Prices per ton.			Engine Power Used.
	In Fathoms.	In Feet.				s.	d.	s.	
Tyne River .	85	510	92	12,833	2,468,461	7	6	10	9690
Wear River	75	450	88	11,558	2,355,486	8	6	11	8907
Tees River .	...	330	12	1,379	1,682,404	8	6	10	800
In 1843 . .			192	25,770	6,506,371				19,397

It will surprise most persons to hear that we estimate (according to the best conjectures) the total amount of capital invested in the entire northern collieries to be about *ten millions* of pounds. The lessees of coal, as well as the proprietors, who work their own royalties, are very wealthy, and the capital employed in 'winning' and working the three largest concerns, is not less than 500,000*l.* for each. These concerns may each comprise from six to twelve separate mines, and all the respective engines, wagons, horses, &c. The 'winning' (or opening to the coal) of a single colliery, will cost (all things included) perhaps from 50,000*l.* to 80,000*l.*, and even as much as 200,000*l.* in extreme cases. These figures would apply chiefly to the great partnerships, and to the *grandees* of the coal trade,—as Lord Londonderry's trustees, the Countess of Durham's executors, the Hetton Coal Company, &c. In these and the other chief colliery establishments, we should think that the capital sunk, with cost of machinery and plant, could not be less than 500,000*l.* These first-class concerns will often extract different descriptions of coal from six, or ten, or twelve pits, situated several miles apart. The establishments of the second rank, as Wingate Grange, Thornley, &c., probably have invested in them 200,000*l.* and upwards. The third class concerns work commonly from single collieries, with invested capitals of from 40,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* each. The fourth, and most numerous class of enterprises, are generally engaged to supply the coasting trade, and the local manufactories, and the London market with 'steam-coal,' or coal for steam engines. These

require from 8000*l.* to 25,000*l.* each. Such are the best conjectures we can form upon a subject on which no information exists except such as can be derived from conversation with intelligent miners. Owners and upper officers are generally silent on all such topics, and all inquiries of this nature are viewed with great jealousy.

With relation to the probable profits from the great concerns, no one can give any certain information but those who think it their interest to withhold it. We have asked the most intelligent 'viewers' or colliery managers, and they have stated a very low estimate. We are inclined to think that the profits are not so large as commonly supposed. An experienced superintendent of collieries averaged them at ten per cent., allowing nothing for redemption of capital. The Great Hetton Coal Company have been considered to realize a total profit of from 35,000*l.* to 45,000*l.* per annum. The great demand for steam coal (that is, a coal burning hot and quick, and making a white ash) has revived some northern collieries which, twenty years ago, had been abandoned as worthless, but which have now become profitable concerns. On some of these collieries 50,000*l.* or 60,000*l.* had been spent, as it was thought, in vain; but they are now made to clear from 8000*l.* to 12,000*l.* per annum. The abandonment of an old monopoly called the 'Vend,' which limited the sale and regulated the supply, has opened the whole trade, and not ruinously, as many of the old school prophesied.

Having thus presented to our readers as much general information as may be needed, let us look at a large northern colliery more particularly, and trace its enlargement from its first opening.

The strata of every coal-field have a certain inclination to the horizon (*dip* and *rise*) as well as a level line of bearing (in general), forming right angles with the inclination. The colliery is planned in relation to these lines. The position and quality of the beds of coal having been ascertained by *boring*, one shaft, as an engine pit, will be sunk at the lowest portion of the ground, and another shaft, as a working pit, on a higher portion. A passage being opened between these, a 'drift' or water-course will be cut along the lowest level of the tract, and a main thoroughfare ('winning headways') will be excavated at about right angles to the drift. Then the engine and drawing apparatus can be brought into work, and the coal is said to be *won*—winning the coal being the phrase for reaching it by mining. Nothing is easier than to describe the process in the above sentences, and, sometimes, nothing is more difficult than to win the coal. It is not mere sinking that is necessary; that could be accomplished in due time; but a secret and powerful foe is oftentimes in ambush

—viz., a 'feeder' of water. In sinking the shafts, springs or feeders may be suddenly tapped in the sandy beds, and it is astonishing what pumping resources are instantly demanded, and must therefore be previously provided. Large steam-engines are erected at the winning of a mine, and the power is increased in the ratio of the water issuing. A few instances will be interesting.

During the progress of an attempted winning of a pit at Haswell, in Durham, through sands, the engines pumped up water to the amount of 26,700 tons *per diem*, and the winning was abandoned after an outlay of 60,000*l*. At Friar's Goose Colliery, near Gateshead, the feeders require three columns of pumps, each  $16\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter, raising upwards of 1000 gallons of water (sometimes 1200) *per minute*, or above 6000 tons *per diem*. At the same time, the weight of coal extracted does not exceed 300 tons a day, and is often only 250 tons, so that there the water extracted exceeds the coals some 20 to 24 times. The engine thus erected was at one time the largest single-pumping engine on the Tyne river, being 180 horse-power. The cylinder is 6 feet diameter, and the stroke 9 feet. At each stroke about 195 gallons of water are delivered on the surface; and as the average is six strokes per minute, the engine could deliver (and has often delivered) 1170 gallons per minute, or 1,444,800 gallons a day. In 1851, the following were the particulars of pumping out water from four Newcastle collieries:—

Collieries.	Gallons per Minute.	Yearly Expense.
Friar's Goose . . . . .	1200	— £1700
Percy Main . . . . .	720	— 3000
Heaton and Benton . . . .	300	— 700
Wallsend (say) . . . . .	140	— 700
<b>Totals . . . . .</b>	<b>2360</b>	<b>£6100</b>

In September, 1851, the Friar's Goose engine was stopped, and the waters were left to accumulate—to the imminent danger of neighbouring collieries. At a colliery belonging to South Hetton, we saw a pumping engine estimated to be of 300 horse-power, contained in a noble engine-house of stone, including three galleries which environed the engine, and from which its several parts and stately action can be viewed. Upon the pulsations of those ever-beating engines, which you may hear thumping and bumping all night long if you sleep (or lie awake) near them, depend the dryness of the mine and the security of the miners from drowning floods.

While upon steam-engines, we may mention that, in addition

to pumping, steam power is requisite for drawing the coals from the mine, and, in fact, does the whole extracting and lowering work of the colliery. In the concerns of greatest magnitude the power required for drawing or winding up is very great. Thus, in the Great Hetton Colliery, in Durham (the present source of our best domestic coal; or at least of the largest quantity of it), there are eight shafts, and about 1200 tons of coal are drawn from them daily (as we were informed) by the steam-engines in use there. On occasions of brisk demand they would supply, we think, 2500 tons in the day and night work of one so-called day. But the most extraordinary assemblage of steam power is to be found at the Murton winning of the South Hetton Company (about nine miles from Durham city). There very copious feeders of water were tapped in a bed of sand during the winning, and it appeared as if no machinery could subdue them. Engines were put up, one after another, and finally the total engine power in use there, for all purposes, has been communicated to us as being equal to *thirteen or fourteen hundred horse-power*.\* This is probably the largest accumulation of engine power at any one mine in the world.

To all the great collieries, such as those named, a large 'raff-yard' is attached, where engines are either constructed or repaired, and a large number of mechanics of various classes are employed in them. The raff-yards at Hetton and at Seaton Delaval are fitted up with every convenience, and they resemble the repairing workshops of the great railway companies, such as those we observe at Wolverton, Camden Town, and other railway stations.

To return to the winning of coal. Suppose it is finally and fully reached by the main shafts—at whatever depths the best seams may lie—then the whole mine will be extended by a perfect system of excavation, termed *panel-work*. By this system the whole area of the portion to be mined will be divided into quadrangular panels, each panel containing an area of from eight to twelve acres. Round each panel is left, at first, a solid wall of coal of from forty to fifty yards thick. Through this roads and air-courses are excavated ('driven'), in order to work the contained coal. Thus all the panels are connected with the shaft in respect of ventilation and roadways, while each panel has a particular name (like a square or street in a town). An accurate plan of the whole being in the hands of the chief-manager, he can at any time receive reports from inferior officers relating to any spot in the mine, and can refer them to any locality upon the plan. In some few museums, as that of Practical Geology, in

\* We have formerly noted 570 horse-power at that locality. The above amount is named to us by a mining engineer as recently existing.



Jermyn-street, London, plans or models of Newcastle mines can be inspected; but for the sake of the reader confined to his own study, we may liken a mine to a large-sized (but small-paned) window, lying flat upon the ground, in which the frames holding the glass would stand for the passages of the mine, and the glass for the masses of coal.

Or imagine that, in London, the Duke of York's column, at the end of Waterloo-place, represented the shaft of a mine, and that lower Regent-street represented the main passage; then Pall Mall would stand for a main cross-passage, and the minor streets for all the secondary ways of the pit, while the houses would stand for the masses of coal—the dwellings being divided and subdivided into blocks of buildings by side and cross-streets and alleys. A person standing in the gallery at the top of the column would see a stream of vehicles bearing down Regent-street towards the base, and a stream proceeding away from it; so the trains of laden coal-wagons are brought from the various panels of the pit to the base of the shaft, and sent back empty for fresh loads. Then, imagine that the laden wagons were unladen at the foot of the column, and drawn up through it by winding engines; and you will have a tolerable conception of the coal-pit shaft, and its business, especially if you conceive the column to be elongated to some ten times its present height. We ourselves have descended three shafts of the following respective depths:—1044 feet, 1070 feet, and 1600 feet; the last being the celebrated shaft of the Monkwearmouth pit, near Sunderland, which is probably the deepest perpendicular mining-shaft in the world.

Excavations can be carried on to an immense extent upon the system described, and the area of some of the older coal-pits of the North is remarkable. The gallery excavations of Killingworth pit, if put together, would be, we think, no less than *one hundred and sixty miles!* This is the extreme case; but other of the older pits extend great distances under ground, though the magnitude is only duly appreciated by supposing the passages all added together. A singular fact is, that at the Howgill pits, west of Whitehaven, the excavations have been carried more than 1000 yards *under the sea*, and about 600 feet below its bed.

A well-devised and strict system of discipline is maintained in the Northern pits. In no man-of-war are the regulations more rigid. There are officers for every duty and department, above and underground. In the colliery-office you find clerks at work with the accounts, and you may (if favoured) inspect large plans of the pit, drawings of furnaces, shafts, and measures of ventilation; notes of consumption of coal, records of temperature of

the pit and shafts, with memoranda of remarkable eruptions of inflammable gas or of 'feeders' of water.

The whole concern is under the direction of one superior officer, the 'viewer,' who is presumed to be familiar with every proceeding and part of the work. He has an under-viewer, who takes the general charge of mining operations, and examines the mine every day personally. He, again, has subordinates, who report to him; and one of these is the 'overman,' who also has his deputy. Then we descend to the workmen themselves, who are divided into 'hewers,' who 'get' or hew down the coal with a short pick and other tools; 'putters,' who push or 'put' the coal-wagons along the underground tramroad; and last we find a large number of boys engaged in different employments, some of a very laborious and others of a lighter character. The youngest boys attend the doors of the pit, and are named 'trappers.' The remuneration of all these persons, from the viewer to the trapper, is carefully regulated. The viewer is commonly very well paid, and, if eminent, can become connected with other mines. The subordinates are fairly, but not largely, paid. The workmen are certainly better paid than working men in general. For examples:—The overmen may receive from 25s. to 32s. per week, their assistants from 22s. to 25s.; the deputies from 3s. 4d. to 3s. 9d. a day; the hewers of coal may earn from 3s. to 3s. 10d. a day, for six or seven hours' work; the putters (lads) 2s. 6d. down to 1s. 10d. a day; and boys 1s. 3d. and 10d. a day. We give these items, as they are not to be ascertained easily, and may afford an idea of the value of labour in the Northern pits to all who are interested in the working classes.

The number of persons engaged in any one colliery varies greatly, both in relation to other pits, and to the state of the trade in the same pit. At South Hetton we found a large number employed—viz., 316 below and 212 above ground, in all, 528 persons. This was an extraordinary number, and the usual number would be less. It might be warrantable to conjecture the ordinary numbers in the large mines as from 300 to 400 persons. In the inferior mines the numbers will vary extremely.

To supply all these persons with work and wages is the first concern of mining managers; but there is another duty not much inferior, and often far more difficult, and that is, to supply all underground with *fresh air*. It is not always easy to ventilate a room or a church; what must it be to ventilate vastly larger spaces a thousand feet beneath us, with only two or three communications, through narrow channels, with the upper skies? The natural temperature regularly increases in accordance with

the depth; the workmen soon corrupt the air by breathing it, and by the combustion of candles; and in addition to these things, noxious gases exude from the coal itself in greater or lesser quantities. Ventilation, therefore, has always been a mining problem of difficulty; and when the excavations become large, and long, and tortuous, this difficulty is greatly increased. An open door and chimney cause a current through a room, and two separate shafts would cause a current in a mine. If a church had two towers, one at each end, open, hollow, and communicating with each other, the whole pews and aisles would be naturally ventilated. So, again, would a mine be aired by two open shafts. But in practice the thing is far more complicated, although the principle is the same. The complex problem is, how to carry a continual current of *fresh air* through all the passages of the pit, to every working or walking man and boy, and to convey this current, after it has swept the pit, to the upper skies freely and safely. By the unaided natural principle of circulation the current would be too languid, and in time so loaded with impurities as to fail of use. For many years, however, a single feeble current was all that could be delivered. A happy idea occurred to a Mr. Spedding,\* and was improved upon by a Mr. Buddle, an eminent local authority. This was to *split* the current of air, and subdivide it into two, or more, currents, one of which might take one direction and another a different course, as two fellow-travellers may pursue their journey together up to a certain direction-post on cross-roads, and then part company and take different ways. If our readers have ever watched a large meadow in process of irrigation, they will have seen the water curiously and obediently divide itself and flow into all the provided channels, and thus irrigate the whole meadow. So, in a large mine the current of air drawn in by the 'downcast' shaft is conducted through every passage, however narrow or remote, and made to perform a complete and continuous journey of the whole pit, as if it were inspecting it, and bringing blessings to every deeply and darkly immured labourer on its errand of benevolence.

The contrivances by which the current is split and managed are ingenious and effective. Wooden or brick divisions (brattices) are erected, which act as long walls in dividing the air lengthways, as the passage and parlour walls do in an ordinary house. By these a mining mainway or sideway may be divided, in some

\* The scientific principles of ventilation were given in 1764 by the French Academician Jars. Mr. Spedding, of Newcastle, in 1760, had carried the air in one current through every part of the mine. Mr. Buddle, of Wallsend, in 1813, introduced the greatest improvement in ventilation, by *splitting* the air, or providing several courses in lieu of one.

places into two, and the air-current go up on one side of the division, and down, reversely, on the other side. At the end of any passage a whole 'stopping' will make the air to halt, and a partial stopping, to divide and go right and left. By certain stoppings the air can even be made to ascend or descend and perform a summerset upon itself. In particular parts of the mainways of a pit the air-current must be kept back, and yet there can be no immovable stopping there, as it would hinder the large and continuous traffic of the mine. If the air ran through, the ventilation would be deranged; if the air were blocked out, the traffic would be stopped. How is this difficulty surmounted? Thus:—a strong wooden door (a 'trap-door') is erected, moving freely on stout hinges, and a little boy ('trapper') sits behind this door while the pit is at work. When the loaded wagons approach he opens the door, and closes it after they pass. The momentary rush of air is readily compensated. On one side of this door visitors can hear the air rushing upon and hissing against it. In a peculiar condition of the ventilation the noise is very audible, and then the men say, 'the doors are a-singing.' On the other side no sound is heard. It is evident that natural differences of temperature would not excite a sufficiently large and impulsive air-current for great mines; therefore the draught is vastly augmented by the employment of a huge furnace kindled at the bottom of one of the main-shafts—termed the 'upcast-shaft.' This furnace has the same effect, on a large scale, in creating and maintaining a powerful draught, as a fire in our parlours. The column of air in the upcast-shaft being rarefied by the furnace at its base, of course the air is drawn in down the 'downcast-shaft,' which is not heated. The effective power of this system depends upon the height and sectional area of the ascending and descending columns. Several points, of a strictly scientific character, are connected with the consideration of the extreme power and the limits of the furnace plan. Suffice it here to say, that there is a limit, but it is not capricious. The circulation of air originating, and being partly maintained, by its expansion, it is certain that when it is overheated, that which was an active moving force becomes inert. Instead of being a propelling power, it becomes an additional load to the motive powers, thus lessening the velocity of the current and reducing the quantity of air passing through the mine. As the practical result of the whole, we say, — You may raise the heat of the furnace to such a height as rather to diminish its power of ventilation, and further to a height where the power ceases altogether, providing the current be taken through the furnace; but if you divide the current, and take part of it through the

upcast-shaft without going through the furnace, although the air in the shaft be cooled, yet it will be found that the effect is materially increased.

What quantity of air will suffice to ventilate a large mine, and to supply enough for combustion and respiration to each man? We find that, for one man during one hour in the mine, 432·2 cubic feet of air are necessary, at the lowest estimate; for combustion of one light, 59·3 cubic feet; and for one-fifth of air needed by a horse, 517 cubic feet; making in all 1008·5 cubic feet of air *per hour* for the use of one man, with his accessories.\* A horse requires 5·71 times as much oxygen as a man for breathing; and the number of horses, on an average, in coal-mines, is one-fifth the number of the men. Fifty miners, with their lights, will give off sufficient heat to raise 50,000 cubic feet of air, at a certain temperature, by one degree every minute. From these and similar data, we may calculate the quantity of air necessary as a *minimum*; but a larger quantity than the minimum is supplied in the best mines, and especially where fire-damp exudes. In such mines the quantity of air actually circulating through the workings varies from 200 to 600 cubic feet per man per *minute*. The subjoined table exhibits some interesting information on this head, showing also the power of the furnace system:—

*Amount of Ventilation in Newcastle Collieries.*

Name of Colliery.	Coals consumed in 24 hours.	Cubic Feet of Air per minute in Mine. *
Black Boy . . .	2·0 tons.	34,000
Felling . . . . .	3·6 "	54,000
Percy Main . . .	3·45 "	54,696
Thoruley . . . .	4·8 "	76,311
Wallsend . . . .	4·45 "	121,860
Wellington . . .	3·5 "	66,500
Wingate Grange	2·8 "	44,000

The furnace power, measured by the consumption of coal and by the heat imparted to the upcast-shaft, is equal to the production of aerial currents three or four times as swift as those

\* Great differences of opinion are found on all such matters amongst miners; and no authoritative statements are anywhere given. We state amounts which a manager of long experience considers proper. One of the Government inspectors thinks that 100 cubic feet of air *per minute* are necessary for each man and boy in the mine.

really obtained. But much of this power is consumed in overcoming the resistance on the path of the air, &c. The largest quantity of air made to circulate through any one colliery upon this plan is at Hetton pit (Durham), where, in the year 1849, the circulation was ascertained to be no less than 190,000 cubic feet of air *per minute*! The swiftest current in a heated upcast-shaft is at Haswell pit (Durham), where the velocity is 1740 feet in one minute in a shaft of nine feet diameter, reduced by linings to a clear area for air of 58 square feet.

An attempt to increase the motive power by the use of *steam jets* in the shaft has excited much interest in colliery circles of late years. Evidence was taken upon it before a Parliamentary Committee, and a favourable decision was arrived at. This was exclaimed against by many mining magnates; experiments were made upon an adequate scale by Mr. N. Wood, and, after much and sharp discussion, the opinion prevails that the furnace system must still be adopted, as, on the whole, the most expedient. A subsequent Parliamentary Committee took this latter view.

The two greatest enemies to coal-miners are, *water* while sinking, and *gas* when the pit is sunk. These are hidden, secret, mighty foes. We have hitherto spoken of the ordinary condition of the pit, except as to the feeders of water in winning the mineral. We now come to speak of the extraordinary condition of the pit arising from exudations of 'fire-damp.' This gas is light carburetted hydrogen. Its specific gravity is 0.5802 (air being 1), and therefore about half the weight of common air. Hence it tends to ascend and hang about the roofs of the passages, when it extricates itself from the coal, and especially accumulates in the waste parts of the mine. It is also liberated from the fiery seams as they are worked. Careful observations lead us to think that it naturally exists in these seams in a high state of tension, equivalent, in some instances, to very nearly three-and-a-half atmospheres, and, adding the natural atmosphere, to four-and-a-half atmospheres at the moment of issue. This immense force seems to be ever pressing to evolve the gas from the most fiery coal seams, for this highly elastic state seems to be the natural one of the gas in those situations where no means of escape, and of consequent decrease of tension, are afforded to it. We do not find it developed constantly in this high-pressure form, only because the very tension named enables it, so long as the lines of drainage are uninterrupted, to force a passage through the semi-crystalline structure of the coal, and thus to drain off the interior magazines. The tension was made visibly clear, on one occasion, in Walker Colliery, where a block of coal, weighing about

*eleven tons*, was displaced in a violent manner by the pent-up gas while the hewers were at work. A very great discharge of fire-damp ensued, and made foul the whole of the workings in that district, to an extent certainly of 41,681 cubic feet. The current of air circulating in that part of the mine was 10,483 cubic feet per minute, moving at the rate of 6.24 feet per second in an area of 26 feet.

In the Wallsend Colliery, which was particularly fiery in the Bensham seam, the superintending engineer said: 'I simply drilled a hole into the solid coal, and stuck a pipe in the aperture, surrounded it with clay, and lighted it, and immediately I had a gas-light. The quantity of gas evolved was such that, in every one of the places I have mentioned, I had nothing to do but to apply a candle, and could then have set a thousand pipes on fire. The whole face of the working was a gas-pipe from every pore of coal.' The same engineer conducted a pipe to a district in the Wallsend pit, consisting of about 50 acres of Bensham seam coal, which had been lying waste and barred up for above 19 years. Through this pipe (4 inch diameter) there rose to the surface of the ground 95 cubic feet of gas per minute, it afterwards fell to 70 cubic feet, and at the present time it is about 34 feet (cubic) per minute. Taking the mean of these quantities—viz., an average discharge of 66 cubic feet per minute, then the mean *annual* quantity of gas naturally escaping from this coal-tract has been no less than  $34\frac{1}{2}$  millions of cubic feet, equal to the solid contents of a coal-bed 5 feet thick and 160 acres in extent. Further, in 19 years the capacity of 19 such coal-beds has been drained off; or, which is the same thing, the contents of one bed 5 feet thick and 3040 acres in extent have been drained off. Where could such an immense volume of gas find stowage? Only in the highly condensed or compacted state of tension which we have supposed. The piped gas at Wallsend was carried some height above the ground, and kindled. For 19 years has that natural gas-light been burning thus, night and day. It is a remarkable object to the visitor at night, as the streamer of flame is fluttered by the wind. Often have we watched it with much interest.

Where inflammable gas thus prevails,\* it is self-evident that the

\* The following notice may interest those connected with collieries:—

*Gases found in Coal Pits.*

(In General)—*Fire Damp* is light carburetted hydrogen, and is often spoken of as 'the gas.'

(In Lancashire and some other Districts)—*Black Damp*, *Choke Damp*, *Stythe*, &c., are names for carbonic acid gas, commonly called *After-Damp*.

(In General)—*After-Damp* follows explosions, and is a combination, in varying proportions, of nitrogen, carbonic acid, carburetted hydrogen and air, loaded with fine coal dust.

(In some Mines)—*White Damp* is sulphuretted hydrogen gas.

coal could not be extracted unless some safety-lamp be provided which shall afford a light, and yet not kindle this highly-inflammable gas. The safety-lamp of Sir Humphry Davy answers to this necessity. It consists of a common oil-lamp surmounted with a covered cylinder of very fine wire gauze, the apertures in which should be very minute. Since the fire-damp is not inflamed by heated wire, the thickness of the wire is not of importance. The cylinder, or cage of wire, is made of double joinings, the gauze being folded over in such a manner as to leave no apertures. It is fastened to the lamp by a screw, and fitted to the screw by a tight ring. A second top is always fixed one-half or three-quarters of an inch above the first, and to this a hand-ring is attached, by which the lamp is carried. The simple, but long undiscovered, principle of safety in the lamp is this:—The flame of the oil-lamp, though greatly enlarged by the fire-damp that passes through the fine wire-gauze, will not spread beyond the gauze, or pass through its apertures when they are sufficiently minute—that is, one hundred in a square inch at least (they may be 400 to 900 in the square inch). In such case, the flame being supplied with only a limited quantity of air, produces such a quantity of azote and carbonic acid gas as to prevent explosions of the fire-damp. The most explosive condition of the air of a mine is when it contains one part of fire-damp to seven or eight of common air. When such a mixture is formed, the cylinder of the lamp will be filled with flame, but the flame of the wick will appear within the flame of the fire-damp. When the fire-damp increases to a proportion of one-third part to the whole air, the flame of the lamp will disappear, and the flame in the cylinder of wire-gauze become paler. This ought to be a signal to leave the place, as the air is no longer fit for respiration.

Discussions of the most animated character have been held respecting this lamp as to its real inventor, whether Stephenson, Clanny, or Davy; as to its absolute safety in critical circumstances; and as to its modifications and improvements. Evidence of witnesses to Parliamentary Committees, opinions of miners, and opinions of scientific men, have been conflicting and confusing. After all, the practical men of the North mostly adhere to the simple Davy lamp, or to some simple modification of it; and, after frequent and lengthened conversations with them, we agree with them. Had we space we would describe some curious experiences in traversing the mines with a Davy lamp. It has been an inestimable boon to coal-miners.

As this lamp has but a feeble illuminating power, it is dispensed with by the men as much as possible. They prefer a



naked candle, giving them greater light at vastly greater risk. The indisposition to adopt, or enforce the adoption of, Davy lamps in fiery mines, is one chief cause of explosions; while we must admit that a too confident reliance on this lamp is an evil in the opposite direction. It is, however, now abundantly proved, that if a thorough ventilation, and a judicious and general use of the lamp were enforced, explosions would be few and rare.

Wherever firedamp abounds in a mine, constant vigilance is necessary to prevent a surprise from that secret foe. When once the air and the gas are combined in the dangerous proportion (1 of gas to 7 or 8 of air), a single candle may kindle the whole mine and kill half the miners in an instant. Great and sudden falls in the barometer are thought to indicate a critical time for the pit, as the atmosphere will not then press so heavily or the gas be so firmly imprisoned. A presumed very frequent cause of explosions is the sudden issue of a 'bag' or 'blower' of the pent-up gas from the loosened coal. We ourselves have listened to the gas hissing, with a low hiss, out of every pore of the coal in a deep recess, and in one pit we applied a candle, by permission, to the roof, and immediately the whole passage glowed with a beautiful lambent, bluish flame, playing most sportively along the upper parts. This was near the shaft, and therefore not dangerous; in any recess it would have been fatal.

Other causes of explosions are, either insufficient air to sweep away the gas as it exudes from the coal, or enough only to dilute it to the dangerous proportion (and thus bad ventilation is often worse than none at all), or the kindling of the contaminated air as it passes out of the pit after ventilating it. To avoid this last cause a 'dumb furnace,' or separate brick channel, is carried over the open flaming furnace, and through this dumb furnace the whole vitiated 'return air' is carried out. Once more, a derangement of the course of the air-current will produce a complete confusion and an explosion. This may be occasioned by the careless leaving open of a trap-door (and many explosions are traceable to this cause) on the part of the little boys, or by some culpable neglect in the customary precautions. Carelessness is not now common in the great Northern collieries, for the system of discipline is too rigid to permit it; but in other coal districts (as Staffordshire, &c.) the carelessness of working miners and of superintendents is often gross and fearful.

The *chemical* effects of an explosion in a coal mine are much more complex than those of the mere combustion of light carburetted hydrogen gas. The amount of firedamp at first ignited may be trivial, and yet may produce the most destructive

effects. As it accumulates, from its lightness, at the upper parts, and diffuses itself with considerable difficulty, it often acts as a train, and communicates the flame to the distant parts, and to the pent-up reservoirs of gas in the waste and abandoned districts (*goaves*) of the pit. Therefore, in almost all accounts we find that two explosions have been mentioned. The first was, we believe, *local*, at the spot where the cause occasioned it; the second, *general*, aided by accumulations of foul gas in the other parts. Where more than one explosion takes place they are not simultaneous, but nearly always successive. Sometimes they are two or three in number, succeeding each other at intervals of some seconds, with, perhaps, a momentary interval of repose between. In one mine (Jarrow) which exploded in 1846, the attending heat was so great that it thoroughly coked the coal lining part of the walls to the depth of nearly half an inch. The amount of surface so acted upon was considerable; and this effect must have required the playing of the flame upon the coal for some time with the intensity of a blow-pipe.

Another effect of an explosion is at once to blow up and ignite an immense quantity of coal-dust lying about the pit, and thus to produce an evolution of firedamp and the production of much carbonic acid—a gas well known to be most fatal to animal life. This is, moreover, produced during an explosion by the union of the oxygen (necessary for the respiration of the men) with the carbon of the firedamp; and the carbonic acid mixed with the residual nitrogen of the atmosphere, and with that which is present in the explosive gas itself, forms the fatal and dreaded *afterdamp*, which consists of 8 volumes of nitrogen, 2 of aqueous vapour, and 1 of carbonic acid gas. Being of much greater specific gravity (0.9614) than the firedamp, which is about half the weight of common air, it hangs lower down than the firedamp, which ascends to the roof. Then the poor pitman has two enemies, and the men spared by the blazing of the firedamp may be, and often are, suffocated by the afterdamp. The best chance of escape is to fall flat on the ground till the afterdamp passes away. At the calamity at Aberdare (Wales), two men were saved by strongly pressing a wet cloth to their mouths in passing through the afterdamp, whilst seven of their companions were killed who did not adopt this precaution. In any manner avoid inhaling it. The men suffocated by it present a peculiarly calm and sleep-like appearance after death.

The visible and generally destructive effects of such a catastrophe are those which are commonly observed and understood. Nothing, perhaps, affects the mind with deeper sadness than to stand, as we have done, at the mouth of a pit recently exploded.

But a day or hour before, it was the scene of busy activity and manifest prosperity. All around were the signs of both. Coal-baskets were coming up continually, and were hurried off in clattering wagons, after having been dashed against the sounding wires of the large screens. Loud were the calls of the men, the songs and laughter of the lads; and the great, ponderous steam-engine went on pumping or drawing with the sighs, groans, and motions of a giant. *Now* all is still—sad—awful! One or two grave and saddened men are at the pit's mouth awaiting the manager; the great steam-engine is noiseless; the pulleys over the pit, that were wont to run round so continually and conspicuously, revolve no longer; wagons lie up, useless and lumbering; lads and boys, for a wonder, are seen to weep; and the doors of the pitmen's cottages are closed as if on a Sunday.

Let us descend with the manager. How unlike to itself is the whole pit! At the bottom of the shaft, where pitmen were wont to stand in a group, smoking and joking, all is silent; and we get out of the descending cage or basket without proffered help. A little way inwards we come upon various signs of disaster. All things are idle. The once busy passages of the mine are vacant and voiceless; the full train of coal-wagons stands unmoving on the pit railway; no ponies and no 'putters' (or pushers of the train) appear. If the scene of the explosion has been a confined recess, we see, as we approach it, one glimmering Davy-lamp here, and another there,—they are held by men who are searching for the dead bodies of their companions. Here we must climb over a mass of shattered stones and coals, which have been blown down by the force of the explosion. There, the sides of the passage bear the marks of the scorching blast of fatal fire. And now we join the searchers. They sadly greet us. In this spot should be some two or three of their lifeless companions; so we trace the course of the firedamp. It is here that huge blocks of the roof have been dislodged, for here the gas met with resistance. They have been digging and clearing away the rubbish for some two or three hours; the light is but that of three or four very feeble glimmering lamps. These we lift up, ever and anon, and peer anxiously into the turned up rubbish. In half an hour's time we make a discovery of the most thrilling kind to those who are unaccustomed to such scenes;—we see a dark, dull mass of apparent coal; but this is pronounced to be a *dead body*! A minute inspection does indeed clearly prove that it was once a living man;—we say no more, than that this mass is decently wrapped about and sent up the shaft. For ourselves the scene is too sickening; nor is the place without peril, for the shattering effects of the catastrophe

have loosened the roof, displaced the props and supports, and the sudden crashing noise we heard a minute or two ago was the fall of a quantity of coal strata—in the passage we had not long previously passed through! In our cautious, scrambling return to the shaft we visit the stables of the pit. Most of the horses were out in the galleries of the pit at the time of the accident, and were killed with their drivers; but, singularly enough, one little pony was stalled in these stables, and, being away from the danger, had been spared, and was heard by the first descending miner after the calamity to neigh most shrilly, thus indicating his loneliness and his fears. Such are our recollections of a visit to a pit after an explosion.

If the pit be a contracted one, and if the number of workings be small, then the rapid expansion of the gas, after its ignition, will produce much more violent effects than if the workings be more extended. In one case\* of this kind, of the effects of which we were eye-witnesses, everything was swept before the violence of the blast. Strong Memel timbers were broken and driven like chips or straws. Many of the coal-tubs, made of strong planks bound with iron, were shattered to pieces, and the explosion was distinctly felt at the surface by a sudden rush of wind and dust upwards against the current of air; the cage, then at the mouth of the pit, being lifted several feet high. The timbering in the shaft and in the mine was covered with coal dust, and many of the props supporting the roof were charred.

A considerable number of the disasters and deaths in coal-mines are attributable to other causes than explosions. These are, falls of stone from the roof, falls of blocks of coal while hewing, falls down the shafts in descending or ascending, entanglements in the pit machinery, breakages of the ropes, and accidents connected with the passages of the train of coal-wagons. Such causes are productive of numerous fractures of limbs and deaths. One collier told us that from one or other of these dangers a man was pretty sure of being 'mashed up' at the age of forty or forty-five. In examining some hundreds of young persons employed underground, we discovered that very few of them had escaped some kind of 'laming' or injury. Young lads based their whole chronology on the intervals between their first or second or third 'lamings.' A South Staffordshire authority assures us, that in those districts 'mining accidents are so nume-

\* The explosion at Willington Colliery, near Newcastle, in April, 1841, by which thirty-two persons were killed. A detailed account, with illustrative map, is to be found in the *Report on the Newcastle Collieries*, by J. R. Leitch, Esq., printed in Appendix to Reports to Government, by the Children's Employment Commissioners. 1841-2.

'rous, that we might conclude from the frequent mutilations of 'the miners that the whole population is engaged in a campaign.'

A Shropshire surgeon had as many as 500 cases, in round numbers, from accidents in one year.

Including explosions, we found that in the Northern collieries the list of fatal accidents from the end of last century (close of 1799) up to the year 1840, contained no less than 1464 deaths. Adding 16 other deaths from a local register, we have the total number of lives lost from the close of 1799 to March, 1841, as 1480. We doubt not the number is really greater, since no authorized list had been made, and we could only glean from the results of private inquiry.\*

With reference to casualties of all kinds, we have made a calculation, which leads us to think that, from all the coal districts of the country, above 10,000 persons are annually (either temporarily or permanently) thrown upon their respective parishes for relief, or for the subsistence of themselves or families. If space had permitted, we should have presented some details and descriptions of particular accidents of a very destructive character. A list of the principal colliery explosions during seven years, ending 1852 (compiled by Mr. J. K. Blackwell), exhibits the number of fatal cases as 1099. Since 1852, some dreadful accidents have occurred. The newspapers have recently reported the explosion at the Cymmer colliery in South Wales, and therefore we shall not repeat the details.

The whole evidence at the inquest tended to display gross and culpable carelessness of the lives of the men committed to the charge of the managers. A verdict against these managers followed as a matter of course; but they have yet to take their trial at the assizes, when, we are privately informed, there is some likelihood of their getting off—not from legal deficiencies, but from other causes. We shall await the result with anxiety. It is the first instance in which a full trial and evidence have been allowed. Reading the whole of this evidence, and observing the course of cross-examination, we must say we think the owner of the mine quite as culpable as his servants. He, however, has escaped even censure.

A source of danger and death we can but briefly notice, is the breaking-in of accumulated *waters* from old workings into neighbouring pits. In the month in which we now write (October), a terrible illustration of this danger has occurred at a colliery two miles from Wrexham. The Bryn Mally mines are very

\* A pamphlet, by a working miner, professing to give a record of every fatal accident in Durham and Northumbrian pits, between 1756 and 1843, reckons the total number as 1760 violent deaths, of which 1491 were caused by explosions.

extensive, and employ between 200 and 300 colliers, and about 200 men were in the levels at the time of the accident. There are several old workings and shafts connected with the mine, and these are separated by a partition, which is intended to keep out the foul air. A portion of the partition-walls gave way while the colliers were at work, and instantly a tremendous rush of water followed into the workings where the men were employed. They ran in every direction, and most of them succeeded in escaping to a higher level, and so emerged from the mine before the water had risen two or three yards. From this level the men saw several ponies (25 were in the mine) struggling in the waters and finally sinking. Soon it was discovered that *fifteen* men were missing, and thirteen at least have perished, eight leaving wives and families. The water continued to rise, until at the pit's mouth there was a depth of 30 yards of water from the surface of the working-level into which it had burst. The immense volume of water may be conjectured, when we state that the working-levels broken in upon occupy an area of six acres. The clearing has proceeded at the rate of 120 tons an hour. This water appears to have been accumulating for the last 50 years. The chief engineer fell down the shaft, having been knocked off the platform by the breaking of the chain, and was killed. At the inquest, a verdict of accidental death has been returned, coupled with an opinion that the chain was unsafe, and that the deceased should have examined it. While we write, the bodies of three men and a boy have been recovered, and the water has been nearly extracted. It is considered that these individuals positively threw away their lives, as they were warned of the irruption of the water, but continued their occupation some minutes, and when they did repair to the place of outlet found themselves cut off by the rising waters.

Hitherto it has been supposed that only the annals of war could exhibit an assemblage of deaths and accidents. We have, however, some reason to think that if a true record of all the deaths and injuries received in coal-mines in Britain were before us, we should be astonished to find that they are nearly as numerous as those of an ordinary war or an extraordinary battle. Our own country stands highest in the mortality of coal-mine accidents, as the following deductions from published Government returns show :—

Country.	Proportion killed.	Persons.		
Prussian Mines . . . .	1·89	per	1000	per annum.
Belgian ditto . . . .	2·8	"	"	"
English . . . . .	4·5	"	"	"
Staffordshire . . . . .	7·3	"	"	"

If to the actual and immediate deaths we add the accidents to the limbs, and the slowly deteriorating causes of disease, we find that coal-miners deserve much sympathy, and demand increased attention. Mr. Herbert Mackworth, one of the Government Inspectors of Mines, has, in a highly praiseworthy manner, devoted considerable attention to the diseases and deaths of miners. In a valuable paper,\* that gentleman has shown that a great deterioration in the health, and abbreviation of the life, of coal-miners is constantly taking place. A table of mortality of colliers and miners at Merthyr Tydvil (in Wales), formed upon returns to the Registrar-General, brings to light the fact that the noxious influences at work upon the miners are sufficient to *treble* the destruction of life between the ages of 10 and 25. The ratio is still higher at the commencement, proving how immediately destructive to the constitution at an early age such causes are. Another table exhibits the proportions dying from different diseases, including the number dying during a visitation of the cholera (a most fatal one at Merthyr), and it appears that the deaths from cholera were only about one-third of the deaths amongst equal numbers of miners. It also appears that, between the ages of 15 and 25, one-third of the deaths occur from diseases of the respiratory organs, and that more than one-third of the miners meet with violent death.

Moreover, in another table of the after-lifetime of males in England, and of colliers and miners (in ironstone mines) in Merthyr Tydvil, at different ages, we observe the following results: Men who attain the age of 25 will, on an average, live 27·86 years in Merthyr, if their occupation be that of collier or miner. But the mean after-lifetime in England generally for men aged 25 is 36·60.

It will be asked—what has been done by Government for the colliers? We answer, in brief,—Several Parliamentary Committees (some of the House of Lords) have sat, and heard, and printed evidence from scientific men on the fertile and complicated subject of accidents in mines; but scarcely any of these proceedings have issued in practical benefit to the miners, for easily conceivable reasons. The most practical and serviceable thing ever done by the Government was, to issue a Commission of several gentlemen, actually to visit and sojourn around the chief British collieries, and to report on the whole, though their main object was to inquire into the employment of females and young children underground. A great body of

\* *On the Diseases of Miners*; a paper read before the Society of Arts, April 4, 1855. We strongly recommend all persons interested in miners to peruse this paper.

evidence was thus obtained, and the Appendices to the Reports of the Children's Employment Commissioners contain a mass of details on these subjects, and on the physical condition of the colliers, of the greatest value, as all interested in the subject have acknowledged. Upon this Commission was founded the well-known Act of Parliament (15 and 16 Vict., cap. 99), excluding all females, and children under ten years of age, from underground labour. That Act has worked as well as any Act could do.

The only other practical result of Government inquiries (and this, too, is obviously attributable to the labours of the gentlemen above alluded to), is the passing, after great opposition from some quarters, of the Act for the Inspection of Coal Mines. This Act was amended on 19th August, 1855 (18th and 19th Vict., cap. 8), and in its present form is certainly valuable, though not by any means perfect. By it inspectors are appointed, owners must produce to them plans of mines, notice of accidents must be given to the Secretary of State, and above all, special rules are to be made for the management of every colliery, with the approval of the Secretary of State.

Much more private effort for the benefit of the colliers has been brought to bear on Government than they will ever know. We are thankful to obtain this Act, and therefore we will not quarrel with some objectionable details or deficiencies. Much credit is due to Sir George Grey, and not much to sundry coalowners and their agents.

A Report of the Inspectors of Coal Mines has appeared since the above was written. It is the first made by the whole twelve Inspectors now appointed. From the absence of a harmonious plan, it is not easy to consult; we glean, however, the following particulars from its pages:—

In the collieries of Durham, Northumberland, and Cumberland, since the passing of the Coal Mines Inspection Act in 1851, there have been 741 accidents terminating in death. Of these, 134 have been occasioned by explosions of fire-damp, 126 by accidents in the shafts, 234 by falls of stone and coal, and 230 by 'sundries.' We may well marvel at the sundries. In the district of Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales, we find the number of lives lost to have been 299 in the year 1854, and 199 in the year 1855; the number of accidents being 178 and 165 in those years respectively.

The most elaborate and valuable Report is that of Mr. Mackworth for a portion of the South Wales district, and it is the more valuable as the Inspector adds to the details of his own district three tabular views of the accidents and deaths in all



the British collieries for four years—viz., 1851 to 1854 inclusive. From these tables a succinct statement might be drawn up, but we have only room for the following particulars:—

In 1851, the number of colliers employed in the district of Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland was, according to the census, 42,437. The whole number of colliers for Great Britain in the same year was 216,217. From the *Mining Records*, just published, we learn that the total number of collieries in the United Kingdom is 2397. The pits are far more numerous. England contains 1704 collieries.

Taking the year 1854 by itself, we observe that the fatal accidents (or the number of deaths from accidents) was, for the Northern district, 125, being at the rate of 7·7 deaths for every million of tons of coals produced. In Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales the number of deaths for 1854 was 299, being at the rate of 27·1 for every million of tons of coals; and this is the highest rate of the whole districts of inspection, while that of the Northern district is the lowest.

The total of deaths for Great Britain for 1854, was 1045, being at the rate of 16·2 for every million of tons of coals.

We recommend all who are interested in this topic to study Mr. Mackworth's Report; and we are glad to find our own views supported by his experience and his detailed statements. He appears to have spoken without restraint on behalf of the colliers.

It appears, from Mr. Hunt's inquiries, in the new number of the *Mining Records*, that, in the year 1854, the number of men and women of all ages employed in connexion with the collieries of Great Britain was no less than 219,995 (of which number 1290 were females). As part of this large mass of labourers, we find that Durham employs 28,265, and Northumberland 10,536, Lancashire employs 28,834, and Yorkshire 21,030.

We have now reached our limits, and can only express an earnest hope that what we have written will contribute towards attracting increased attention to a large body of our labouring population, who, by their places of occupation and modes of life, have been, until of late years, almost removed from the field of observation. We entreat our readers to remember that we have been writing of the concerns and interests, lives and deaths of very nearly two hundred and twenty thousand of our fellow-creatures and fellow-subjects. For ourselves, we have laboured hard and long in behalf of these long-forgotten persons, and not altogether in vain. We must now commend their interests, physical and moral, to all who may have an opportunity of furthering them.

ART. V.—*The Mosaic Dispensation considered as Introductory to Christianity.* Eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, at the Bampton Lecture for the year 1856. By the Rev. EDWARD ARTHUR LITTON, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College. 8vo, pp. xix., 367. London: Hatchard. 1856.

THE subject of these Lectures is one which, on many accounts, claims attention from all students of sacred literature. The relation in which the documents of the ancient Jewish faith stand to those which unfold the principles of Christianity, presents to the inquirer one of the most curious questions in literary history; whilst the development of Christianity out of Judaism, by whatever process that may be conceived to have been accomplished, is a phenomenon in religious philosophy worthy of the most careful and thoughtful scrutiny. There can be no denying that the New Testament is the literary successor of the Old. Both have been produced among the same people, and both bear the marks of having been composed under the modifying influence of the same modes of thought, and the same national and religious sentiments. And yet how great and striking are the differences between them! Not only are they written in different languages—languages, indeed, so different that they stand separated from each other by one of the greatest intervals which comparative philology has established among its objects; the difference extends to style, composition, arrangement, illustration, and conception, in such a way and to such an extent as to indicate the action of some very potent influences upon the later writers to which the earlier were strangers. It must be admitted, surely, as an object of legitimate curiosity and interest, that these points of similarity and of difference in the literature of the same people, should be carefully examined and the causes of them, if possible, determined. There is, moreover, no denying that in some way Christianity has come out of Judaism, so that the latter actually was, and, if both are of divine authority, must have been designed to be preparatory to the former. Is it not worth while to inquire how this outgrowth of the later from the earlier has taken place, and how much of the earlier system has been superseded by the later, or whether both are not still constituent parts of one entire whole? Interesting, however, and important as are these inquiries, there are other aspects of this subject which present it to us with still more urgent claims on our serious attention. Is the religious system taught in the Old Testament essentially the same as that taught in the New? Did a pious Jew, following the

teachings of his own Scriptures, come thereby to stand on substantially the same ground in regard to spiritual interests as Christians are instructed by the teachings of the New Testament to occupy? Were the conceptions which men under the old covenant were led to entertain of *sin and salvation*, of *holiness and depravity*, of *piety and ungodliness*, the same in kind with those which are set forth by Christ and his Apostles? Is the Messiah of the Old Testament the Christ of the New, and is there enough revealed concerning His person and work, as made known to us by the latter, to have enabled one, who possessed only the former, to exercise a real faith in Him as the Saviour of the world? These are questions which every person of reflection and earnestness will feel it to be of the utmost importance to have answered satisfactorily. There is something more at stake here than matters of literary history or philosophical judgment. If these questions cannot be answered in the affirmative, the interests of religion cannot but be seriously affected thereby. We should then be compelled to believe either that one or other of these two systems, Judaism and Christianity, was not of God, or that God had sanctioned at different times religions essentially diverse the one from the other. With neither conclusion could a solid faith in the divinity of our religion be retained. It would be preposterous to maintain that Christianity was first communicated to men by divine revelation, whilst it was assumed that Judaism, as we find it developed in the Old Testament, was a mere human invention; no sane man would gravely set himself to such a thesis, and nobody would listen to him if he did. But if both these systems came from God, and yet the one is *essentially* diverse from the other, then is God the author not of unity but of confusion; and in that case, where is religious certainty? If there be two divine religions, why may there not be twelve, or twenty? Why may not all religions be in a sense divine, and inspiration be nothing more, in any case, than what Mr. Parker pronounces it to be in every case,—the mere stimulating influence of God on the natural faculties of the human mind?

The subject, then, which Mr. Litton has in this volume proposed to discuss, is one *vitally* affecting the claims of Christianity. And so the advocates of infidelity have not been slow to perceive; for it has ever been their aim to undermine the authority of the New Testament by destroying the pretensions of the Old. So it was with the early assailants of Christianity, Celsus and Porphyry; so it was with the English Deists in the early part of last century; and so it has been with the Rationalists more recently in Germany. The process is natural; the tactics are obvious and

easy. 'Let the Old Testament first be broken,' exclaims Stier, 'then is broken also the New; as we have seen in the progress of Rationalism into all unbelief: let the Christ, who has come as He was to come, be taken away, there is then no longer a Revelation, and no more a living God.\* It needs no gift of second sight to perceive that there are many manifest tokens that the course of attack which has been so often before pursued is about again, and perhaps with more vigour and skill than ever, to be resumed in this country. 'In fact,' as Mr. Litton observes, 'the note of preparation for an attack on this portion of God's word (the Old Testament) has already sounded.' Combatants of various kinds, and armed with weapons of different form and different quality, may be seen hastening to the field; among whom, alas! are to be descried some of whom we had hoped better things. The fight is, indeed, in some quarters, already commenced, and there is no prospect of warding off a general engagement. Be it so; we have no misgivings as to the ultimate result. Only, as Mr. Litton justly adds, 'the soldiers of the cross, especially those who, from their office, are placed in the van of the conflict, must look to their armour, offensive and defensive, and take up their position.'

With these convictions we rejoice to find this subject presented to the consideration of the more learned and scholarly portion of the public under the auspices of the Bampton Lecture. Such foundations are useful chiefly as they furnish the occasion and means of calling forth works that shall bear on the exposition of 'the present truth,' or the confutation of germinant or prevailing errors. When those who hold the appointment forget this, and, ignoring the actual pressing wants of the Christian commonwealth, content themselves with a mere reproduction of former reasonings, or a refutation of errors which no longer venture abroad, at least in their ancient habiliments, they not only do an idle thing, but they bring the whole scheme of such permanent endowments into disrepute. We do not want endowments simply to enable men, *agere actum*, to slay the slain, or to build up the tombs of former prophets. We want what shall call forth brave and stalwart warriors, men who shall be skilled to detect all the movements of the foe actually on the field, and prepared to meet him in whatever assault he may venture to make on the citadel of our common Christianity. It is no doubt a very pleasant thing for some country parson who has been dawdling over his books for a quarter of a century since he left the University, to be summoned to give the world the benefit of his researches from the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford,

\* *The Words of the Lord Jesus*, vol. i. p. 181. English Translation.

and with the prestige of a Bampton Lecturer; and the good man may very agreeably flatter himself that he is rendering an unpeakable service to the Christian cause by his lusty assaults on errors that live only in half-forgotten books. But,

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,  
Tempus eget.

Let us have men in such posts, 'who have understanding of the times'—men who are versant with living forms of thought and speculation, who know what questions are chiefly pressing themselves on the attention of the community, who discern what dangers are especially threatening the cause of truth, and who can adjust their stores of book-learning so as to bring them to bear with effect on the present or imminent controversies in which the Church of Christ must take part. Such an one we are glad to hail in Mr. Litton. His former work on *The Church of Christ, in its Idea, Attributes, and Ministry*, proved him to be a man fully awake to existing tendencies of speculation and present emergencies of controversy, not less than a scholar well versed in the literature of the past; and though that work awakened in us expectations which the one before us has not altogether satisfied, we nevertheless receive it cordially, and commend it to our readers as containing 'a word in season,' both clearly and forcibly spoken.

The work consists, like all the *Bampton Lectures*, of eight discourses, to which is appended a body of notes, of less extent, in proportion to the text, than the example of most of Mr. Litton's recent predecessors in the Lectureship had taught us to expect. In the first Lecture the author, after some observations of an introductory nature, proceeds to consider the structure of the theocracy; to which subject the second Lecture also is devoted. The theocracy is contemplated by him under three aspects: *first*, as a means of perpetuating the sacred records, and repelling the noxious influences of heathenism; *second*, as a school of discipline intended to operate on the subject from without inwards; and *third*, as an earthly figure of the inner theocracy of the Spirit. In Lecture 3rd the author enters upon the consideration of the ceremonial law, and more especially those parts of it which relate to the priesthood and to sacrifices; his object being to explain the import of the Levitical institute in respect of these two, and to determine the efficacy of the atonements made by their means. In Lecture 4th he treats of the priesthood and sacrifice of Christ; here his aim is to bring out the typical or predictive character of the ancient ceremonial, by showing that in the work of Christ is found the archetype, in accordance with which the Levitical ordinances of priesthood and

sacrifice were framed, as well as the fulfilment of all that they promised or adumbrated. Lecture 5th is devoted to the subject of prophetic revelation; here the author discusses first the prophetic office itself in relation to the theocracy, and then the substance of the prophetic revelation in its didactic and in its predictive matter. The title of Lecture 6th is, 'Judaism in its Interior aspects;' and in it the aim of the author is to determine to what extent truly religious and spiritual results were effected within the Jewish nation by the various appliances of discipline and instruction which it was their privilege to enjoy. The conclusion at which he arrives on the whole, in reference to the topics of this lecture is, that 'the religion of the Christian differs in degree only, not in kind, from that of his predecessor 'under the old covenant; the same essential elements which, in 'a heightened form, corresponding to the fuller measure of knowledge and of spiritual influence vouchsafed, are found in the 'former, belong also to the latter.' Lecture 7th is on 'the Synagogue in its relation to the visible Church.' Mr. Litton considers the formation of the Church on the model of the synagogue as beyond doubt, and on this ground he argues to certain conclusions as to the officers of the Christian Church and its worship, which we much admire his courage in propounding to an Oxford audience, and his able advocacy of which we gladly accept, without pledging ourselves to an accordance with him in the ground on which he has seen meet in this lecture to rest his arguments. Lecture 8th is entitled, 'Prevalent Errors on the Relation of the Law to the Gospel,' and is principally occupied in strictures on antinomianism, or the system which would sever the connexion between the law and the gospel, and on the Romanist tendency to reconstruct the gospel on the principles of the legal economy.

Having by this analysis of the contents of these lectures placed before our readers Mr. Litton's book, in such a way as to give them some idea of what they may find in it, if they should feel inclined to consult it, we must now take the liberty of diverging into a more general field of disquisition, in which, without losing sight of our author, we shall occupy ourselves rather with important questions belonging to his subject than with detailed criticisms of his book. Before, however, we dismiss the latter from our critical bar, let us say that on all the topics he has undertaken to discuss Mr. Litton has written ably, perspicuously, and with admirable candour, not less than with sincerity and earnestness. It is refreshing, in these days of mystic utterances and cloudy thinkings, to encounter a writer on theological questions, who, like Mr. Litton, strives to realise distinctly his

own thoughts, and then gives them expression in correct and idiomatic English. If by such methods the author should miss the reputation of being deemed profound because only partially intelligible, he will secure the more unequivocal and lasting renown of being instructive and convincing, because he is luminous, precise, and logical.

In passing to investigations of a more general kind, the point to which we shall mainly direct the attention of our readers respects the estimate it behoves us to form of the spiritual condition of the pious and sincere amongst the Jews under the ancient dispensation. What amount of religious knowledge was it within their power to attain? In what way were the great questions that lie at the basis of all real religion, the questions relating to deliverance from guilt and moral impurity, capable of being answered so as to bring salvation to their souls as a blessing which they might personally enjoy? And what kind and degree of spiritual privilege was it possible for them to receive?

These are questions of profound interest in many respects; but they are also questions not very easily answered. If we would arrive at a satisfactory decision on the subject to which they relate, we must carefully avoid everything of the nature of a hasty and sweeping conclusion. A rash scepticism and an indiscriminating dogmatism must be equally shunned in our treatment of the subject. It is only by a comprehensive survey of all the evidence attainable, and a cautious induction from what is seen to be probable, that any well-grounded result can be reached by us in such a field of inquiry. It is necessary also that we should abstract as much as may be from the ideas we have gathered from the Christian Scriptures, lest we insensibly carry back thence to the Old Testament what does not belong to it, and by reading it in the light of a later revelation, ascribe to those by whom that revelation was altogether unknown, a degree of illumination which they did not possess, and which it was not possible for them to possess. It is not easy, indeed, to make this abstraction, and perhaps it is vain to expect that it can be made perfectly. As Foster has justly remarked, 'The mind has no power of imagination to place itself as in the predicament of suffering, or having suffered, an annihilation of its knowledge; it cannot feign itself in a process of putting out one bright fixed truth within it, and another, in order to conceive the state it would be in if they were extinguished; . . . a man cannot create to himself a fictitious temporary consciousness of *not* knowing what he really *does* know.\*' This, all must admit to be physically

\* *Essay on Popular Ignorance*, p. 8.

impossible, for on the opposite hypothesis we should be conscious and yet not conscious of one and the same thing, at one and the same moment, which would be a contradiction in terms. Hence the difficulty of withdrawing the mind from the influence of knowledge already possessed, and the tendency so continually exhibited to reflect on others the light of our own minds, and to interpret their meaning by what we ourselves are thinking of. Still, though difficult, it is not absolutely impossible so to abstract the mind from what it knows as that, without ceasing to be conscious of such knowledge, it shall not allow it to influence materially its judgments in cases where such knowledge cannot be presupposed. The attempt, at any rate, must be made in every such case, if a sound and true judgment is to be formed; otherwise we shall be like the trader, who, in summing up the columns of his ledger, insensibly adds to the credit side something which should stand only on the debit side, and so falls into a mistake which must vitiate his whole reckoning.

But whilst we pursue our inquiries into Old Testament theology and religion with a continual watchfulness lest we interpolate the ancient records with ideas learned by us only from the New Testament, it is possible to carry the principle of such caution too far. Mr. Litton has, we think, done so in the following statement: 'The only way to arrive at just views respecting the degree of spiritual illumination enjoyed by the ancient believer at any given period, is to suppose that all the books of Scripture subsequent to that period had perished, and then to examine how much of Christianity we can fairly extract from the portion that is left.' (P. 54.) According to this canon, if we would ascertain the degree of spiritual illumination possessed by the Patriarchs, we must confine ourselves to the book of Genesis, with the addition, perhaps, of that of Job; if we would ascertain with what degree of illumination the Israelites entered Canaan, we must add to these the remaining books of the Pentateuch; and so on for subsequent stages of Israelitish history; always carefully avoiding the ascription to the men of any given age, of religious thoughts or feelings not formally enunciated in those books of Scripture which were written before or during their day. Now, to such a canon of interpretation, however specious it may at first appear, we can by no means subscribe. It appears to us to involve two assumptions, both of which we hold to be unfounded. In the first place, it assumes that the men of any given age knew nothing of religious truth but what we find recorded in the sacred books composed either before their age or during its lapse; in other words, that these books make known to us *all* that the men of the age in question knew



of religious truth. If this be not assumed, it follows that there might be a large body of religious knowledge influencing the minds and inspiring the hearts of the godly of which no complete statement is given in the writings anterior to their age or in those of their cotemporaries. But can such an assumption be conceded with safety? Is it safe in any case to determine the religious knowledge of the people of any age by what we may find written in their books? On this assumption we must suppose that the authors of these books *meant* to tell us all that their cotemporaries knew of religion; and we must also ignore the whole effect of traditionary teaching in sustaining the religious belief of the community. Now, surely, to do this in the case of such records as those of the Old Testament, and in the case of such a people as the Jews, is peculiarly unsafe. It would not be safe to do it in almost any case. Take the case of the ancient Greeks and Romans; should we arrive at a correct view of their actual everyday religious and ethical condition, by restricting their religious and moral knowledge to what we find formally stated in the writings of the Classics? or, would it be wise to maintain that, because some important religious truth is announced for the first time in the writings of a later writer, it was in his day for the first time brought before the minds of his countrymen? On the contrary, do we not know that at all times the higher and better truths of religion were taught by the traditionary lore of the Mysteries; and that those who sought to promulgate doctrines opposed to polytheism and the mythological vanities of the poets appealed to antiquity and tradition for the sanction of what they taught? Cicero, in arguing for the immortality of the soul, appeals to both the Mysteries and the '*consensio omnium gentium*;'\* and Augustine admits that when the Christians pointed the heathen to the evil effects which must flow from the scandalous conduct attributed to their gods, they were met by the reply: 'At enim non traduntur ista sacris Deorum sed fabulis poetarum;'+ a reply which he does not attempt to invalidate by any denial of the fact affirmed, at least as respects the belief of antiquity. Or, to come nearer home: Would a correct and adequate estimate of the actual religious life of good people in this country, at any period during the last three centuries, be formed by the man who should ignore the whole effect of that hereditary traditional teaching which has been, during that period, continually diffusing its influence through the families of our land, and should confine himself to what he found recorded in books? And if, in such cases, it

\* *Vide Tusc. Qu. i. 23.*+ *De Civ. Dei, ii. 7, 8.*

would not be safe to confine ourselves to documentary evidence, how much less so is it the case of the Jews? They were the inheritors of a body of religious teaching which had descended to them from the primitive ages, when men conversed with God. They received constantly and universally, as Josephus not unbecomingly boasts,\* that instruction from their priests in the higher truths of religion which, among the heathen, was confined to the initiated, and that but for a few days. And the records which we have concerning them are not in the shape of formal treatises on religious belief, nor do they contain anything like scientific histories of religious opinion, nor do they give us in any case a detailed confession of any individual or party. In respect of these points, they are wholly unsystematic and informal, and, with hardly an exception, proceed upon the assumption that religious knowledge is rather a thing already possessed by those for whom they were composed, than a thing which they were to be made the vehicle of communicating. Under such circumstances, it is, we think, wholly incompetent to assume that we can form a just estimate of the religious knowledge of the Jews, at any given period, by confining our attention to such of the Old Testament writings as were extant in their day. Where, in a series of writings, truths are enunciated, nowhere as *new* truths, but invariably as parts of a catholic faith which has at all times and by every one been held, there is no other way in which we can accurately ascertain what truths were believed at any given time, but by ascertaining, by an inductive process, *from the entire series*, what truths were at all times believed.

The second assumption which the canon laid down by Mr. Litton requires for its support, is, that the revelation of God's truth to mankind was *progressive*; in other words, that, in the earlier stages of His communications to men, He made known only elemental truths in the forms adapted to ignorant and feeble minds, and that, as his communications advanced, He gradually made known the deeper and more spiritual truths of His religion. Unless something of this sort be assumed, such a rule as Mr. Litton has laid down is useless; for if there was not progressive revelation, there can be no advantage in attempting a chronological development of theological truth. Now that religious truth was thus progressively made known to man is a favourite notion with many, and of late it has been the fashion, in certain quarters, to assert this as an undoubted and established fact. Some have even proposed to apply it to the writings of the Apostles; and one writer has gone so far as to pretend that we

\* *Cont. Ap.*, ii. 22.

may discover an advance towards greater maturity and depth in the later Epistles of Paul as compared with his earlier. A recent writer on Hermeneutics has instructed his readers to follow out this principle as the only one which will guide to a just interpretation of the theology of the Old Testament; and on all sides we find it asserted more or less confidently, that a chronological study of the Sacred Books is demanded, in order to discover and estimate aright the truths they unfold. It would be well if, instead of incessantly enunciating the necessity of this, some one would set himself to do it. We should then be better able to judge of the value of the prescription. Let a fair and full development be given of this alleged progressive revelation in its successive stages, and we shall then be prepared to admit the fact of its existence. Only let those who shall attempt it not indulge in the fallacy of a *petitio principii*; let them not first seek to determine the chronology of the Sacred Books by the supposed progressiveness of their revelations, and then prove that revelation has been progressive from the chronology of the books.\* Meanwhile, we take leave to hint that the entire hypothesis is fallacious. It is with this, we suspect, as with the development hypothesis in nature. A competent authority has assured us, that zoologists of the school of Lamarck have 'confounded gradation with progress.'† Because there is a morphological analogy between the more perfectly developed animals and those existing in a more rudimentary state, it has been hastily concluded by those speculators that existence was first manifested in its lowest forms, and that these gradually progressed or were developed into the higher. A pleasing enough theory; but one to which Nature most obstinately refuses to conform, placing barriers which are never passed between genus and genus, and beginning her productions with the more perfect organisms of a class. A similar fallacy has, as it appears to us, misled the theological theorists to whom we now refer. They have mistaken different degrees of clearness and fulness in the unfolding of Divine truth for a progressive discovery of that truth to men. Because Paul sometimes enunciates moral and spiritual principles more fully, or in sublimer language, or with greater distinctness than at other times, they hasten to the conclusion that the one is the mature and enlarged revelation, the

\* 'It were much to be wished,' says Mr. Jowett, (vol. ii. p. 232,) 'that we could agree upon a chronological arrangement of the Old Testament, which would approach more nearly to the true order in which the books were written, than that in which they have been handed down to us.' Yes; this is much to be wished; but until it is accomplished we would submit that all attempts to unfold a progressive revelation in these books are premature and hopeless.

† Miller, *Old Red Sandstone*, p. 74.

other the initiatory and imperfect revelation of these principles to the Apostle's mind. Because David reaches a higher strain of religious and moral utterance than we find from Moses, it is concluded that David had a fuller and clearer intelligence of Divine truth than Moses had. To us all this seems most baseless and precarious speculation. May not a writer have a whole system of truth in his mind, and yet not feel himself called upon, on every occasion of using his pen, to utter it wholly, or to utter it with equal energy and eloquence? Would it be fair to charge a preacher with only a rudimentary acquaintance with Christianity, because in a sermon he confined himself to the simplest elements of the Gospel? Sometimes an author's most elementary expositions are his maturest works; and it not unfrequently happens that it is his very mastery of his subject in all its details that best fits him for teaching it in the simplest forms. Why, then, must we suppose that, when the sacred writers express themselves in a simple, or even rude form, the cause of this is to be sought in their own partial acquaintance with Divine truth? May the cause not rather be, that, like the greatest of all teachers of religious truth, they accommodated both the matter and the form of their teaching to the circumstances of their hearers, and taught them 'as they were able to bear it?'

On these grounds, we think our researches into the theology of the Bible ought to be fettered by no such restriction as that which Mr. Litton has proposed to lay on our examination of that of the Old Testament. Assuming, as we must needs do in such an inquiry, the equal authority of all the books of Holy Scripture as given by inspiration of God, we would insist upon the *whole* being examined and compared, and the statements of one part supplemented or expounded by those of another, as the only just and hopeful method of arriving at a conclusion on the subject. Our inquiry in such a case is analogous to that of persons engaged in the geological survey of a country; every stone has some story to tell, every cropping supplies its link of evidence, and rocks, separated by many miles of chasm, may furnish unmistakable proof of the existence of one great and continuous whole, of which they originally formed parts.

Taking the Old Testament, then, in its entirety, let us inquire into the evidence it affords as to the religious knowledge attainable by those who lived under the former dispensation, and as to the spiritual privileges they enjoyed. And here we shall not dwell on the representation given in the Hebrew Scriptures of the Divine Being and Attributes, or of the moral and spiritual condition of man in relation to God. On these subjects there are few who will not admit that the views presented in the Old Testa-

ment are accordant with, and almost as clear as, those presented in the New. A few writers, indeed, like Mr. Parker, still hang upon the anthropomorphisms of the Old Testament, and would fain persuade us that persons by whom such modes of representation are used could have no just or spiritual views of the Deity ; but even De Wette refuses to give in to this cavil,\* and we may safely leave it to be disposed of by the common sense of mankind. We may also assume that most candid inquirers will agree with the very free-thinking, but most learned and acute writer just mentioned, that whilst on the one hand 'Hebraism places man very high,' it on the other represents 'the moral nature of man as corrupt,' and that 'sin is inherited from the first man by the rest.†' Assuming these points, we pass on at once to place ourselves in front of the great problem of all religion, arising out of the relation of man as a sinner to God, as the Holy, All-perfect, and Omnipotent Governor—the problem, 'How shall man be just with God?' What answer might a pious and intelligent Jew under the ancient dispensation be able to give to such a question ?

The Jew found himself from his birth a member of a very peculiar institution. In this institution the Church and the State were one, and every Jew was by birthright a member of the former no less than of the latter. Jehovah, the God of the whole earth, was the political Head of the Jewish state, enacted laws for its government, and enforced the observance of them by temporal sanctions. Whilst thus brought into peculiarly close and privileged intimacy with the Most High, the Jew was never permitted to forget the immense distance which separated him from God, nor the fact of his continual unworthiness and uncleanness in the sight of Him who is Holy. Though Israel was a priestly nation, no individual could approach unto God save through the medium of an official priesthood, appointed by God, and solemnly consecrated to his service. Continual purifications were required even in cases where no moral impurity was necessarily contracted, and, when offences of an open kind were committed, it was only by offering sacrifice that they could be remitted. Sacrifice had also to be presented to clear away the guilt of offences not detected or inadvertently committed ; and to cover all and protect the nation from the Divine displeasure, a great annual act of expiation had to be performed, so as to free the community from its sins. There was thus a continual remembrance of sins made, so as to keep before the minds of the people an abiding consciousness, at once of their own proneness to trans-

\* *Biblische Dogmatik A. und N. Testaments*, s. 73, 76.

† *Ibid.*, s. 91, 92.

gression, and of God's hatred of sin and jealousy of his own glory. Only by sins being continually purged away could Israel retain God's presence in their sanctuary, and avert his wrath from them and their land.

It has been made a question whether the lustrations and sacrifices of the Jews had any *immediate* effect on their interests as members of the theocracy, or were only designed to bear on their welfare as subjects of God's moral government. There can, we think, be little reason to doubt that the former is the true hypothesis on this subject. The theocracy, as it presented itself to the eye of the observer, was wholly an outward and temporal institute. God, it is true, was the Head and Sovereign of the system; but He ruled by means of temporal instrumentality, and by the force of temporal sanctions. As King of Israel his relation to the people was purely outward. An offence might involve deep moral guilt, but it was not on account of this that it was taken notice of by the authorities under the theocracy; they had to do with it only as a political offence, an offence against the State, and which had to be expiated by sacrifice, and washed away by purifications, before it could be forgiven. Here, then, was the immediate effect of sacrifice under the law; it was the legal method of purging a criminal from his guilt, so that he might be restored to his place as a member of the community. And what was thus the effect of particular sacrifices on individuals was the effect of general sacrifices on the nation; they purged it from national guilt, and averted God's judgments from the land.

There are some that have contended that, under the law, only offences of a ceremonial kind were expiated by sacrifice. This statement may be correct or it may be erroneous, according to the sense in which we take the word *ceremonial*. If by it is intended to express the idea that it was only as violations of *theocratic* law that offences were directly expiated by sacrifice among the Jews, we would regard the statement as true. But if by 'ceremonial' it is meant to exclude offences that were in their nature moral, and include only such as were breaches of positive institutes, we must reject it as wholly erroneous. Nothing can be more explicit than the words of the law itself on this head. Not only do we read that 'if a soul shall sin through ignorance against *any* of the 'commandments of the Lord, concerning things that ought 'not to be done, and shall do against them,' . . . 'the priest 'shall make an atonement for his sin that he hath committed, 'and it shall be forgiven him;\*' but in the ordinances for

\* Lev. iv. 2, 35.

trespass offerings special mention is made of such moral offences as inconsiderate swearing, falsehood, and dishonesty, along with political offences, such as refusing to give witness against a criminal,\* and such purely ceremonial offences as touching an unclean thing,†—all three being placed on the same level as respects the efficacy of sacrifice in clearing from guilt the party chargeable with them. Indeed, the general law relating to the trespass-offering is laid down in words of the most comprehensive import:—‘If a soul sin and commit any of these things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord . . . he shall bring a ram without blemish out of the flock, with thy estimation for a trespass-offering unto the priest, and the priest shall make atonement for him.‡ And with respect to the annual expiation for the whole nation on the great day of atonement the law runs thus:—‘On that day shall the priest make an atonement for you to cleanse you, that you may be clean from all your sins before the Lord.’§ These passages seem to preclude the supposition that only breaches of ritual and positive laws were expiated by sacrifice; they evidently teach that for all offences, moral as well as ritual, atonement was thus made. Of course, acts involving rebellion against God, acts incompatible with the very existence of the theocracy, or indeed any form of government, could not be so easily cancelled, and for some such there was no forgiveness. In the case of sins, also, against their fellows, by which injury or loss was caused to them, restitution had to be made, or a civil penalty endured, before the guilt of the act as a theocratic offence could be forgiven. But with these qualifications, the position holds good, that all offences committed by a Jew against any of the Lord’s commandments might be expiated by sacrifice, so as to exempt the party who had offended from theocratic penalties, and reinstate him in his theocratic privilege.

The whole truth on this part of the subject is expressed, we take it, in the following statement: Sacrifice, as an institute of the theocracy, was an expedient for cancelling theocratic guilt. This was the whole extent of its immediate effect. It left the political, the social, and the moral bearings of the offence untouched. If the offence was one which could not be passed over with safety to the state, it was not passed over, but was punished with civil penalties; if it was one involving injury to a neighbour, compensation had to be made either by restitution or by the penalty of the *lex talionis*; and if it was a breach of a moral law, the guilt remained, unless taken away by moral means. The act

\* Lev. v. 4; vi. 2—7.

† Lev. v. 17, 18.

‡ Lev. v. 1, 2.

§ Lev. xvi. 30. Comp. ver. 34.

of sacrifice directly touched none of these things; it simply removed theocratic disabilities, and restored to theocratic privileges.

Had Mr. Litton sufficiently adverted to this view of the immediate effect of sacrifice under the law, it might have saved him from the remarks he has made at the close of his third Lecture, which we think the feeblest part of his book. In order, as he thinks, to reconcile the conflicting views above adverted to, he recurs to the etymology of the Hebrew word for atonement (formed from כִּפֶּה to cover), and suggests that moral offences under the law were only *covered* or *hid* from the sight of God, not really expiated; so that 'God forbore the immediate execution of the penalty, tolerated the existence of the sin, when, in obedience to His command, the prescribed sacrifices of atonement were offered.' This suggestion seems to us exceedingly unhappy and objectionable. In the *first* place, we are at a loss to see how such an hypothesis does help to reconcile the theories of sacrifice it is adduced to reconcile. One party says that these sacrifices cancelled only ceremonial guilt; the other party says that they expiated all guilt. How does it make these contrary opinions one, to say that the sin was not cancelled at all, but merely for a season covered? *Secondly*: Mr. Litton has not made it very clear whether he means his hypothesis to apply to *all* offences, moral and ceremonial, or only to the former; but in either case his hypothesis is fallacious. If he means it to apply to all offences, then was there really *no* offence of any kind forgiven under the law through means of sacrifice; a statement directly opposed to the often repeated assurance appended to the laws concerning the offering of sacrifice, 'and his sin shall be forgiven him.' If he means it to apply to moral offences only, then he introduces an unauthorised distinction into the Divine law, which places moral offences on a level with ceremonial, in relation to the atoning effect of sacrifice; arbitrarily makes the word כִּפֶּה which is alike used of both, to mean a different thing in the one case from what it does in the other; and requires such statements as the following, 'to make atonement for the children of Israel, for all their sins, once a year,\* to receive a *double* interpretation, one referring to their ceremonial sins, which were perfectly atoned for, and another to their moral offences, which were only imperfectly atoned for. *Thirdly*: We must protest against such a confusion of thought and language as is exhibited in identifying atonement with respite, the covering of sins from the punitive justice of God, with the forbearance and long-suffering of God which forbid Him to execute judgment speedily

\* Lev. xvi. 34.



on the workers of iniquity. These two are totally distinct,—so distinct that it is only in the absence of the former, that there is any place for the latter. God is never represented as *forbearing* to punish sins which have been atoned for; the atonement once offered and accepted on behalf of the sinner, his sin is remitted and blotted out, and can come no more into mind. *Fourthly*: Though the word used to express the act of atoning, signify etymologically to *cover*, yet this can afford no shadow of support for Mr. Litton's hypothesis, because the covering implied by that word is such an one as virtually destroys or obliterates the thing covered. It may suffice to cite on this head the authority of one to whom Mr. Litton pays, and justly, much deference, Professor Baehr. 'According to the ground-signification,' says he, speaking of the word  $\text{כָּפַר}$  in the Piel form, to which usage has fixed the meaning of *atone*, 'nothing else can be intended by the conception of atonement than the covering of that which God cannot suffer to appear and be ever before Him; what is covered is no more to be seen—and consequently is as good as vanished, as no longer there. Hence, according to the Hebrew usage, to cover is equivalent to abolish, to take away, to annihilate . . . By atonement, consequently, that which was against God, opposed to Him, and hindered union and fellowship with Him, was obliterated, abolished, and annihilated.\* If such be the idea of the word to which Mr. Litton has appealed, its whole force is clearly *against* the hypothesis he has suggested. *In fine*; this hypothesis receives no support from Romans iii. 25, 26, to which Mr. Litton appeals as confirming his view. He lays stress on the use by the Apostle of the expression  $\text{\textit{\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha\lambda\epsilon\iota\psi\alpha\iota\ \tau\omega\upsilon\ \tau\omicron\pi\omicron\lambda\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma\ \tau\omicron\upsilon\ \tau\omicron\mu\omicron\lambda\omicron\tau\omicron\upsilon\ \alpha\mu\alpha\rho\tau\eta\mu\alpha\tau\omega\upsilon}}$  which he translates 'the passing over of bygone sins,' and on this being ascribed to 'the forbearance of God.' But does he mean to insinuate that the sins to which Paul refers were passed over merely in the sense of not being punished at the time they were committed, though followed ultimately with their full deserts? This is the only exegesis of the Apostle's words which will make them yield any shadow of support to Mr. Litton's view; but it is one which cannot for a moment be admitted. On this interpretation what need was there for a vindication of God's *righteousness* in reference to these sins? He had not forgiven them; He had only delayed to punish them for a season; why, then, should his righteousness be supposed to be impeached thereby? or in what way could the propitiatory work of Christ afford the vindication of it supposed to be required? It seems plain from Paul's entire train of thought that

\* *Symbolik des Mos. Cult.*, ii. 202.

*πάρεσις* here is substantially equivalent to *ἄφεσις*, that the passing over to which he refers is that of remission. The Apostle probably had in his eye such passages as Job vii. 21, Micah vii. 18, where the passing-by of sin is equivalent to the pardoning of it.\*

We see no occasion for any such expedient as that to which Mr. Litton has resorted. The case is plain and intelligible as it stands. Sacrifice in its relation to the theocracy, was the mode of obtaining absolution from those penalties by which the institutions of the theocracy were sanctioned. Its immediate effect was limited to this. It atoned directly for no moral guilt whatever; it sanctified only 'to the purifying of the flesh.' In the nature of things it could not be otherwise; 'for it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin.' Such fleshly ordinances have effect only to meet the requirements of a fleshly dispensation. For this, however, they were sufficient: whilst they were utterly impotent directly to purify the conscience or relieve the sinner from moral guilt, they were certainly effectual in averting from him all theocratic penalties.

So far, we think, no Jew living under the theocracy could miss understanding his relation to God as King of Israel. But he could not understand this much without knowing along with it a great deal more. Even to the least reflective it would naturally occur to ask, 'What connexion is there between sacrifice and absolution? Whence arises the virtue of this act to remove the guilt and avert the penalty of offences committed against the theocratic King? Is it in the offering or in the suffering that that virtue lies? in other words, Is the sinner forgiven because he has brought and yielded up to God the victim, or because the victim's blood has been shed upon the altar?' Now to these questions, which would naturally in some shape or other occur to every man who had any desire to apprehend the meaning of what he was continually required to do, the law under which he lived provided an answer. It taught him that whilst these sacrifices were to be gifts from his own proper good, the service itself was an expedient furnished to him by God for escaping the penalty he had incurred; and it at the same time proclaimed to him that the principle on which the act of sacrifice proceeded, and from which it derived its efficacy, was that of blood instead of blood, life instead of life, in short, the principle of vicarious substitution.† The law thus precluded the Jew from taking the heathen view of sacrifice as a gift intended to propitiate an angry God; it represented Jehovah as merciful,

\* Comp. the notes of Rosenmüller, Hirzel, and Heiligstedt (in Maurer Comment. Crit.) on Job vii. 21, with Ewald's Translation.

† Compare especially Lev. xvi. 11; xvi. 21.

as propense to forgiveness, and as himself providing a method by which the claims of his own law might be harmonized with it. It also forbade any such idea of the import of sacrifice as some modern theories on the subject propose, such as that it was a gift whereby man endeavoured to render his imperfect consecration of himself to God complete, or that it was a symbol of the surrender of the soul to God to be made partaker of his holiness—theories which have found advocates among some of the most enlightened of the German theologians, and which have not wanted able and eloquent expounders in our own country. All such theories, to say nothing of these grosser notions advocated by Spencer and Sykes, as applied to the Mosaic sacrifices are, as Mr. Litton has justly observed, 'essentially defective: they throw into the background the ideas which in these sacrifices are most prominent, those of a broken law, of consequent guilt, of liability to punishment, and of forgiveness through vicarious suffering.' At the same time, though defective, we think that in the better class of these theories there lies the recognition of a great truth. Sacrifice was not merely the offering of life instead of life; to be accepted the victim required to be the *property* of the offerer; so that the idea involved in the act was partly that of consecration, partly that of satisfaction. The sinner yielded up to God a victim that had the peculiarity of being his own, and he presented its life instead of his own to God. We are inclined, therefore, to say that both the offering and the suffering entered into the whole conception of sacrifice, and that the value of the rite was derived from this combination. The sacrifice was a symbol of personal surrender to God: so far we agree with Bähr, Tholuck, and Maurice. But we cannot stop here. These writers have overlooked the condition in which man is when he makes this surrender; they have thought of him simply as a wandering child who would return to his father, not as a rebellious subject who has contracted guilt before his Sovereign. In this light, however, no Jew was suffered to regard himself when he came with his sacrifice. The fact most forcibly obtruded on him was that he was guilty and deserved to die. To what, then, did a surrender of himself to God amount? It amounted to nothing less than a yielding of himself up to all that the law demanded of him, and consequently to the full penalty of his sin. But in this case how was he to escape? Here comes in the effect of the vicarious substitution of the victim. God graciously accepted it for him, its life for his; so that the man having made a surrender of himself unto God, returned justified through sacrifice. According to this view the virtue of sacrifice lay both in the offering of the victim as pro-

perty, and in the suffering of the victim as a substitute for the sinner.

That this was the light in which the Jews actually regarded sacrifice, is rendered more than probable by the statements of some of the Rabbinical writers. Thus from one of these we have the following explanation of the import of the rite: 'It was just that his blood [that of the sinner] should be shed, and his body burnt. But the Creator, of his great clemency, accepts this victim from him as a vicarious thing and a ransom, that its blood should be shed in place of his blood, life for life.\* Of this much, then, we may rest assured that in the mind of every Jew, living under the ancient dispensation, the great truths of man's guilt and of God's righteousness and clemency must have been established, along with a perception of the fact that it was by means of sacrifice, as an act of surrender on the part of the sinner, and as a vicarious satisfaction to the Divine law, that the guilt of the sinner was removed, and the Divine clemency and righteousness brought into harmonious action. Beyond this point, however, it is easy to conceive that two separate tendencies might develop themselves in the minds of the Jewish people, and two separate paths of religious belief and activity might be pursued by them. Men of a worldly, carnal spirit would be content with the outward and carnal significance of their ritual system: if they, by attending to its requirements, might escape temporal penalties and enjoy temporal privileges, they would be satisfied to inquire no further, and, destitute of moral and spiritual life, they would not trouble themselves to ascertain whether the system under which they lived had any relation to spiritual things or any bearing on moral responsibilities. But men of a serious, earnest, and religious spirit—men whose consciences were awake, and who felt that above and beyond the sphere of temporal interests there was a great world of moral and spiritual distinctions—could not be so satisfied. They must have felt that in whatever relation God was pleased to stand to them as a nation, He was still the God of the whole earth, the Universal Governor, whose law was written on the hearts of men, and who would reckon with men at last for their conduct as measured by that law. They were inheritors of a traditional faith in which the relations of man, as a moral agent, to God, as a moral governor, were dealt with apart from any special relations of an outward or dispensational kind, into which He might be pleased to enter with any section of the race. They knew that sin was something more, something worse than a mere

\* See this, and many passages of similar import, in Outram, *De Sacrificiis*, l. i. c. 22, § 10, ff.

breach of theocratic law, and that it exposed to penalties far more dreadful than those temporal calamities by which the interests of the theocracy were protected. They felt that there were claims upon them which no ceremonial righteousness could suffice to meet; and their consciences were burdened with a sense of guilt which no ceremonial observances could remove. They knew that though sacrifice was of Divine appointment, as part of their national institute, it was a thing of no value in the sight of God as a means of cancelling moral guilt; that He desired not sacrifice, nor delighted in burnt-offering, where moral guilt had to be expiated—nay, that when presented with this view the costliest oblations were vain, and the most fragrant incense an abomination to Him.\* When they returned therefore from their sacrificial observances, purged of theocratic guilt, they felt that the moral guilt still remained, and that the question had still to be asked, How were they to be freed from it?

Had Judaism any answer for this question—a question which, just in proportion as a man had religious feeling quickened in his soul, would press with absorbing interest upon him? Surely it had; surely during all those centuries men of earnest and pious minds, with the oracles of God in their possession, were not left to grope in darkness or tremble in despair for want of an answer to such a question. Nay, does not their very piety, in its force, its joyousness, its elevation, assure us that they must have had an answer to it, such as calmed their consciences, cheered their hearts, and led them with the loving confidence of those who had their sins forgiven them, to rejoice in the Lord as the God of their salvation? The soul that is under the burden of unforgiven guilt cannot run as they ran in the paths of God's commandments. The heart that is shrouded over with the darkness of despair cannot shine as theirs shone with the light of God's countenance.

It could hardly miss the observation of any thoughtful Jew who was inclined to pursue the inquiry, that the whole theocratic system under which he lived was symbolical of something else, viz., of God's moral government over men. Moses, it is true, nowhere formally states this; but to a people familiar with symbolical representations it would hardly fail to occur. Indeed, on no other hypothesis could the Jew reconcile the views given in his own Scriptures of Jehovah, as the God of the whole earth, with the specialty of His relation to Israel; if the latter representation was not a miniature symbol of the former, it was a gross contradiction of it.† But if the Jew had the general con-

\* Psalm li. 17; Is. i. 11—14.

† See De Wette *Bibl. Dogmatik*, s. 94.

ception of the theocracy as a symbol of God's moral government of men, it would be easy for him to pass to the conclusion that theocratic guilt must represent moral guilt, and that the method by which a Jew was cleared from theocratic guilt represented the way in which he was to be cleared from moral guilt. That this was actually the case we know from the New Testament, and we think it hardly credible that such a plain inference could have escaped the observation of thoughtful and earnest men under the ancient dispensation, even supposing they had no teaching to guide them to it. But they were not left destitute of teaching on this head. Even by Moses himself in the Law, they were taught to interpret some of his institutions as morally symbolic: thus circumcision was represented as symbolical of moral purification,\* the eating of the sin-offering by the priest as symbolical of the reconciliation of the offerer with God,† and, what is most of all noticeable, the inscription upon the plate which the High Priest was always to wear on his forehead, 'Holiness to the Lord,' was expressly described as designed to teach every offerer that it was only by deliverance from moral guilt and impurity that he could be acceptable unto God.‡ In such passages we have, to say the least, the principle of symbolical interpretation suggested to the Israelites, the key put into their hands, by which the whole of this mystic cabinet may be unlocked. We learn, moreover, that part of the priests' duties was to teach the people the judgments and law of the Lord; and that this cannot be restricted to a mere inculcation of the ritual they had to observe, but must also be considered as including an explanation of the meaning of that, seems evident from the rebukes addressed by the prophets to the priests for their negligence in conveying to the people the needful spiritual instruction, so that they were left to perish for lack of knowledge,§ as well as from the fact that on occasions of spiritual revival after degeneracy, care was taken to restore to the people those means of priestly instruction, the neglect of which had led to their sinking into sin.|| We find also that the prophets, who were the familiar and constant teachers of the people in spiritual things, were not slow to press upon them, in the most emphatic manner, the necessity of an inner and spiritual cleansing, and the utter worthlessness of sacrifice and offering apart from this, as a medium of acceptance with God. Taking all these things into account, we think it would be in-

\* Deut. x. 16; xxx. 6.

† Lev. x. 16, ff.

‡ Exod. xxviii. 36, ff. See the note on this passage in Kalisch's *Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament*. London. 1855.

§ Compare Hos. iv. 6; Micah iii. 11; Mal. ii. 6, 7; 2 Chron. xv. 3.

|| Compare 2 Chron. xvii. 7—9.

dulging a very undue and needless scepticism were we to doubt that the more earnest and pious of the ancient Jews perceived in the ritual of their public worship a symbolical representation of spiritual truths and spiritual relations. In point of fact, we know that some of them, at least, did perceive the spiritual significance of these external observances; and as they have recorded their experience in compositions intended for liturgical purposes, the conviction they have expressed could not be confined to them. We may adduce in illustration such passages as Ps. xl. 6; li. 7, 16—19.

But here a further question arises. These ceremonies were not only symbols of spiritual truths, they were also, as we know from the New Testament, prophetic adumbrations of the work of Christ as the great sacrifice for the sins of the world. Have we any reason to believe that the Jews understood their significance in this respect? Mr. Litton somewhat peremptorily answers this question in the negative. 'Of the prophetic meaning of the types,' says he, 'no hint is given in the law, and it is not for us to intrude our tapers where the light from heaven fails us.' Very true, provided the light from heaven do really fail us; but this does not follow from the fact that the law itself does not afford the necessary illumination. The nature of the case, or other parts of Scripture, may furnish the guidance we require without any feeble flickerings from a taper of our own. Now if it be admitted, as it is by Mr. Litton, that the Mosaic symbols were not only symbols of spiritual ideas, but also *designed* prefigurations of Christian facts, it strikes us as very strange that it should be supposed that this part of their significance was wholly hid from the ancient believers. Of necessity they could only have a dim and imperfect conception of what was thus prefigured, for no symbols whatever can give men a just idea of a new fact before it has happened; but that they gathered no lesson at all from these designed prefigurations of Christ and his work, seems to us a most extravagant assertion. In that case we ask, For whose benefit was this adaptation of the type to the antitype designed? According to what we infer to be Mr. Litton's opinion on this subject, we presume he would answer, For ours, who can read the record both of the type and of the antitype, and see their correspondence. But to this we would reply, with one of the Congregational Lecturers, who had treated this whole subject sixteen years before it was felt needful to introduce it into the Bampton Lecture, that 'it is doubly wrong: 1st, by confounding a type with the mere record of it; and 2nd, by maintaining that a transaction was performed many centuries before, for the instruction of persons who must possess

'the knowledge it embodies before they can find out that it was intended to convey it.\* A type, as the same writer observes, is 'an acted lesson, to the utility of which intelligent 'spectators are as indispensable as actors;' and he argues that if under the ancient dispensation there were merely actors and not intelligent spectators, the divine appointment and preadaptation of the type to the antitype would have been in vain. That benefit of a certain kind may accrue to us Christians from viewing Christian facts in connexion with the typical adumbration of them under the law, we are far from denying; but we must maintain that, if to convey such benefit was the primary and chief intention of the ancient types, it will be difficult to defend the latter from the charge of being splendid superfluities. To quote again the words of the writer last cited, 'A was done to teach us B; but it is only after we have thoroughly mastered B that we can find out that such was the design of A:—in such a case of what use is A?'

The presumption then is, that the Jews did possess the means of understanding the typical import of their own ritual. As already observed, their perception of Christian facts thus obtained would necessarily be imperfect; but it did not require to be more so than what they could obtain by means of prophecy. Between types and prophecy the affinity is close: a type is an acted prophecy; a prophecy is a verbal type: the one seeks to convey by symbolical representations what the other teaches by words. And as the two went hand in hand under the ancient dispensation, so that the people continually heard from the lips of the Prophet the same great predictions which were shadowed forth by the performances of the Priest, we cannot conclude that the whole ritual was to the earnest, pious, and inquisitive Jew destitute of any prophetic significance, without presuming that the Jew was at a lower grade of intelligence than all we know of him otherwise will suffer us to suppose.

Mr. Litton, in discussing the part of his subject which relates to prophecy, has shown that 'all the leading doctrines which centre in the Saviour's person and work' find clear and impressive enunciation in the prophetic writings. A Jew, then, listening to these communications and receiving them with devout thoughtfulness as Divine truths of the profoundest interest, would be familiar with the fact that the Messiah, promised to his nation, was to come not only as a King to reign over the spiritual Israel, not only as a Prophet to teach his people and be the Light of the world, but also, as a Priest to make atonement

\* *Connexion and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments.* By W. L. Alexander, D.D. Second Edition. p. 320.



and intercession for mankind. He might know also that the Messiah was not only to be a priest, but that he was to be the victim in His own sacrifice—that he was to bear the sins and pains of his people, to be bruised for their iniquities, and to be cut off in order to make an end of sins and to effect reconciliation for iniquity. Now, conceive a man familiar with these beliefs and expectations, witnessing every day atonement made by the priest for sin by means of animal sacrifice—witnessing every day the very thing done in symbol which he knew from the Prophets the Messiah was to do in reality; and can it be maintained that he would be so stupid and obtuse, though wishing and praying to be taught of God all the wondrous significance of His Law, as not to see the connexion between these two, how the one adumbrated the other, and how they both pointed to the same great facts in which both were to find their fulfilment?

In reasoning thus, we of course presume that pious Jews, under the ancient dispensation, enjoyed the aids of that spiritual illumination without which, even under the Christian dispensation, men are not able to discover aright the things of God. To this subject Mr. Litton has devoted a considerable portion of one of his lectures. In many of his observations we cordially agree. We concur with him in believing that the converting and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit were enjoyed by the saints under the former dispensation; and we concur with him in thinking that the difference between the two dispensations in respect of the gift of the Spirit, is not to be resolved into a mere superiority on the part of the later in the amount of Holy Scripture possessed by those living under it, or into the larger effusion of miraculous power conferred during the Apostolic age, or into the greater measure of sanctification now attainable, or into the greater formality with which the conveyance of the blessing has been made to the New Testament Church. On all these points we think his strictures just and conclusive; but when he proceeds to state his own theory on the subject, he diverges into a field whither we cannot follow him. According to his view, the influences of the Spirit under the ancient dispensation acted chiefly from without upon the believers, whereas now they act from within, and are now abiding, whereas formerly they were only occasional. 'Hitherto,' he says, 'it was a temple of human structure, a building in which Deity had manifested His presence; and in this only by symbol, the bright cloud which filled the tabernacle: if man had been the subject of such a spiritual inhabitation, it was only, as in the case of the Prophets, for special purposes, and therefore temporarily and

‘irregularly; while ordinarily the impulses of the Spirit came from without, and operated upon the soul sufficiently for the purposes of sanctification, but without a permanent indwelling.\* On this theory we have to remark: 1. That we are at a loss to understand what spiritual blessing can be superior to sanctification. Hitherto we have been accustomed to regard that as the crown and consummation of Christian privilege; and that the Apostle, when he besought of God on behalf of the Thessalonians, that He would ‘sanctify them wholly,’ supplicated for them the highest blessing that they could receive. But, according to Mr. Litton, there is something higher still—viz., the permanent indwelling of the Spirit. We wish he had told us distinctly what this implies as distinct from sanctification; and further, we wish he would tell us how, if this be a superior blessing to sanctification, the Thessalonians, who, as living under the Christian economy, by the supposition, possessed this superior blessing, still needed to be sanctified. 2. There is, undoubtedly, a distinction, one which all divines have recognised, between the operations of the Spirit on man *ab extra*, and his operations *ab intra*; but it has been usual to regard the former as having reference to restraining and preparatory grace, the latter, as embracing all that has to do with the spiritual regeneration and sanctification of the man. Does Mr. Litton, then, think that the saints under the Old Testament had only the former of these blessings? He does not; for he emphatically asserts, that by the people of God under the ancient dispensation the gracious influences of the Spirit were enjoyed, and that to an extent which renders it doubtful whether their sanctification was not as complete as ours. What, then, does he mean by saying that, ‘ordinarily the influences of the Spirit come on them *from without*?’ 3. It has been usual with divines to identify the inhabitation of the Spirit in man with His sanctifying and elevating operation on man’s heart.† According to Mr. Litton, these two are distinct, so that the one may exist without the other. Will he tell us explicitly wherein the distinction consists, or how a man can be sanctified without the indwelling operation of the Spirit? 4. Mr. Litton says, that when the

\* We find a view somewhat similar to this advanced in Bishop Martensen’s *Christliche Dogmatik* (s. 376, 3te Aufl.), a work rich in thought and spiritual feeling.

† Thus Quenstedt:—‘(Gratia) inhabitans (ipse Sp. Sanctus) quæ ipsum hominis cor ingreditur, illudque spiritualiter immutando inhabitat.’ Buddæus:—‘Cum homo jam conversus et justificatus est, templum rite præparatum inhabitat (Sp. S.) . . . ex quo simul intelligitur renovationem, seu sanctificationem cum istâ Sp. Sancti inhabitatione artissimo vinculo esse conjunctam.’ Compare Owen’s *Pneumatologia*, B. iv. c. 8, § 18, ff.

Spirit filled any of the Old Testament saints, it was only temporarily and irregularly. How does he reconcile this with his previous statement, that when he speaks of the old dispensation having 'its appropriate spiritual influences,' he refers not to 'the recorded communications of God to the Patriarchs, nor of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in the Prophets, for these were exceptional and intermittent illapses, but of a permanent and ordinary operation of Divine grace?' Can an operation which was 'permanent and ordinary' be an operation that took effect 'only temporarily and irregularly?'

These reasons are, we think, sufficient to prove that Mr. Litton has not shown his usual soundness in the theory he has thus advanced regarding the superiority of the Christian to the Jewish dispensation in the matter of spiritual influence. We cannot enter at large into this question, but must state in a few sentences what a comparison of the passages in the Old Testament, bearing on this subject, with those in the New, having the same relation, seems to us to suggest as the proper answer to the question—at least *approximately*, for in this question we have before us one of the difficulties of Scripture which will never perhaps be wholly removed. Premising, then, that we think both the ordinary and the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit are to be considered as included in the question, we would state the superiority of the Christian over the Mosaic dispensation in respect of these gifts, as consisting in the following particulars:—1. In the greater *extent* to which the blessing was conferred. Under the former dispensation miraculous gifts were enjoyed but by a few, while under the latter they were conferred so extensively that, as has been justly remarked, 'there were, probably, more inspired men during the last half of the first century than during the whole period of the old economy;\*' and as respects the ordinary gifts of the Spirit, there can be no doubt that from the day of Pentecost onward, a more liberal effusion of them has been poured forth from year to year than was ever at any time enjoyed during the best days of the Jewish commonwealth. 2. In the *more general*, i.e., the *less restricted and exclusive communication* of these gifts. Under the ancient dispensation only persons of a special class received communications from God, and only men of one nation enjoyed spiritual blessings; under the new dispensation all this is done away; the Spirit is 'shed forth abundantly,' is 'poured forth on all flesh,' so that even servants and handmaidens prophesy; every believer is a priest and king unto God; and men of all countries and all tribes may come freely and drink of

\* Brown's *Discourses and Sayings of our Lord, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 41.

the living waters. And 3. In the *richer*, and *brighter*, and *more blessed results* of the Spirit's operation, both as respects the truths made known to the Church, and as respects our apprehension of their import, and realization of their preciousness. What were under the Old Testament economy only figures and promises, are now historical facts; what was then only seen dimly amid the shadows of the future, is now seen clearly amid the realities of the past; life and immortality have been brought to light by the gospel; reconciliation with God has been effected on behalf of the sinner; the way into the holiest of all has been thrown open; heaven has been taken possession of for the Church by her exalted Head; and 'the things of Christ' being thus revealed to us by the Spirit, we receive in larger measure, and in more vivid consciousness, the light, and life, and joy of our religion. In these particulars we submit, consists the main superiority of the Christian over the Mosaic dispensation, in respect of spiritual influences. The advantage which the former has over the latter is thus shown to be great, but yet to be one only of degree, and not of kind.

We have dwelt so long on this part of our subject, that we must dismiss very briefly the other topics on which we shall touch. One topic, indeed, of great interest, on which we had designed to say something, viz., the ethical condition and sentiments of the ancient Jews, we must wholly omit, as it is not one which admits of being compressed into narrow limits. We hope ere long to take it up and discuss it in a separate article. Meantime we turn for a little to ask,—Seeing such was the religious condition of the ancient Israel, in what relation does Christianity, as a religious system, stand to the system under which they lived?

To this question the Author of Christianity Himself has given a brief but categorical answer in the words—'Think not that I am come to destroy the Law or the Prophets: I am not come to destroy but to fulfil.\*' By the Law and the Prophets here, our Lord must be understood as intending not the written word of the Old Testament, but the religious system therein contained, so that if we can but justly interpret his words, we shall at once reach the best answer that can be given to the question above proposed.

Now here everything depends on the meaning we attach to the words 'destroy' and 'fulfil.' By these our Lord's meaning is determined, so that in ascertaining the sense to be attached to them we ascertain the force of the whole declaration. The meanings

\* Matthew v. 17.

in which commentators have proposed to take these words are various. By some 'destroy' is assumed to be synonymous with 'abrogate,' by others with 'violate,' and by others with 'invalidate.' None of these, however, seems the correct exegesis here. We must dismiss 'abrogate' and 'invalidate' as fixing a sense on our Lord's words incompatible with truth; for undoubtedly He did come to abrogate and invalidate the ancient dispensation as such, inasmuch as by the system which He established the former became weak and vanished away. It is absurd to say that a system which He is expressly said to have taken out of the way and to have caused to decay and wax old, He did not abrogate or invalidate. As to 'violate' the objection is, that it brings out a sense which is not relevant to the occasion: the question was not whether our Lord would observe and obey the Mosaic institutes, but what was the bearing of his doctrine on the system of which these formed a part; and had our Lord not spoken to this latter question, He would have spoken aside from the real point in hand. We would suggest that the sense in which the original word is used in Acts v. 38, 39, is that which should be retained here. Gamaliel, prudently counselling the Sanhedrim not to proceed to violent measures against the Christians, says, 'If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to nought (*καταλυθήσεται*), but if it be of God ye cannot bring it to nought (*καταλύσαι*).' The subject of which Gamaliel here speaks is analogous to that of which our Lord had to speak in the passage we are considering, viz., a system claiming to be of divine appointment, and the word he uses in reference to it is the same as that used by our Lord. Now this word, as used by Gamaliel, can only mean as our translators have given it in the thirty-eighth verse, 'to bring to nought,' i. e., to render vain, nugatory, or contemptible. This no man can effect with reference to any scheme of God's appointment. What God has instituted as a mere temporary scheme may be laid aside when its end is answered, and God may commission any one of his servants to do this. But no scheme of God can ever be brought to nought. It must serve its purpose; it must prosper in the thing whereto He sends it. And when it ceases to operate, it is not brought to nought or rendered nugatory, for it ever ceases *in the realization of its end*, which is triumph, not defeat, a higher perpetuity, not a mortifying or dishonourable annihilation. This, we take it, is what our Lord intends here. It is as if he had said, 'I am not come to bring the ancient economy to nought—to annihilate it as a nuisance, or to sweep it away as an incumbrance; I am come to put on it its crowning honour by giving it its fulfilment.' What our Lord intends by this fulfilment we must now inquire.

Were we to interpret our Lord's words here only by what follows in his discourse, we should probably restrict the fulfilment of which He speaks to that exposition of the true meaning of the preceptive parts of the ancient Scriptures which He goes on to lay before his hearers. But we cannot so restrict our Lord's statement here. It is to be kept in mind that He is speaking of the Prophets, as well as the Law, as included in what He had come to fulfil, so that we must of necessity regard Him as referring to something more than merely the explanation and vindication of the preceptive parts of the Old Testament—we must include under the 'fulfilling' here at least the accomplishment of ancient predictions, as well as the performance and assertion of ancient law. If, however, we take the phrase, 'The Law and the Prophets,' in the sense above proposed as equivalent to the whole religious system of the ancient dispensation, and keep in mind also that 'fulfil' here as the antithesis of 'destroy' must be commensurate in signification with it, we shall see occasion to enlarge the meaning of 'fulfil' in this passage, so as to make it equivalent to the carrying out to full and complete realization of all that the ancient dispensation commanded or promised. Our Lord's words, then, may be explained thus: 'I am not come to bring to nought or to nullify the ancient dispensation: I am come to carry it out to perfection, to complete in a glorious reality all that it intimated, enjoined, or foreshadowed.' Christianity, in other words, was to take the visible place of Judaism; Christ had come to abrogate the ancient dispensation as such; but He had not come to sweep it away as if it had been a godless thing. He had come to abrogate it as the dawn is abrogated in the day—as the seed is abrogated in the plant—as the child is abrogated in the man, by making what was merely introductory pass into what was permanent, and developing into fulness that which before existed only in the germ.

Here, then, we have an answer to the question, in what relation did Judaism stand to Christianity? That relation is not one of hostility or rivalry; the later religion has not come to combat with or cast out the earlier; it has come simply to carry it forward to its full development. The change to be effected is one of progress and enlargement, not one of annihilation or degradation. Judaism is Christianity in nonage; Christianity is Judaism in full maturity; the latter the man, the former, his earlier and less perfect self. We are not to seek, then, for any antagonism between the two; we are rather to explore the fulness of their essential harmony.

And if such be the relation of Christianity to Judaism, in what light ought those who enjoy the teaching of Christ and his

apostles to regard the documents that unfold the principles of the ancient faith, and record the history and experience of the men who lived under its influence? Does it become us to cast these documents aside as unworthy our reverential study? or to treat them as if of more doubtful authority, or possessing less of Divinity than the documents of the Christian faith? or to regard them with a kind of cold courtesy, that refrains from questioning their pretensions, but carefully avoids cultivating acquaintance with their contents? It was not so that Christ and his apostles regarded the Old Testament. By them it was evidently loved and revered. They studied it deeply; they referred to it confidently; they had its language ever on their lips; and they rested the claims of their own doctrine principally on the fact that it had its roots deep in the Old Testament revelation, and drew sap and strength from that generous soil. So completely have they thrown the protection of their authority over the ancient Scriptures, that they impose on us the necessity of either admitting the Divine authorship of these writings, or questioning the Divine authorship of their own. It is impossible for any mind, imbued even slightly with logical perception, to admit Christ and his apostles as infallible teachers, and yet repudiate the Old Testament as of doubtful authority, or of inferior authority to the New. If any were to do this he would pronounce his infallible teachers to have erred, and that in one of their most clearly enunciated and most earnestly advocated doctrines. What, then, shall we say of those who profess that it is their respect for the teaching of Christ and his apostles, that leads them to turn slightly from the Old Testament, and to confine their studies to the New?

We are strongly persuaded that it is neither for the interest of theological science nor for the advantage of real, vital, experimental godliness, that the writings of the Old Testament should be lightly esteemed or carelessly scanned by Christian teachers and their flocks. For one thing, we can never expect to see a just apprehension even of the New Testament writings, where this is the case. One consequence of the familiarity of the apostles with their own Scriptures, is that Christian ideas are continually presented in forms so directly borrowed from the Old Testament, that it is impossible to attach to them their just significance, without a correct and extensive acquaintance with the sources from which they are drawn. Even the very phraseology of the apostles is tinged deep with hues derived from the ancient Scriptures, and is sure to be misunderstood by any one who does not interpret it in the light of those Scriptures. Of this Mr. Litton gives some apt and convincing instances in the volume

before us, and even Mr. Jowett speaks with no dubious voice to the same effect. Indeed the remarks of the latter on the connexion of the New Testament with the Old are so just and so well expressed, that we feel constrained to quote them, happy that we can find something in his volumes of which we may approve.

'The New Testament,' says he, 'is ever Old, and the Old is ever entwined with the New. Not only are the types of the Old Testament shadows of good things to come; not only are the narratives of events and lives of persons in Jewish history 'written for our instruction;' not only is there a deep-rooted identity of The Old and New Testament in the revelation of one God of perfect justice and truth; not only is the law fulfilled in Christ to all them that believe; not only are the spiritual Israel the true people of God; a still nearer, though more superficial connexion is formed by the volume of the Old Testament itself, which, like some closely-fitting vesture, enfolds the New as well as the Old dispensation in its language and imagery, the words themselves, as well as the thoughts contained in them, becoming instinct with a new life, and seeming to interpenetrate with the gospel.'\*

These are just sentiments forcibly expressed, and we cordially adopt Mr. Jowett's words, as indicating the absolute necessity of a careful study of the Old Testament by all who would understand either the peculiar phraseology or forms of thought of the New. There can be no doubt that from the moment theologians begin to discard the Jewish Scriptures, and build up a system of theology solely from the New Testament, they enter upon a course which can result only in a sadly defective digest of the truth taught by Christ and his apostles, if not a positive misconception and misrepresentation of it.

And for those who are not theologians, how precious is the Old Testament as a book of devotion and experimental piety! Where shall we find such noble examples of a faith which no difficulties could overcome, of a hope which no disaster could quench, no delays enfeeble, of a delight in God and God's service, which cast all other joys into the shade, and of a serene, abiding religiousness, which looked at all things on their Godward side, and kept the mind that was stayed on God in perfect peace amid all the tumults and griefs and shadows of time? Not even in the New Testament itself are such depths of religious experience laid open, such illustrations of the laws and phenomena of the spiritual life afforded, as in those records of the struggles and the deliverances, the vicissitudes and the victories

\* *Epistles of St. Paul, &c., vol. i. p. 353.*



of the saints of the former age. It makes one's heart strong to study them. It breaks up the Sybarite effeminacy, the small virtuosity, which in seasons of tranquillity are apt to invest our religious being, and it stirs us up to quit us like men in the never-ceasing spiritual warfare, to read how these men of the old time, amid the twilight of their dispensation, strengthened each other and themselves in the Lord, and fought their way through to 'the city which hath foundations,' where they now rest and reign. Most certain is it that in all times of peculiar danger or darkness, it is to these ancient Scriptures that the Church instinctively turns for consolation and for vigour. Most certain is it that all men of strong and deep minds find a peculiar pleasure in the perusal of these writings, and acknowledge in them something to which their own souls cling with a vivid sympathy. Most certain is it that of those who have borne or achieved great things for the cause of God, the greater part were wont to feed their spiritual energies at the banquet which these provide. Paul and Augustine, Luther and Knox, Cromwell and Milton, the Puritans and the Covenanters, all of them were men whose deepest inspirations were drawn from those old Hebrew oracles. It is not safe to neglect such experiences. If we do, we may soon find ourselves delivered over to the pestering tyranny of little men—men narrow in their views, loose in their logic, captious in their criticism, shallow in their experience, and heterodox in their theology, whilst nothing shall be left to us but to mourn over the days that are gone, and say, 'Our silver is become dross, our wine is mixed with water.'

ART. VI.—*The Works of Sir Thomas Browne*. Edited by SIMON WILKIN, F.Z.S. 3 vols. London: Bohn. 1852.

THERE are men in every age who may be described as being of a molluscous temperament—that is, who, whatever storm may be raging around and over them, remain quiet and unperturbed, attached to their own rock, absorbing their peculiar nutriment out of the waves and currents, and letting all else go by. Of these molluscous men there are many varieties. Some are your naturalists, who go on collecting minerals, plants, shells, insects, and the like, as happily and indefatigably while the commonwealth is in convulsions, as when nothing is the matter. Others are your mathematicians and devotees of physical science, who will pore over their problems, and pertinaciously pursue their theorems, while mobs are rushing about the streets, and Anarchy is separated from Order but by a day's chance of the cannon. Others, again, are your musicians and other *dilettanti* in art, who, be the state of society at large what it may, still are not to be distracted one hour of their solitude from the custom of their favourite pleasure. Finally, not to multiply classes, others are your antiquarians and your meditative philosophers, the objects interesting to whom are not properly those of the contemporary world at all, but such as belong to the past or the universal—whether it be old battle-axes and swords, old coins, or old manuscripts; or whether it be those themes and contemplations of life, death, sin, and mystery, for which it is not the present any more than the past that furnishes the data, which the thoughts of men in all ages have revolved only to bequeath them on and on to succeeding generations, and which are essentially the same to sages now as they were when Isaac walked out in the fields at eventide to meditate, or when the primeval Chaldean shepherd gazed up at the stars of an oriental night, his flocks sleeping around him, and his camel's neck his pillow. Just, however, as there are varieties in the kind and direction of this temperament, so there are varieties in the degree of it. It is very rare to see a perfect specimen of the molluscous mind, a man absolutely without interest in contemporary social affairs, and absolutely imperturbable by them. Even in comparatively quiet times men who are known as laborious naturalists, devotees of hard science, passionate lovers of art, plodding antiquarians, and calm meditative philosophers, do, it is also known, more or less concern themselves with current political events, and, if they do not take an active part in them, at least speculatively and sympa-

thetically discuss them. As, naturally, most of them prefer quiet, most of them, when they do take rank, take rank as conservatives; and to some of them—as to the antiquarian—it is natural in such a case to be vigorously conservative. But the rule does not always hold. There have been mathematicians who were eager leaders of faction, and musicians who were frantic revolutionists. And if in ordinary times men constitutionally inclined to repose have thus accorded part of their thought and activity to what was going on around them, much more should we expect to find it so in times of unusual turmoil, and strife, and danger. When a city is besieged by a foreign foe, and shell and shot are falling among the houses, then surely the most molluscous men in it will be torn from their hiding-places; naturalists will quit their cabinets, mathematicians their problems, musicians their pianos, painters their easels, antiquarians their hoards of curiosities, and sages their mystic contemplations; and all will be seen either stationed where they may be of service, or running about hot and participant in the general pell-mell. Archimedes was, by all accounts, the most molluscous man in Syracuse, and the chief bother of the siege to him was that it disturbed him in his theorems; but we know that he submitted to the bother, and became an engineer for the nonce. And so also when a country at large is the scene of war, whether a war of invasion or a war of civil revolution. The confusion or excitement is then generally such that all partake in it, and the flabbiest quietists, the most tenacious pococuranti are whirled for the time out of their corners. There was little piano-playing, surely, little handling of logarithmic tables, in Brussels, while the battle of Waterloo was being fought. A sad time, too, for the molluscs was the time of the French Revolution. All over France they were torn in thousands from their beds by the madness of the whirlpool; and when the calm came, the shore was covered for miles with their dead bodies. When the contemporary comes in the pungent form of musket-shot and the guillotine, it is not possible for any to remain quite indifferent to it. And yet there have been men who, in a state of society almost verging on this extremity, have gone on placidly and perseveringly in the path of their long-used pursuits; who, during the very crisis of a revolution affecting the country in which they lived, have preserved a philosophic equanimity, approaching to neutrality, and who, while all around them were divided right and left into two conflicting factions, filling the kingdom with their noise, have either belonged to neither, or, if forced to belong to one, have been but nominal members of it. There they lie, deep down under the turbid waters, clinging to their chosen rock, sending out their busy

filaments into the local currents, sucking in and giving out according to their nature, and living lives of calm growth and secretion!

Of men of this class the history of English literature furnishes no more distinguished example than Sir Thomas Browne of Norwich. The time at which he lived and wrote was precisely that during which a contemplative life was most difficult, and a life of political partisanship most natural, to all who had been born Englishmen. Every one knows that the period in the history of our literature extending from the commencement of the Civil wars in 1640, or thereby, to the Restoration in 1660, is a period singularly barren in works of pure literary or speculative interest, as contrasted with works of a polemical or controversial character. The excitement of the great national movement which then transacted itself was such that the body-politic was stirred to its depths, and all that breathed in it were soared out of their familiar pools and crannies, and commingled visibly into one vast shoal, filling in confused commotion the whole extent of the surface. It was not, assuredly, that there was less thought, less intellectual power, in England than heretofore, but only that the thought and intellectual power which had till then been at liberty to scatter itself in a thousand directions, here coming forth in dramas, there in exquisite poems of fancy and sentiment, and there in elaborate treatises of universal philosophy, was now summoned by the strength and terror of the passing occasion into one species of service, as when fields and cities are swept by a military conscription. Some who might have written books, turned soldiers or active politicians; and such as still continued to labour with the pen, laboured with that only as auxiliaries of the one party or the other. Systematic theology and abstract philosophy burst their huge bulks into a fiery explosion of tracts for the times; and what of poetry remained, took the form chiefly of squibs and ballads against Noll and the Roundheads. Milton, himself, in one short year was changed from a poet into a polemical pamphleteer. He had gone on a tour to the continent at the age of thirty-one, leaving behind him, as evidence of his tastes and tendencies up to that time, those minor poems which we still read as among the sweetest and most beautiful pieces of pure phantasy in the English tongue; he returned at the age of thirty-two to forswear the muses, at the call of a sterner duty, and to wield for twenty long years that mighty prose-hammer, the sound of which, after two centuries, we still hear as amid the crash of tumbling temples and the fall of sculptured columns. Not till these twenty years of strife were over did the defeated Titan pass his hand across his brow, and,

ceasing his bootless toil as a patriot, resume his laurelled rest as a poet. And Milton's life during these twenty years is but a type of the intellectual life of England as a whole, during the same vehement period. All was division, all was rage, all was partisanship, all was controversy. Yet precisely at this time was it that Sir Thomas Browne was penning in his study at Norwich most of those quaint treatises about all things and sundry, which, now that we read them, seem to belong, by their spirit at least, to no century in particular, much less to a period of English civil war and revolution. In strict historical accuracy there can be no doubt that Sir Thomas Browne was a royalist; but a more unflinching royalist—a man who, whether the King won or the Parliament won, whether the Republic were continued or the Monarchy restored, could in either case more quietly pursue the even tenor of his way—there did not exist in England. On this account alone he would deserve to be remembered, even were his works less wise and curious than all who know them admit them to be.

Browne was a Londoner by birth, having been born in the parish of St. Michael's, Cheapside, in the year 1605. His father was a wealthy mercer, who died while his son was still young, leaving a very considerable fortune to be divided between his widow and four children. The widow married again a Sir Thomas Dutton, and the property of her children fell under the administration of guardians, who squandered or appropriated a great part of it. After being educated for some time at Winchester School, Browne was sent, in 1623, to Broadgate Hall, afterwards Pembroke College, Oxford. Here he graduated B.A. in 1626-7, and M.A. in 1629. Having chosen the medical profession, and completed his studies for that profession at Oxford, he practised for some time in the neighbourhood of the University. Then, quitting Oxford, he visited Ireland in company with his stepfather, who was sent at the time to that country on an official employment under Government. Once on the move, he travelled into France and Italy, spending some time at the famous medical schools of Montpellier and Padua; and, returning to England through Holland, he made some stay at Leyden, from the University of which place he received the degree of Doctor in Medicine. This was in 1633, and in 1637 he was incorporated Doctor of Medicine at Oxford. On his return to England he had recommenced practice as a physician in a country district near Halifax, in Yorkshire; but in 1636 or 1637, he removed thence to Norwich, in the vicinity of which city he had several influential friends and acquaintances. At the time of his settlement in Norwich, he was in his thirty-second year, and he remained there

in extensive practice as a physician all the rest of his life. That life was one of quiet local usefulness, marked by few incidents save those of an ordinary domestic kind, and the publication, in succession, of his various books. In 1641 he married a Norfolkshire lady of good family, by whom, in the course of the next twenty or five-and-twenty years he had eleven sons and daughters. In 1642 (just at the time when the King and the Parliament were raising their standards against each other, and calling the country to arms), a treatise which Browne had composed some seven years before, while he was living as a physician in Yorkshire, and which, since that time, had been shown about in manuscript among his friends, and copied by some of them, was surreptitiously published under the title of *Religio Medici; or, the Religion of a Physician*. As the work, thus published without the author's consent, began immediately to attract notice, he issued a more perfect edition of it in his own name, in the following year. The copies were sold fast; the work was speedily translated into Latin and into various foreign languages; answers to it were published; and the physician of Norwich found himself suddenly famous. Thus encouraged to continued authorship, he seems to have employed himself diligently thereafter, during such leisure as his patients allowed him, in noting down, in common-place books or otherwise, matter for future publications. The matter was of various kinds. Always, apparently, a miscellaneous and insatiable reader, and surrounded in his house at Norwich with a choice library of books in the ancient and in most modern tongues, he seems to have continued the habit of reading for its own sake, and of jotting down the results of his reading, as a part of his daily recreation. He had also a garden, and, in his walks about Norwich and its neighbourhood, he had his eyes cheerfully open for such facts and observations as were to be obtained rather from life and nature than from books. But, in his case as in others, both his readings and his observations came naturally to be directed by and to serve certain leading tendencies of his mind. On the whole, he was a molluscous man of a composite order, combining the tastes of the naturalist with those of the archaeologist, and also with those of the meditative philosopher. His medical education had helped to make him a naturalist, and the same constitutional love of the curious, on which education had acted to make him that, took the form also of a liking for history and antiquities. Accordingly, though he had presented himself in his first work rather as a meditative philosopher, in his next work he appeared rather in the double character of the naturalist and the archaeologist. This work, which was published in 1646 (in which year the first Civil War was just

coming to a close, and the King's fortunes were at the worst), was the well-known *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* ; or, *Inquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly presumed Truths, which, examined, prove but vulgar and common Errors*. If an author reveals himself in his choice of subjects, the conclusion, on the announcement of such a book as this, must have been that Browne was a singular sort of man. The book itself was very popular ; and, in the interval between the two civil wars, many found time to read it and comment on it. While the King's trial was proceeding, the author was preparing a second edition, which was published in 1650. Then, all through Cromwell's last military triumphs in Ireland, Scotland, and England, and his subsequent Protectorate, Browne seems to have gone on, unruffled as before, visiting his patients, pottering about the streets and lanes in and near Norwich, experimenting in his garden, and reading and making notes in his study. In 1658, a few months before Cromwell's death, out he came with another book, most peculiarly relevant, it will be seen, to the perplexed and anxious state of the country at that time. The book consisted of two distinct treatises bound together—the one entitled, *Hydriotaphia : Urn-Burial ; or, a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk* ; the other, *The Garden of Cyrus ; or, the Quincuncial Lozenge, or Net-work Plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, and mystically considered*. These two treatises were the last works of any consequence published during the author's lifetime ; for it is one of the singularities of his history that, though not more than fifty-five years of age at the Restoration, and though he lived two-and-twenty years after it, he ceased from that time to come before the world as an author. As he had published in stormy times, when most others did not publish, or published only what bore on passing events, so, when the times became such that general literature was again in fashion, and books of all sorts were in demand, he relapsed into comparative silence, and the quiet practice of his profession. Not, however, that he was idle even with his pen. His reputation among his educated countrymen increasing as his former works circulated, new editions of them were called for, some of which—and particularly one edition of his *Vulgar Errors*—he enriched with new matter, or otherwise amended ; and, besides, he kept slowly adding to his stores of manuscript various continuous pieces, and a considerable mass of scraps and notes, the publication of which, at intervals since his death, has nearly doubled the bulk of his writings as previously known. Among these papers, written after the Restoration, and left in a fit state for posthumous publication, were his so-called *Miscellany* (i.e.,

Miscellaneous) *Tracts*, and his *Christian Morals*. These are the representative works of his later years. When they were written, his eldest children were grown up, and were entering the world; and part of his occupation was in seeing after their education and settlement. Some interesting letters of his have been preserved, written at this period of his life to two of his sons, both of whom he had sent abroad for their education, and one of whom, Edward, became afterwards eminent in his father's profession. He also corresponded on scientific and other topics with several of his learned contemporaries, such as Evelyn and Aubrey, and with the Royal Society, in whose proceedings he took much interest, though he did not become a member of it. At length, in 1671, when he was in his sixty-sixth year, and was already familiarly known by report all over England as Dr. Browne of Norwich, it was his fortune to exchange that title for the higher one of Sir Thomas Browne. The dignity of knighthood was conferred on him by Charles II., during a casual visit of the Court to Norwich, on which occasion, it is said, the honour fell to him only because His Majesty wished to confer it on some one in the place, and, the Mayor declining it, he was selected next as the most notable inhabitant. As after his own passive way he had always been loyal in his politics, and had even once, at the beginning of the Civil Wars, proved his loyalty by refusing to subscribe money to the Parliament for raising forces against the King, Charles had not to go against the custom of the time in thus honouring him. He lived eleven years after receiving his knighthood, dying at Norwich, in 1682, on his seventy-seventh birthday. His wife survived him three years. Of his eleven children only three survived him—his son Edward, already a distinguished physician in London, and destined also to some celebrity as an author; and two daughters, in the posterity of one of whom alone was the race perpetuated beyond the third generation. The famous Lord Chancellor Erskine was the grandson of the granddaughter of this daughter of Sir Thomas Browne.

According to a description of Browne left us by a contemporary who knew him long and intimately, he was of moderate stature, brown-haired and brown-complexioned, neither fat nor lean, but *εὐσαρκός*. He was extremely plain in his dress, and almost continually wore a cloak and boots, even when others laid them aside. His memory was remarkably tenacious, so that, if he had once seen a person, he remembered him ever after, and even the circumstances in which they had before met. The results of his reading remained with him. 'He was excellent company when he was at leisure, and expressed more light than heat in the temper of his brain.' Whatever of passion there



might have originally been in his constitution, he had acquired such power over it that no man of his time had a more calm or stoical demeanour. He was never seen transported either with mirth or with sadness, but was always moderately cheerful, very seldom jested, and, when he did, was apt to blush at his unusual levity. 'His modesty was visible in a natural habitual blush, which was increased upon the least occasion, and oft discovered without any observable cause.' Such as had formed a preconception of him from the briskness of his writings, were apt to be disappointed, when they came into his company, by his sobriety and taciturn manner. It was difficult to engage him in any discourse; but, when he did talk, what he said was always singular and entertaining, and never trite. He was parsimonious of nothing but his time, and liked to spend all his spare time in his study. He was punctual in his attendance at church, and, if he was in town, never missed the sacrament in his parish. He was liberal in entertaining his friends, spent a great deal in the education of his children, and was very charitable to poor people; and hence, though he left a comfortable fortune, it was not so large as, with his medical practice, it might have been, had money-making been his object. One of his peculiarities was a singular quickness in what the Greeks called the 'stochastic' faculty—i.e., the power of 'shooting at a mark' by a sudden and sagacious guess, when there was no room for deliberation; the power of inferring the future from the past, by a kind of intuitive deduction, akin to prophecy. • Thucydides speaks of this as the supereminent faculty in the character of Themistocles.

Omitting letters and minor scraps and fragments reprinted from his common-place books, the genius of Sir Thomas Browne is represented to us in the six following works:—

*Religio Medici*; written in 1635, or thereby, *anno ætat.* 30, and first published 1642.

*Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Vulgar Errors*; first published 1646, *anno ætat.* 41.

*Hydriotaphia, or Urn-Burial*; first published 1658, *anno ætat.* 53.

*The Garden of Cyrus, or the Quincuncial Lozenge*; first published in the same year.

*Miscellany Tracts*, written at various times after 1660, but not published till 1684.

*Christian Morals*, also written after 1660, but not published till 1716.

In these various works we have the author exhibited, in

various proportions, as the naturalist or man of science, the archæologist or scholar, and the meditative and speculative philosopher. In some of the works one of the characters predominates; in some, two of the characters predominate in combination. It will serve our purpose best to glance, first, at his *Religio Medici*, by itself; then to group together his *Vulgar Errors*, his *Urn-Burial*, his *Garden of Cyrus*, and his *Miscellany Tracts*, as exhibiting him mainly as a naturalist and an archæologist; and lastly, to glance at his *Christian Morals*.

I. The *Religio Medici*. As this first work of the author was written in the solitude of the remote country parish where he was practising before he came to Norwich, and when, he tells us, he had hardly a single good book by him, the meditative and speculative element predominates in it over the scientific and the archæological. It is seasoned, indeed, with scholarly allusions and recollections of his reading; but, in the main, it is a work drawn out of the author's spiritual ruminations with himself. For this reason, though the earliest of his writings, it is, in some respects, the most characteristic and important. With all allowance for farther development as his experience increased and his mind grew firmer, we have here the man at his deepest; and, indeed, the germs of most of his subsequent writings are to be found here. The work is a kind of philosophic autobiography, or definition, for personal purposes, of the author's faith, both theological and ethical, up to his thirtieth year, so far as he could then formulate and register it. The idea of such a register, to be drawn up by a man for his own use, is one that might be repeated and made permanent. In the present day, for example, when the complaint is that we are all floating in a sea of scepticism, that the age is one of intellectual anarchy, that there is no faith, that even among minds naturally earnest there is no adequate compact and organisation of common beliefs, might it not be a step in the right direction if those conscious sceptics who are wailing this state of things as regards themselves, were individually, each for himself, to draw out an honest list, not of things which he did not believe, but of things which he had no doubt about, and the truth of which he found it as impossible to deny as to leap off his own shadow? In many cases, the list, alas! might be meagre, and the dogmas contained in it might not have much look of theological promise in them; still, were the list but to contain a few distinct statements of things actually believed, it would be a beginning. The man would then know on what extent of solid flooring he walked, or whether he had anything that could be called a flooring at all, or was blown about in sheer vacancy, or stood poised on the pole of a single indubitability;

and though, if he had a supposed flooring, parts of it might afterwards give way, yet parts of it might remain, and new parts might from time to time be added. For, after all, a man's faith consists of those things which he has no doubt about, of whatever nature they are, and whether they are numerous or few. And then, could a sufficient number of the sceptics act in concert, each drawing out a list of his own indubitabilities to be compared with the similar lists of others, it might turn out that a tolerable number of indubitabilities was common to all; and, on this basis, with due architectonic skill, it might be possible to rear the beginnings of that much desired institution, the Church of the future! The objection made to any such procedure would be the general objection made against the mental habit of introspection. As it is not necessary to a man's living healthily, in a physical sense, that he should be able to describe his entrails, so, it is said, it is not necessary to efficient moral and spiritual life that a man should be able to define his beliefs; but, on the contrary, any persistent attempt to do so will operate injuriously on the beliefs themselves, by hardening, and, as it were, ossifying, what should be kept soft and vital and throbbing! But, surely, to have a knowledge of one's beliefs is not necessarily the same thing as to be always thinking of them; and, as a physician's knowledge of his own anatomy does not in fact interfere with his bodily health and spontaneity, why may not a man come to an understanding with himself as to the number and precise shape of his spiritual and moral beliefs, without taking harm from it? True, the comparative uncertainty and complexity of matters intellectual as contrasted with matters physical, makes a difference; but, were it not a pitiful thing for a man to live on, knowing that he must either be acting on principles or be a thing of mere rhetoric and sensibility, and yet never care to ascertain which was the case, and, if he had principles, what they were? So, at least, thought Sir Thomas Browne. While yet a young man, he resolved to come to an understanding with himself in writing as to the nature and extent of his religious faith. Trudging on foot, or riding on horseback, along miry country roads in Yorkshire, often at night when the stars were shining over fields and hedges, and he had just come from the bed of some dying patient, his thoughts would become solemn; the passing moment, the road, the glimmering fields, and his own moving body advancing homeward, would start before his inner vision as some old and remembered phantasmagory rather than a present fact; and, as the tears rose at the sense that so it would be soon when the farther home had been reached and the earth knew him no more, the

need would be felt for some great imagination solving the mystery, making all time one, and connecting these lowly fields with those unchanging stars. In such moods he would interrogate himself as to what he really did believe; the Christianity of his countrymen would supply the forms and matter of his queries; and on one main article after another he would round his thoughts into some approach to conclusion. And, then, when he came home, where no wife awaited him, and still self was his society, it would be his plan to write down these conclusions or these approaches to conclusion, in order that, more distinctly facing him, he might grasp them more abidingly. As he wrote, however, it was not only the main often-ruminated and always-returning conclusions that were set down; fancy and rhetoric had their play at the moment; partly he led the pen, and partly the pen led him; the stem put forth branches and foliage, and truths previously determined as fundamental, were developed in the act of expressing them into related but less certain intellectual minutæ. Thus in the course of some winter, or of a few successive winters, was produced the *Religio Medici*.

The book opens with a profession, in general, of the author's belief in Christianity, not merely as the religion in which he had been born, but as a religion which he had examined for himself. His Christianity, however, he declares to be of a liberal cast. He is not so wedded to the peculiarities of any Christian church or sect, as to feel out of his element in the society of any other; and even those ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church which his reason disowns or could dispense with, excite nothing in him but reverence. For himself, however, the Reformed Church of England is that whose every part is most squared to his conscience and framed to his particular devotion. Where the Scripture is silent, the Church is his text; and in matters indifferent he follows the rules of his own reason. 'In philosophy,' he says, 'where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity I love to keep the road, and, though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the Church.' In his greener youth he confesses to have entertained several heresies, all of such a kind, he says, and of so old a date, that they never could have reappeared in any but such an 'extravagant and irregular head' as his. One of these heresies was the old Arabian heresy that the soul slept in total unconsciousness between the death of the body and the resurrection. Another was the heresy of Origen that God's vengeance on sinners would not last for ever, but that the souls of the damned would ultimately be recovered by mercy. A third, to which he confesses to have still some lingering attach-

ment, though only to the extent of a wish that it had been true, was the Catholic heresy of the efficacy of prayers for the dead. He could hardly hear a bell toll for a dead friend without an orison for his soul! But these heresies he had overcome; and as for those 'wingy mysteries in divinity,' those deep and dark problems, and extreme subtleties, upon which men had usually split into heresies, they had never been any difficulty to him! On this point he has a very characteristic passage:—

'Methinks, there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained, by syllogism and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an '*O altitudo!*' 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, Incarnation, and Resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learnt of Tertullian, '*Certum est quia impossibile est.*' I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects, is not faith but persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre; and, when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now, certainly, I bless myself and am thankful that I lived not in the days of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders: then had my faith been thrust upon me, nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. . . . 'Tis true, there is an edge in all firm belief, and, with an easy metaphor, we may say, the sword of faith; but, in these obscurities, I rather use it in the adjunct the apostle gives it—a *buckler*—under which I conceive a wary combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of understanding to know that we know nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith. \* I am now content to understand a mystery, without a rigid definition, in an easy and Platonic description. That allegorical description of Hermes [*'Sphæra cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nullibi'*] pleaseth me beyond all the metaphysical definitions of divines. Where I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to humour my fancy: I had as lief you tell me that *anima est angelus hominis, est corpus Dei*, as *irreλεχεια*—that *lux est umbra Dei* as *actus perspicui*. Where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, 'tis good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration; for, by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtleties of faith; and thus I teach my haggard and unclaimed reason to stoop unto the lure of faith.'

It is his delight, he continues, to contemplate, in his solitude, the omnipresence, the wisdom, and the eternity of God, and to wilder himself with the thought of the last, and its harmony with

the mystery of the Trinity. In connexion with the doctrine of the Trinity he confesses to an admiration of the Pythagorean notion of the magic of numbers, and to a sympathy with the philosophy of Hermes, according to which the whole face of nature was to be considered as covered with hieroglyphics, analogies, and stenographic signs of truths everlasting and invisible. It was the business of man to catch these hints and to pursue them to the uttermost; nor could such research ever be carried too far, for God made the world to be inhabited by beasts, but to be studied by man. 'In the causes, nature, and affections of the eclipses of the sun and moon, there is most excellent speculation; but to profound farther and to contemplate *why* his providence hath so disposed and ordered their motions in that vast circle as to conjoin and obscure each other, is a sweeter piece of reason, and a diviner point of philosophy.' Perhaps the ancients and the heathen sages, who had not God's other book of Scripture out of which to derive their divinity, were more skilled in joining and reading those mystical characters of which the book of Nature is full, than we who have not to grope among such hieroglyphics, nor to suck our instruction from the flowers. Providence, also, is full of instruction to the scholar, and there is a divinity in natural coincidences. As regards the book of Scripture vouchsafed for clearer light to the Christian, apparent contradictions and difficulties did not disturb him. He believes the Bible to be the word of God; but, were it of man, he should still think it 'the most singular and superlative piece that hath been extant since the creation.' It was the best book in the world; and, indeed, the world had infinitely too many books, and would be far better off if a general synod were to reduce them all to a few solid authors and burn the rest! Of all sects he was most opposed to the Jews, because of their obstinacy in refusing the whole Scriptures. But even they must not be persecuted, for 'persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion!' For himself, though no one less feared death, he would not die for a ceremony; he would connive at matters wherein there were not manifest impieties; and, though he thought the martyrs to fundamental truths of religion the noblest of men, he pitied the poor bishop who made an unnecessary fuss about the Antipodes. The continuance of miracles in the world did not seem impossible to him, though almost all alleged miracles were probably but *piæ fraudes*. He wondered at those who could question the existence of spirits; and, for himself, he believed in spirits both good and bad, in the operation of the Devil or witchcraft, and in noble essences making courteous revelations to man. There might even be, in addition to these divided spirits, a common or uni-

versal spirit of the whole world, as Plato had fancied; and, at all events, there was in and through all, and yet apart from all, the common spirit of God.

'This is that gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in six days hatched the world; this is that irradiation that dispels the mists of hell, the clouds of horror, fear, sorrow, despair; and preserves the region of the mind in serenity.' Whosoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this spirit, though I feel his pulse, I dare not say he lives; for truly, without this, to me there is no heat under the tropic, nor any light though I dwell in the body of the sun.'

After some farther disquisition on his belief in spirits, he passes to the doctrine of human immortality. Despite all his study of anatomy, all his familiarity with the idea of the constant association of the functions of life with certain material organs and parts, he firmly believes in the indestructible existence of the human soul apart from the body; but he has no similar belief respecting beasts. The whole frame of a beast perishes and is as it was 'before it was materialized into life;' but the spirit of man survives corruption and is immortal of its own nature and without a miracle. Therefore, he fears not death.

'I thank God I have not those strait ligaments or narrow obligations to the world as to dote on life or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, or, by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous relics, like vespilloes or grave-makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality; but that, marshalling all the horrors and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian, and therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and, like the best of them, to die—that is, to cease to breathe, to take farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing in a moment, to be in one instant a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable moderator and equal piece, of justice, death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world would not entreat a moment's breath from me. Could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life; yet, in my best meditations, do often defy death. It is a symptom of melancholy to be afraid of death, yet sometimes to desire it; this latter I have often discovered in myself, and think no man ever desired life as I have sometimes death. I honour any man that

contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it; this makes me naturally love a soldier, and honour those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant.'

The feeling he personally entertains of death is one rather of shame than fear. It is with a kind of bashfulness that he thinks of the time when he shall be stretched out a disfigured corpse, from which even his relatives and friends will start and keep away. Not that he is ashamed of his structure, or that nature has played the bungler in any part of him, or his own vices made his body imperfect or unwholesome. He has no care for posthumous fame in this world, for monuments or cenotaphs, or for any except a simple burial. Though he is not quite thirty years of age he has seen vicissitude enough, and has taken leave of delight in life. 'Methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to 'be weary of the sun'; the world to me is but a dream, a mock-show, and we all therein but pantaloons and anticks to my 'severer contemplations.' He believes that the world is advancing to its end, but that it is not yet old or decayed, and that, when it is destroyed, it will not be by the ruin of its own principles, but by some annihilating stroke from without, corresponding with that stroke of creation which brought it into being. On this topic, as on others, the language of Scripture is often to be interpreted not literally, but metaphorically or symbolically! He has no faith in astrological and other prophecies of the end of the world, of which there have been plenty in all ages. Projecting his thoughts beyond the end of the world, whensoever it may be, he loves to fasten them on the day of the general resurrection.

'This is the day that must make good that great attribute of God, His justice; that must reconcile those unanswerable doubts that torment the wisest understandings; and reduce those seeming inequalities and respective distributions in this world to an equality and recompensive justice in the next. This is that one day that shall include and comprehend all that went before it; wherein, as in the last scene, all the actors must enter, to complete and make up the catastrophe of this great piece. This is the day whose memory hath only power to make us honest in the dark and to be virtuous without a witness. *Ipsa sui pretium virtus sibi*, that virtue is its own reward, is but a cold principle, and not able to maintain our variable resolutions in a constant and settled way of goodness. I have practised that honest artifice of Seneca, and, in my retired and solitary imaginations, to detain me from the foulness of vice, have fancied to myself the presence of my dear and worthiest friends, before whom I should lose my head rather than be vicious; yet, herein I found that there was nought but moral honesty; and this was not to be virtuous for His sake who must reward us at the last. I have tried if I could reach



that great resolution of his, to be honest without a thought of heaven or hell; and, indeed, I have found, upon a natural inclination and inbred loyalty unto virtue, that I could serve her without a livery—yet not in that resolved and venerable way but that the frailty of my nature, upon an easy temptation, might be induced to forget her. The life, therefore, and spirit of all our actions is the Resurrection, and a stable apprehension that our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our pious endeavours. Without this, all religion is a fallacy, and those impieties of Lucian, Euripides, and Julian are no blasphemies, but subtle verities; and Atheists have been the only philosophers.’

He firmly believes in heaven and hell, and has occupied his intellect in fancying from the descriptions of the Bible, what they shall be. ‘Wherever God will completely manifest himself, there is heaven, though within the circle of the visible world.’ And ‘surely, though we place hell under earth, the devil’s walk and purlieu is about it. Men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains which, to grosser apprehensions, represent hell. The heart of man is the place where devils dwell in.’ He has no fear of hell, and thinks ‘they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell.’ Yet all is of God’s free grace and not of human desert. Salvation is through Christ alone, and this makes him often fear for even the best of the heathens. The very best and noblest of men cannot come up to their own ethics; well examined, ‘we are all monsters, that is, a composition of man and beast;’ how then can we depend on our own works? His desire would be for the salvation of all, but he is forced to the belief that few shall know it. Yet with those who would circumscribe the true Church he has no sympathy whatever.

‘Tis true we all hold there is a number of elect and many to be saved; yet, take our opinions together, and, from the confusion thereof, there will be no such thing as salvation, nor shall any be saved. For, first, the Church of Rome condemneth us; we, likewise, them; the sub-reformists and sectaries sentence the doctrine of our Church as damnable; the atomist or familist reprobates all these; and all these them again. Thus, whilst the mercies of God do promise us heaven, our conceits and opinions exclude us from that place. There must be therefore more than one St. Peter; particular churches and sects usurp the gates of heaven, and turn the key against each other; and thus we go to heaven against each other’s wills, conceits, and opinions, and, with as much uncertainty as ignorance, do err, I fear, in points not only of our own, but one another’s salvation. I believe many are saved who to man seem reprobated, and many are reprobated who in the opinion and sentence of man stand reprobated.’

Up to this point the author has been setting down the tenets

of his 'theological faith; in what remains of the treatise he sets down rather his notions of the proper temper and behaviour of men in this world; and here, accordingly, there are more numerous and direct allusions to his own mode of life and character. Charity, he says, is the grand virtue of all human society. To this virtue he professes himself to be constitutionally inclined to a degree beyond what he sees in other men; Nature having made him singularly tolerant, singularly wide in his likings, singularly free from special physical or moral antipathies. So far it is well with him; but constitutional morality is not to be confounded with the godliness of Christian principle. The greatest charity of all is for a man to teach what he knows, to bestow intellectual alms; and, for himself, he delights in this, would keep nothing to himself, and often regrets that he cannot share out his faculties among his friends. He abhors nothing so much as passion in controversy, and would 'rather stand in the shock of a basilisk than in the fury of a merciless pen.' Another important part of charity is not to rail against nations and countries because of supposed absurdities or vices, nor to fall into the common habit of raving against our own times as corrupt and degenerate. By his natural temper he is exempt from all tendency to either practice, or to satire of any human thing whatever. Personally he has no shrinking from pains and miseries, but no man is more keenly sympathetic with the pains and penalties of others. He has 'never yet cast a true affection on a woman,' but has realized the passion of friendship to that extreme degree of which we have types in the ancient stories of Damon and Pythias, Achilles and Patroclus. 'This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue.' The vices of his past life have been those accounted common and ordinary; but he feels himself as wicked as any. He thanks God that, among millions of vices, he is completely devoid of the father-vice of pride, and this under circumstances when to keep free from it might seem difficult. He knows six languages, besides provincial dialects; he has travelled and mastered geography and history by the eye and by books; he knows the names and something more of all the constellations of his horizon; the botany of his native land is familiar to him; but all these and all his other accomplishments do not puff him up, and, indeed, only lower him in his own conceit. To his notion there is something almost clumsy in marriage, and he 'could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction.' Yet he is naturally amorous of all that is beautiful; his temper affects all harmony; and he delights in music and rhythm. But, indeed, there is harmony in everything, and in his own conversation he

is, like the sun, friendly to all men, both the good and the bad. He is not rich ; but he gives to the poor, and more in his own adversity than at other times. He is observant of his dreams, discovers new faculties in himself while he is engaged in them, laughs more in them than when awake, and finds meanings in them, if not prognostications. Finally, he is content with peace of conscience as the highest happiness on earth, sets no store on aught where all is vanity, and waits patiently the will of God.

II. *The Scientific and Archæological Writings.* Under this general head, as we have said, we include the *Vulgar Errors*, the *Urn-Burial*, the *Garden of Cyrus*, and the *Miscellany Tracts*. These, as far as we have information, were all written at a considerably later period in the author's life than that represented in the *Religio Medici*, and some of them, we know, fully twenty or thirty years later. When they were written, Browne was no longer the solitary and melancholic bachelor, riding or walking at nights along lonely Yorkshire roads, ruminating his own thoughts and memories, bereft even of the society of books, unprovided as yet with any female face to move in the air before him and mingle a tenderness with his dreams, vowing an exemption from marriage, and almost smiling with contempt at the foolish fact on which such an institution was founded. He was the settled medical practitioner in the populous cathedral town of Norwich, the comfortably-married man (Dr. Johnson wonders whether the lady had read his saying about marriage before accepting him), the father of a family, the possessor of a garden and a good library of books, the hospitable entertainer and welcome guest alternately of a large circle of friends. In such circumstances, perhaps, the purely meditative or contemplative in a man is apt to be at a discount, and, if one still leads an intellectual life, it is apt to be more regulated and directed more to what is outward. A sage cannot be racking his own spirit, seated at the fireside, with his wife sitting opposite to him sewing ; nor can he easily spend his forenoons in reveries on the mysteries of life and death, when he has definite afternoon engagements and has to meet the bishop at dinner. Isaac, when he meditated, walked out into the fields. Nor is a good library much in favour of this mental habit. With books about one, one reads them, or, at least, consults them, and makes notes ; one gets into special tracks of research, or perhaps of speculation ; one accumulates materials, and shapes them, rather than one's own spiritual ruminations, into new books. One does not turn over one's soul, but the leaves of the *Encyclopædia* instead. Something of this kind may be discerned on comparing Sir Thomas Browne's first work with those which we are now considering. They are, in

the main, treatises of information, antiquarian research and scholarship, and curious special disquisition, such as might be expected from a domestic and social man of an odd turn of mind spending his leisure in his study, and now and then increasing his stock of manuscripts.

The *Vulgar Errors* is by far the largest of Browne's works, extending to about five times the length of the *Religio Medici*. From the nature of the work, it is obvious, as Dr. Johnson remarks, that it was not written continuously, but was the collection of years. The design may have been formed early, and the materials may have been accumulated in scattered papers and note-books, some of them, perhaps, written while he was still at Oxford studying or practising medicine, though the greater part may have grown in his hands after his settlement in Norwich. As the title of the work indicates, it is a kind of cyclopædia of scientific and historical gossip referring to fallacies popularly believed. After an introductory dissertation on the causes of error in the various departments of knowledge, the author passes to an enumeration of various common errors respecting minerals and plants, or, as we should say, mineralogical and botanical fallacies,—as that crystal is but strongly-congealed ice, that there are loadstone mountains that draw the nails out of ships passing them, that there are real mandrakes, that bays preserve from lightning, &c. Next is a book on zoological fallacies,—as that the elephant has no joints, that the bear brings forth her cubs amorphous and licks them into shape, that the ostrich digests iron, &c. &c., including dissertations on griffins, the phoenix, salamanders, &c. Then follows a book 'of many popular and received tenets concerning man,' or of fallacies in human anatomy and physiology. The next book contains an enumeration of traditional fallacies in art and in social customs,—as in the pictures of pelicans and dolphins, the pictures of ancient feasts, the pictures of Abraham sacrificing Isaac, those of John the Baptist, and the like: and in the superstitions about hares crossing the path, spilling the salt, and other omens. The sixth book is devoted to fallacies 'cosmographical, geographical, and historical,' such as those respecting the precise date of creation, the order of the seasons, the river Nile, the Red Sea, the cause of the blackness of negroes, and the origin of the gypsies. And the last book is occupied with disquisitions on what the author considers the fallacies of commentators on the Bible, and on other ancient records,—as in the opinion respecting the nature of the forbidden fruit, the story of the Three Kings of Cologne, the legend of the death of Aristotle, and the popular idea of the character of Epicurus.

From this description of the work it will be seen that it abounds

in curious matter appertaining to the popular and also to the academic knowledge of the author's times. Its chief value now, apart from its interest in connexion with the author, is in its being a record of the state of the various natural sciences in Britain in the period intervening between the promulgation of the Baconian method by Bacon himself, and the actual and systematic application of that method, consciously or unconsciously, by the founders of the Royal Society. The following passage may be taken as a sample of the scientific language and mode of conception of that day:—

‘Having thus declared what crystal is not, it may afford some satisfaction to manifest what it is. To deliver, therefore, what with the judgment of approved authors and the best reason consisteth:—It is a mineral body, in the difference [division] of stones, and reduced by some unto that subdivision which comprehendeth gems; transparent, and resembling glass or ice; made of a lentous percolation of earth, drawn from the most pure and limpid juice thereof, owing to the coldness of the earth some concurrence or coadjuvancy, but not immediate determination and efficiency, which are wrought by the hands of its concrete spirit—the seeds of petrification and Gorgon of itself: As sensible philosophers conceive of the generation of diamonds, iris, beryls; not making them of frozen icicles, or from mere aqueous and glaciabie substances, condensing them by frosts into solidities vainly to be expected even from polary congelations, but from thin and finest earths so well contempered and resolved that transparency is not hindered, and containing lapidifical spirits, able to make good their solidities against the opposition and activity of outward contraries; and so leave a sensible difference between the bonds of glaciation, which, in the mountains of ice about the northern seas, are easily dissolved by ordinary heat of the sun, and between the finer ligatures of petrification whereby not only the harder concretions of diamonds and sapphires, but the softer veins of crystal remain indissolvable in scorching territories and the negro land of Congo.’

*Urn-Burial* is a tract of some fifty octavo pages, written on the occasion of the discovery of a considerable number of Roman sepulchral urns in various fields not far from Norwich. These urns, and the manner of finding them, are minutely described; and the author, as an antiquarian and a scholar, takes the opportunity to discuss the extent to which urn-burial had been practised in Britain (he calculates that about four millions of persons in all must have been buried in urns in British earth during the period of the Roman occupation), and also to compare urn-burial and its accompaniment of incremation with the various other modes of disposing of the dead practised by all nations from the beginning of time. Considered merely as an archæological paper the tract is clear, accurate, and interesting.

The *Garden of Cyrus*, published together with the tract on *Urn-Burial*, is nearly twice as long, and is much more odd and fanciful in its nature. Indeed, he seems to have selected an odd subject on principle, or from a kind of speculative freak, that by avoiding the trite and taking a text that no one had thought of before, he would hit out something novel. The subject is the arrangement of the gardens of the ancients. After alluding to the garden of Eden, the hanging gardens of Babylon, and other primeval gardens, he comes to the gardens of Cyrus the younger of Persia, who, he says, so outdid all that went before him in the art of gardening, that, while their names are but poorly associated with individual vegetables and common horticultural processes, 'all stories look back on him as the splendid and regular planter.' The plantations of Cyrus, it seems, were arranged in a peculiar manner.

'Xenophon describeth his gallant plantation at Sardis, thus rendered by Strebæus: '*Arbores pari intervallo sitas, rectos ordines, et omnia perpulchrè in quincuncem directa.*' Which we shall take for granted, as being accordingly rendered by the most elegant of the Latins, and by no made term, but in use before by Varro. That is, the rows and orders so handsomely disposed, or five trees so set together that a certain angularity and thorough prospect was left on every side: owing this name [Quincunx] not only unto the quintuple number of trees, but the figure declaring that number, which, being double at the angle, makes up the letter X; that is, the emphatical decussation or fundamental figure.'

Now, the principle of the Quincunx, or the arrangement of things in fives (four at the corners of an oblong rectangle and one at the point of intersection of its two diagonals), is, according to Browne, not something casual, but something which may be traced through all art and all nature. Man and nature at all times, he avers, have proceeded on the trick of the quincunx. It is to be found in transactions before the Flood, in the architecture and customs of all nations, in the ordering of the stars, in the structure and physiology of plants, in the economy of the animal kingdom, in daily human procedure and strategy. The universality of this quinary arrangement, the multiplication of which produces a lozenge-shaped network, as in the painted windows of a church, leads him to believe in a kind of sacredness or virtue in the number *five* generally, which he also expounds and illustrates. As might be expected, though the whole idea is fantastic in the extreme, yet, in carrying out, the author exhibits a curious ingenuity in the discovery of analogies, and, in particular, a large acquaintance with vegetable forms and structures. The treatise, as we have said, appeared in the year of

Cromwell's death, though sufficiently before that event for Cromwell to have seen a copy of it. We can fancy nothing more grim than the Protector's face poring, at a leisure moment, over such a specimen of the literature of his reign, and trying to decide whether there was really anything in these quipcunxes or in the author's brain who wrote about them. We fear the decision would have been a very short one.

The so-called *Miscellany Tracts* are thirteen in number, and are all on topics of natural history or archæology. There is an account of some of the plants mentioned in Scripture; there is a dissertation on garlands and the habit of wearing them; there is a treatise on the fishes eaten by Christ with his disciples; there is a paper answering miscellaneous queries about fishes, birds, and insects; there are tracts on hawks and falconry, on cymbals and other musical instruments of the ancients, on ropalic verses and other metrical oddities, on philology and especially on the Saxon tongue in its relations to English, and on artificial mounds and barrows; there are essays on the sites of Troas, Sodom and Gomorrah, &c., on the oracular responses to Cræsus; there is a grotesque 'Prophecy of the Future State of Several Nations;' and the series closes with a paper, entitled 'Musæum Clausum, or Bibliotheca Abscondita,' that is, an enumeration of remarkable books, pictures, &c., that had never or seldom been seen by any man living. Not a few of these tracts contain good and interesting matter. The following passage, for example, from the philological tract, may stand as, even yet, a good summary of the history of our English tongue:—

'The Saxons, settling all over England, maintained an uniform language, only diversified in dialects, idioms, and minor differences, according to their different nations, which came in unto the common Conquest (which may yet be a cause of the variation in the speech and words of several parts of England, where different nations most abode and settled); and, having expelled the Britons, their wars were chiefly among themselves, with little action with foreign nations until the union of the Heptarchy under Egbert: after which time, though the Danes infested this land and scarce left any part free, yet their incursions made more havoc in buildings, churches, and cities than in the language of the country, because their language was in effect the same, and such as whereby they might easily understand one another. And if the Normans, which came into Neustria, or Normandy, with Rollo the Dane, had preserved their language in their new acquits, the succeeding conquest of England by Duke William of his race had not begot among us such notable alterations; but, having lost their language in their abode in Normandy, before they adventured upon England, they confounded the English with their French, and made the grand mutation, which was successively increased by our possessions in Normandy,

Guien, and Aquitain, by our long wars in France, by frequent resort of the French, who, to the number of some thousands, came over with Isabel, queen to Edward the Second, and the several matches of England with the daughters of France before and since that time. But this commixture, though sufficient to confuse, proved not of ability to abolish the Saxon words; for from the French we have borrowed many substantives, adjectives, and some verbs, but the great body of numerals, auxiliary verbs, articles, pronouns, adverbs, conjunctions, and prepositions—which are the distinguishing and lasting parts of a language—remain with us from the Saxon; which, having suffered no great alteration for many hundred years, may probably still remain, though English swell with the invasion of Italian, French, and Latin.'

To exemplify these remarks, Browne writes a number of complete English sentences, all the words in every one of which are pure Saxon. He also gives a list of provincial Norfolkshire words having a Saxon or Danish origin.

It must not be supposed, however, that in these scientific and archæological writings of Browne there is nothing but what is scientific and archæological. As he wrote these things in his library at Norwich, consulting his books, turning over his herbaria, experimenting with his cups and phials, and bent mainly on giving a form to the stores of his acquired knowledge or on completing curious investigations which he had once begun, the spirit of his earlier ruminations in the solitary Yorkshire roads still remained with him; occasionally the same old meditative mood would come back in the midst of his social cares and more mixed and miscellaneous studies; and through the merest details respecting minerals, plants, animals, relics of the historical past, and local or national customs, there would flash, as he wrote, gleams of the quenchless Platonic light. Passages in proof of this might be quoted in abundance. In all his writings, for example, there is perhaps no strain more rapt and poetical than that which concludes his tract on *Urn-Burial*. Here is a portion of it:—

'Restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for and whose duration we cannot hope without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto



thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration which maketh pyramids pillars of snow and all that's past a moment. Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things : our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter; to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names; to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies—are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity even by everlasting languages. . . . Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings. We slightly remember our felicities; and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us; which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come and forgetful of evils past is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories; while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and, enjoying the fame of their last selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things; which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies which Cambyeses or Time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandize; Misraim cures wounds; and Pharaoh is sold for balsams. . . . Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exultation, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingressation into the Divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over and the earth in ashes unto them.

### III. *The Treatise on Christian Morals.* But if there should be

any doubt that the aged and busy physician of Norwich, amid all his quaint researches as a botanist, a zoologist, a philologist and an antiquary, was still the same man who, in his youth, had occupied himself with mystic contemplations of things invisible, and had found in this exercise the only satisfying rest of his spirit, it is only necessary to read his *Christian Morals* in order to remove the doubt. In reading this book, we feel that we are still in the presence of the author of the *Religio Medici*. There are, indeed, differences between that, the work of his youth, and this, the work of his later age. The one is an exposition mainly of metaphysical and theological belief; the other is a collection of ethical maxims, assuming the faith as settled or nearly so, and embodying the results of long experience respecting the conduct to be pursued and the state of temper to be cultivated in this world. We are not sure, either, that there is evidence in the later treatise of precisely the same fixed state of belief as to points of theological doctrine as when the earlier work was written. In publishing that earlier work, the author had distinctly announced that it represented his beliefs only up to the time at which it was written; also that it contained many things delivered rhetorically rather than logically, and that it was given to the world without prejudice to the farther exercise of his judgment. It does not appear impossible that he had taken the benefit of this precaution, and that, in the course of years, his conclusions on some special points of theology had undergone a change. If there was any such change, we should be inclined to say that it was rather in the direction of a laxer adhesion to all particularities of doctrine whatever, and a determination of the mind more exclusively to those few comprehensive generalities which are esteemed sufficient for religious philosophy, though Christian theology demands more. In other words, there is more resemblance in the treatise on *Christian Morals* to those works of noble ethical philosophy which have been common to all ages than to treatises especially connecting ethics with the peculiarities of the Christian creed. And yet the title of the work is not an inappropriate one. It does breathe the very spirit of Christianity; and if the special tenets of systematic orthodoxy do not present themselves in the text with the same prominence as in the *Religio Medici*, one sees, at least, the grander doctrines of the Christian scheme rolling underneath. In this respect, the author is true to one of the injunctions of the work itself.

'Rest not in the high-strained paradoxes of old philosophers, supported by naked reason, and the reward of mortal felicity; but labour in the Ethics of Faith, built upon heavenly assistance and the happiness of both beings. Understand the rules, but swear not unto the

doctrines of Zeno or Epicurus. Look beyond Antoninus, and terminate not thy morals in Seneca or Epictetus. Let not the twelve but the two tables be thy law; let Pythagoras be thy remembrancer, not thy textuary and final instructor; and learn the vanity of the world rather from Solomon than Phocyclides. Sleep not in the dogmas of the Peripatus, Academy, or Porticus. *Be a moralist of the Mount, an Epictetus in the Faith, and Christianize thy notions.*

As the work is written throughout in this style of sententious disconnected precept—as it consists, in fact, of a little ocean of maxims rolling over one another and after one another like waves—no abstract of it is possible; and we can only illustrate its character by a few additional quotations.

‘Live by old ethics and the classical rules of honesty. Put no new names or notions upon authentic virtues and vices. Think not that morality is ambulatory; that vices in one age are not vices in another, or that virtues which are under the everlasting seal of right reason may be stamped by opinion. And, therefore, though vicious times invert the opinions of things, and set up new ethics against virtue, yet hold them unto old morality; and rather than follow a multitude to do evil, stand, like Pompey’s pillar, conspicuous by thyself and single in integrity. And since the worst of times afford imitable examples of virtue, since no deluge of vice is like to be so general but more than eight will escape, eye well those heroes who have held their heads above water, who have touched pitch and not been defiled, and in the common contagion have remained uninterrupted.’

‘Value the judicious, and let not mere acquits in minor parts of learning gain thy pre-estimation. ’Tis an unjust way of compute, to magnify a weak head for some Latin abilities, and to undervalue a solid judgment because he knows not the genealogy of Hector. When that notable King of France would have his son to know but one sentence in Latin, had it been a good one, perhaps it had been enough. Natural parts and good judgments rule the world. States are not governed by ergotisms. Many have ruled well who could not perhaps define a commonwealth; and they who understand not the globe of the earth command a great part of it. Where natural logic prevails not, artificial too often faileth. Where nature fills the sails, the vessel goes smoothly on; and, when judgment is the pilot, the insurance need not be high. When industry builds upon nature, we may expect pyramids; when that foundation is wanting, the structure must be low. They do most by books who could do much without them; and he that chiefly owes himself unto himself is the substantial man.’

‘’Tis better to think that there are guardian spirits than that there are no spirits to guard us; that vicious persons are slaves than that there is any servitude in virtue; that times past have been better than times present than that times were always bad, and that, to be men, it sufficeth to be no better than men in all ages, and so promiscuously to swim down the turbid stream and make up the grand confusion.’

‘Look not for whales in the Euxine Sea, nor expect great matters.

where they are not to be found. Seek not for profundity in shallowness, or fertility in a wilderness. Place not the expectations of great happiness here below, or think to find heaven on earth; wherein we must be content with embryon felicities and questions of doubtful faces: for the circle of our felicities makes but short arches. In every clime we are in a Periscian state; and, with our light, our shadows and darkness walk about us. Our contentments stand on the tops of pyramids ready to fall off, and the insecurity of their enjoyments abrupteth our tranquillities. What we magnify is magnificent but like to the Colossus, noble without, stuff with rubbage and coarse metal within. Even the sun, whose glorious outside we behold, may have dark and smoky entrails. In vain we admire the lustre of anything seen; that which is truly glorious is invisible.'

'Desert not thy title to a divine particle and union with invisibles. Let true knowledge and virtue tell the lower world thou art a part of the higher. Let thy thoughts be of things which have not entered into the hearts of beasts; think of things long past and long to come; acquaint thyself with the choragium of the stars, and consider the vast expansion beyond them. Let intellectual tubes give thee a glance of things which visive organs reach not. Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend unto invisibles; fill thy spirit with spirituals, with the mysteries of faith, the magnalities of religion, and thy life with the honour of God; without which, though giants in wealth and dignity, we are but dwarfs and pigmies in humanity, and may hold a pitiful rank in that triple division of mankind into heroes, men, and beasts. For, though human souls are said to be equal, yet is there no small inequality in their operations. Some maintain the allowable station of men; many are far below it; and some have been so divine as to approach the apogee of their natures and to be in the confinium of spirits.'

From the foregoing survey, cursory as it has been, of the chief writings of Sir Thomas Browne, it cannot be but that some image of the man has formed itself in the mind of the reader. That he was a good man; a man of gentle soul, and true and serious and pious life among his fellows, it is impossible to doubt. When he died, Norwich must have lost one of its worthiest citizens, and England one of the select among its quiet and retiring spirits. As little, on the same evidence, would it be possible to deny that the man was considerable intellectually. The age in which he lived and wrote was the age of Milton and Hobbes and Butler and Cowley and Jeremy Taylor and Barrow and Cudworth and Dryden, and not a few others of not much inferior celebrity in the history of our literature. Yet even among these Browne must be admitted to hold no mean place. He had learning, he had speculative capacity, he had wit and fancy; and the writings he has left behind him are such as

may be read with delight by all who can appreciate the combination of scholarship with bright and ingenious thought, and a power of happy, eloquent, and picturesque expression. His style is rich, free, and vivacious; and the Latinisms and other neologisms with which it abounds, come so flowingly from his pen, and are freighted with conceptions which they carry so easily and naturally, and which are in themselves so fresh and welcome, that any one who might wish to oppose the views of those who are for reducing us back in our speech to our sinowy original Saxon, and debarring us from Latin vocables as unnecessary, could not do better than adduce Browne as an example bearing somewhat to the contrary. One feels that his Latinisms, though sometimes overdone, come with thoughts which could hardly have come at all otherwise; and so, that here again, as in other cases, the quarrel with Latinism in style is really a quarrel with certain modes of thinking, and is valid only in so far as that is valid.

Coming, however, to particulars, one would like to define, if possible, those characteristic peculiarities in Browne, as a man and as a writer, which are felt to distinguish him from most of his eminent contemporaries, and the general impression of which is present with us whenever we speak of him. Comparison of intellectual size apart, he was a very different man from Milton, or Hobbes, or Butler, or Cowley, or Jeremy Taylor, or Barrow, or Cudworth, or Dryden—more different from some of them perhaps than from others, but visibly different from them all. It is one of his maxims that men's names should not be their only distinctions, but that every man should be something that all other men are not, and individual in something else besides his name. The maxim is one which might be better stated as a fact; but, fact or maxim, we are called upon to remember it in connexion with himself. The name Thomas Browne happens to be more common among us than such names as John Milton, Thomas Hobbes, Abraham Cowley, Jeremy Taylor, Isaac Barrow, Ralph Cudworth, and John Dryden. We have, in our catalogue of British authors, Thomas Brown the metaphysician, and Tom Brown the wit. All the more necessary is it to remember that our author wrote his name with an *e* to it, and that he was Sir Thomas Browne of Norwich.

One peculiarity about Browne was indubitably that which we have taken the liberty to call his unusual molluscousness. We asserted this as one of his peculiarities at the outset, and our sketch of his life and writings must have borne out the assertion. In a time of universal perturbation, he was perhaps the least perturbed man in England; at a period when almost all that came from the printing-press in England was controversial in its

tenor or bore some visible reference to the passing political and social agony, he alone, one might say, sent to the printing-press writings which, now that we read them, seem placidly irrelevant to the contemporary uproar. Hitherto we have been content to point out this as a mere fact, and to associate it with a name, keeping in reserve a very curious passage from Browne himself, which may enable us to understand it better. In that part of his *Religio Medici*, where he discourses on the nature and obligation of charity, Browne thus speaks of himself:—

‘ Now, for that other virtue of Charity, without which Faith is a mere notion and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity. And, if I hold the true anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue, for I am of a constitution so general that it consents and sympathizeth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humour, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toad-stools, nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but, being amongst them, make them my common viands; and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard as well as in a garden. I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander; at the sight of a toad or viper I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others: those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch; but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen’s, I honour, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth climate, but seem to be framed and constituted unto all. I am no plant that will not prosper out of a garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one country; I am in England everywhere and under any meridian. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds: *I can study, play, or sleep in a tempest.* In brief, I am averse from nothing: my conscience would give me the lie if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence, but the Devil; or so, at least, abhor anything but that we might come to a composition.’

To the same effect are many incidental passages and phrases scattered through all Browne’s works. Thus, in one place, ‘I can behold vice without a satire;’ and, again, ‘I can hold there is no such thing as injury;’ and, again, ‘Methinks there is no man bad, no man’s mind of so discordant and jarring a temper to which a tuneable disposition may not strike a harmony.’ In short, it is clear not only that the philosopher of Norwich was, by constitution, the reverse of what his admirer, Johnson, said he liked—‘a good hater;’ but, also, that he dissented theo-

refigically from this much-vaunted Johnsonian principle. For our part, we like him none the less on this account. We are inclined to think that, on a strict investigation, the Johnsonian principle, excellent enough in epigram, would not stand its ground in philosophy; or, at all events, that, on a due examination of the history of the human mind as manifested in literature, it would be found that the 'good haters' do not hold the highest, but only at most the second rank. This is not the place, however, to discuss so profound a question in the science of character. Neither is it the place to inquire how Browne's views about the relativeness of evil are to be reconciled with other parts of his belief. It is sufficient to note, that in the description given above of his character we have the key to that peculiarity of his intellectual and literary life which we are now considering. Whether hatred is intellectual strength, or intellectual weakness, a man cannot lead the life of a partisan without it. However the case may stand with the philosopher or the poet, the efficient social functionary must be a man who hates, and who knows what he hates. The only essence which Browne could conscientiously say he hated was the Devil; and against him, in his own way, he did fight. But the Devil is a widely-diffused and very subtle essence; and, in the warfare of the social world, they fight best who have least uncertainty as to where he lurks, or perhaps least belief in the equability of his diffusion.

Subordinate to this all-affecting moral peculiarity in Browne, though connected with it as a cause, was the fact of a peculiar configuration of intellect. There were undoubtedly other men of his time—and one or two of those above-named might be cited among the number—who bore some resemblance to him in respect of calmness and imperturbability during that period of strife and vicissitude. But even from those who came nearest to him in this respect he differed intellectually. To use his own phrase, his head was 'an extravagant and irregular' one. Perhaps it was so literally and physically. Perhaps a phrenologist, on an inspection of his cranium, would have found wit, ideality, wonder, and veneration unusually large in it, benevolence, comparison and some of the perceptive organs also large, and causality and some other such organs moderate. At all events, we may talk so, in describing him from his writings. Or, abandoning such easy and offhand language, and using instead another popular form of speech, equally lax but as expressive, we may say that his intellect was of the Platonic rather than of the Aristotelian type. It was an intellect working in unison with the imagination and affections; an intellect whose most potent force was a kind of poetic instinct of analogy; an intellect loving

to see its objects looming through an atmosphere of mystery, and so delighting to end its reasonings in an '*O altitudo!*' that it was often nothing loth to make an end in the middle, and content itself prematurely and consciously with an allegory or adumbration. Coleridge and others who have had a fondness for this type of intellect have provided a somewhat *ex parte* name for it, by their well-known distinction between the Reason as peculiarly the Platonic and the Understanding as peculiarly the Aristotelian faculty. With those who rely on this distinction Sir Thomas Browne has always been a favourite, though by no means the most superb, instance of the Platonic order of mind. It is sufficient for us here if we say simply that his intellect had a tendency to the mystic in it, and worked habitually in alliance with the imagination.

This peculiarly constituted intellect he applied, in part, as we have seen, to natural history and the kindred sciences of his time. And here there might arise a very interesting controversy. With an intellect constituted as we have described it, was Browne in his proper element in natural history or in any other form of science commonly so called? According to some, he was not. According to some, it is not that kind of intellect which works in alliance with any high degree of the affections or of the imagination, and whose most potent instrument is the sense of poetic analogy, that is fitted either for physical or for hard metaphysical science. A man who loves to lose himself in a wonder, whose intellectual *terminus ad quem* is an '*O altitudo!*' and who consequently is under a temptation to come to an end as soon as possible, and to make his exclamation and his ascent as soon as he sees mist, is, say they, not the man from whom the sciences can have much hope. On the contrary, they say, it is the men who are constitutionally insensible to the emotional and poetic relations of phenomena, or who have trained themselves to neglect them, that win triumphs in science. It is the men who think solely of the relations of number, weight, causal sequence, and the like, and who can detain a fact never so sublime in their hard mathematical or other intellectual pincers till they have done with it, that make scientific discoveries! In illustration of this they point to the example of Newton as the highest type of the strictly scientific mind. On the other hand, there are not wanting men who maintain a contrary theory, and, as against Newton, set up Kepler. Such instances, they hold, prove that minds of the mystic, or impassioned, or highly poetic cast may do great things in science, and this through the very instrumentality of their quest of the wonderful, and their sensibility to analogies of every order. Whether Browne, therefore,



was fitted to be a successful labourer in natural science, is to be decided, they would say, not by any preconception against him as a man intellectually out of his element in that species of labour, but by an examination of his actual scientific writings. In such an examination, too, various things are to be remembered. It is to be remembered that he did not profess to be a man wholly and solely devoted to scientific investigation and discovery, but only a collector in his leisure of miscellaneous scientific facts, with now and then a thought or experiment of his own by way of original contribution. It is to be remembered, also, that he lived and wrote almost before the rise of true mathematical and experimental science in Britain, and that, if in his writings there occur passages conceived in a spirit and couched in language now totally obsolete, he does not differ in this from those of his contemporaries to whom it is quite usual now for the historians of science to accord a high degree of respect. On the whole, if his scientific writings are a good record of much of the physical knowledge of his time, and if here and there they contain, as they do, shrewd hints and pregnant anticipations, that is as much as we could expect. It is interesting also to remark that he himself, in his anticipations of the future progress of science, seemed to rely most on the spirit of strict inquiry, and cautious and cold experiment. A discursive and fantastic mind, he said, might make 'happy gashes,' but the main body of solid results were to be looked for from the slow operations of hard persevering reason.

But, whatever may be thought of Browne's merits as a scientific writer and thinker of the seventeenth century, this is not the character in which he is destined to live in our literature. He is one of those men the main effect of whose writings is that they illustrate, and refresh in us as we read them, the eternal distinction that there is between what is possible in science and what is necessary in philosophy. There are among us who would obliterate this distinction, and who maintain that the sole matter of our thoughts as men ought to be what we definitely know and can rationally comprehend respecting the world in which we move. The consummation of wisdom, they think, is in a return, after a better fashion, to the philosophy of Shakespeare's Barnardine—

‘He apprehends no farther than this world,  
And squares his life according.’

It is the very reverse of this philosophy in any form that could be given to it that Sir Thomas Browne teaches. He was himself a living violation of it, and all that he wrote is conceived in the

spirit of a protest against it. 'Desert not,' he says, 'thy title to a divine particle and union with invisibles.' 'Let intellectual tubes,' he says, 'give thee a glance of things which visive organs reach not.' 'Have a glimpse,' he says, 'of incomprehensibles; lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend unto invisibles; fill thy spirit with spirituals.' The essence of all his teaching is contained in these little sentences; and he lived on the maxims which he taught. Deity, angels, eternity, infinity, immortality, the resurrection, and the judgment—these were the thoughts in which he loved to lose himself; they alone were the realities, and nature and life the mere flitting phantasmagory through which they could be seen. To study the relations of the various parts of nature within itself was well, but the main relations were those connecting nature as a whole with that which was before it, above it, and beyond it! These were the relations, this was the mystery, which he delighted to contemplate. Whoever viewed nature and life otherwise than with a mind saturated with these contemplations, and to whom his own paltry existence of seventy years, or even the whole history of all the generations of men, appeared otherwise than as a momentary manifestation in one shape of something which had its beginning before the ages, would have its end after them, and meanwhile was looked down upon by invisible intelligences, whose thoughts interpenetrated the brief confusion, and the rustle of whose wings might almost be heard in it, that man, he believed, was destitute of the true sense of being. Such being his doctrine, it is evident that by all who do receive the Barnardine philosophy in any form as the true one, his writings can be regarded only as fantastic and obsolete moonshine. If the notion of the supernatural, and all the various names and terms, such as 'Deity,' 'the soul,' &c., in which this notion has been embodied and perpetuated are, as some say, but the dregs and relics of a mode of thinking characteristic of one stage of the human evolution, but destined to be gradually purged out of our language as science marches on into the field of organic and social life, just as the terms 'philogiston,' 'lapidifying spirits,' and the like, have been already extinguished during parts of the march already gone over; then, certainly, Browne's meditative and philosophic writings are but in the same predicament as his scientific writings, and are chiefly, if not solely, interesting as records marking the progress of thought at the epoch to which they belong. So far as the interest exceeds this, it can depend only on the greater inherent interest of the object-matter of his religious and speculative writings as compared with the scientific, or the greater nearness in which we

yet stand to him in our conceptions of this order ! But surely there are others with whom the case is far otherwise than with those who maintain all this ! There are yet among us who believe that the mind of man has an exercise assigned to it, and incumbent on it, where the knowing faculty takes its end ; nay, that this knowing faculty itself is strongest where, by incessant dashing against this limit, it works by way of rebound. There are who believe that while those conceptions of the human race which appertain to the relations of the parts of visible nature within itself are varying, and probably on the whole progressive, the feelings and convictions which must ever accompany them respecting the relations of visible nature as a whole to what is invisible, form a necessary and permanent species of thought. As there are teachers in the former, whose teachings become antiquated, so there are teachers in the other, who, more or less clearly and purely, transmit and maintain the truth everlasting. While the earth voyages through the heavens, while it spins on its silent axle, while the crowds that inherit it cling to its orb, and the day and the night alternate to them, and the winds pipe their mournful music, and men sin and repent, toil and are bereaved, birth and death will still be thought of but as separations from the universal mystery, and imagination will still cast anchors beyond them. Hence, in such writings as the meditative and philosophic treatises of Browne, there is a value that does not lessen with the march of science. ‘There is surely a piece of divinity in us ; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun.’ This is his text ; and those who, in any sense whatever, can say that they believe in it, will read him with love and favour, while for those that can avow it as his fellow-Christians, the agreement will be still more rich, satisfactory, and intimate.

ART. VII.—*Histoire des Grandes Opérations Financières, Banques, Bourses, Emprunts, Banquiers, Fournisseurs, Acquéreurs des Biens Nationaux.* Par M. CAPEFIGUE. Paris : Librairie d'Amoyot. 1856.

THE author of the work whose title we have placed at the head of this article is a native of Marseilles, in which city he was born in the beginning of this century. Though his father occupied in the great commercial city of France the humble position of a draper, or *marchand de drap*, yet he boasted of a noble Italian origin, and laid some stress on the fact that several of his ancestors filled high magisterial places in the Republic of Genoa. Capefigue, like his compatriots, Thiers and Mignet, commenced his law studies at Aix, somewhere about 1817 or 1818, a couple or three years after the now celebrated writers we have named had left for Paris. He arrived in the French capital in 1821. Unlike Thiers and Mignet, however, our author was of the Royalist, Religious, and Anti-Voltairean school, affected great piety, after the fashion in which piety is understood by pure Papists, and enrolled himself a member of certain societies in which the *Parti Prêtre* had influence. The result was that he was patronized by the ultra-Royalists, who gave him some literary employment in the *Société de Bonnes Lettres*, and procured his admission to the *Ecole des Chartes*. In 1823 he was selected to write the history of the Expedition of the Hero of the *Trocadero* into Spain, a feat which he accomplished in one of the sorriest productions that ever issued from the press. As the star of the Duc d'Angoulême soon declined, his historiographer assumed somewhat of a more liberal tone, and was selected by the eloquent and accomplished Martignac, in 1827, to defend that minister's policy in the *Messenger des Chambres*. The Martignac ministry did not live long; but before its demise, Capefigue had made his peace with the Ultramontanists by the publication of a life of St. Vincent de Paul, a personage who, having been first a simple shepherd, next a Barbary captive, ended by founding what are called *les missions religieuses* in France. At the close of 1827, Capefigue became a writer in the *Moniteur de Commerce*, which he soon left for the liberal *Courrier Français*. This he quitted in turn for the ultra *Gazette de France*, with which he remained in connexion till the commencement of 1830. After the Revolution of the three days, several new journals were established, and, among others, a paper called *Le Temps*, set on foot by an enterprising cooper of Bordeaux, one Jacques Coste, who had made a good deal of money in his

trade. To this journal the flexible Marseillais Capefigue attached himself. From 1827, however, he laboured concurrently at literature, composing, compiling, and gathering together matter for all sorts of speculations and undertakings. One of the fruits of this industry was soon to appear. This was the *History of the Restoration*, in ten volumes, the first two or three of which were given to the public in 1831. A good deal of the material for these, and indeed for the whole work, is supposed to have been supplied by Pasquier and Decazes, who were for a considerable time prominent actors on the political scene in France. Certain it is the *Histoire de la Restauration* is by far the best written and most readable of all Capefigue's productions, and may be consulted with fruit even to this day. From the period of its appearance the compiler seems to have made somewhat of a name with publishers, and thenceforth he engaged in a variety of works, not discontinuing meanwhile to supply articles to the Paris press whenever they were demanded of his fertile pen. In this talent of supplying the reading French public with leaders, the natives of Marseilles, like the natives of Ireland in London, have a wonderful facility. In 1848 there were at least a dozen Marseillais leading-article writers connected with Parisian journals. Capefigue was in that year and still is an anti-English writer in the *Assemblée Nationale*, with his fellow-townsmen Mery, Barthélemy, and Amedée Achard. Jules Gondou, another Marseillois, then as now wrote Ultramontanism and abuse of England in the *Univers*, whilst Taxile Delord, Eugène Forcade, Alexandre Rey, Pougoulat, Eugène Guinot, and Louis and Charles Reybaud, all Marseillais, were connected with other Parisian journals. During the last five-and-twenty years, there can be little doubt, we should think, that M. Capefigue has written at least 4000 newspaper leaders, and compiled and written about eighty volumes of history, politics, sketches, literature, &c. It is evident that such a persevering penman was born for the epoch of book-making industrialism in which we now live.

Many of our readers may, from what we have stated, suppose that Capefigue, like Alexandre Dumas, has half-a-dozen intelligent literary journeymen under his orders, who fill in and colour his rough outlines, but we believe the fact to be otherwise. Any one who takes the trouble of reading, or running through here and there, sixty out of the eighty of M. Capefigue's volumes, will perceive that the scissors and paste play a great part in the composition and manufacture of them. Where the matter is not compiled and heaped together from other publications, you are sure to find a string of common-places written in the most slipshod and ungrammatical French, in which the writer repeats

himself, over and over again, in the most wearisome iteration. From this censure the *History of the Restoration, of the Consulate, and of Louis Philippe* must be excepted; but in all his other works M. Capefigue is a regular literary pirate, a plagiarist seizing on the thoughts and views of others, and too often disfiguring and defacing them. This must necessarily be so with a literary journeyman, who is equally ready to undertake a life of Mahomet, or the Apostle Paul, of Philippe Augustus, or Augustus Cæsar, of Nadir Shah, or of Nicholas of Russia. To exhaust a gallon of schoolmaster's ink, to cut up a gross of grey-geese quills, and to scribble over six reams of French foolscap, or bank post, is with M. Capefigue the work of a very few months. Should any taking subject arise, or should any great work be in preparation, he issues out to Dufey, to Vezard, or to Amyot, lays down his views, sketches his plans, and undertakes, *foi d'honnête homme*, to have his three volumes launched in the literary market long before any rival is more than three-fourths through the task which has occupied him for six, eight, or ten years. This was the manner in which Capefigue set himself up as a kind of rival, and procured the publication of his works, in an opposite sense to M. Thiers and to M. Mignet, on the *History of the Consulate and of the Reformation*. No one acquainted with the literature of France, for a moment, of course, supposed that Capefigue would produce works to compare with those of Thiers or Mignet, but he regarded Napoleon and the Reformation in a different point of view from those popular and successful authors; and there were not wanting a sufficient number of dissidents among the French public to give M. Capefigue a hearing, and therefore the sale of a paying number of copies.

France having, during the last three or four years, become a stock-jobbing, share-holding, railway-brokering, and highly speculative country, in which men and women dabble in the funds with a view to become suddenly rich, the bustling Capefigue bethought him it would be a good speculation to give a history of financial operations—of banks, exchanges, and loans, of bankers, contractors, and purchasers of national property, and the result appears in the volume at present before us.

In the first volume, published about seven or eight months ago, we were given a history of the *Fermiers Généraux*, which was for the most part a compilation; in this volume we have what M. Capefigue, with modest assurance, calls a history of the finances and financiers of the French Republic, with various statements as to the system of assignats, and a great many ill-arranged details as to English finance. From the manner in which M. Capefigue speaks of the Revolution of 1789, and the

men who figured between that epoch and 1792, one would conceive that he was a regular *talon rouge*—a duke or peer *de la vieille cour*, at the very least. Every one at that period showed a ‘pitiful spirit,’ if we are to believe this one-sided writer. Nothing was apparent in the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies but vain mediocrity; all the financial Acts of these two assemblies were marked by ignorance and weakness. Mirabeau was the ‘most corrupt and declamatory of men’—the financial committee was composed of economists, philanthropists, and cliqueists—classes of persons at whom M. Capefigue turns up his aristocratic nose with utter disdain. With more reason he objects to the abolition of the *impôts indirects*, which were not very onerous and easily collected, and to the repeal of the taxes on wines, salt, the *dixième*, *vingtième*, *péages barrières*, *octrois*, &c.

The ‘*dons patriotiques*,’ he terms a farce; and certainly they do not appear to have been very considerable. For instance, patriotic women laid on the altar of their country, as it was called, their ear-rings and silk stuffs—the men, old worn-out fire-arms—and the priests, their chalices and pyxes. These, it must be confessed, were not very valuable in a national point of view. The seizure of the silver utensils of the corporations and churches, M. Capefigue denounces as sacrilege. The decree directing the melting down of church bells, he calls odious and ridiculous. The spoliators, however, were disappointed in the metal of the church bells; it was found that it was composed of five-sixths of copper and one-sixth of pewter, mixed with a little antimony, so that it was useless for money, except for the copper it contained.

M. Capefigue holds that the first Revolution inundated France with two classes of people who were marked with the mark of the beast. These were first, *les financiers Suisses*, whom this senseless bigot says reproachfully were always Protestants; and the second class were *les Juifs des bords du Rhin et d’Allemagne*. These Swiss Bankers, this senseless author says, had none of the grace—the *prodigalités artistiques* (such abominable French is untranslatable) of the *Fermiers Généraux* of the age of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., those noble protectors of the intelligence, the luxury, and the intoxication of civilization, ‘*ces nobles protecteurs de l’intelligence, du luxe, et des ivresses de la civilisation*.’ To this and to many other such stupid *platitudes* there is a foot note, *Voyez mon Louis XV.* This is an artifice of advertisement to which this literary tradesman has on every occasion recourse. If he be writing of Napoleon, Louis XVIII., or Charles X., you are sure to find a foot note, *Voyez mon Louis XIV.*, or *mon Louis Philippe*, or if he be only on Louis

Philippe, or on Louis Napoleon, there is a foot note, *Voyez mon Richelieu, or Mazarin, or mon Histoire Constitutionnelle, or Administrative.* It is difficult to say whether Protestants or Jews are the most obnoxious to M. Capefigue. The Jews, he tells us, began in Paris, after the Revolution, by the *petit commerce*, by horse dealing, usury, and the purchasing of assignats. They did not so early appear as bankers, or enter into rivalry with the Genoese, but contented themselves with purchasing old furniture of *châteaux* and churches, jewels, &c. In Alsace and Lorraine they became mortgagees of a great deal of property. In Paris they had a kind of *Ghetto*, where they were protected by the Abbé Gregoire, who had maintained their rights in an academical discourse.

After the great issue of assignats in 1794, everything was paid in paper money; government contracts, debt dividend, &c. Fabre d'Eglantine Chabot, the ex-Capuchin, and his two brothers-in-law, the German bankers Frey, were the great speculators in Indian bonds and securities. The Convention, Capefigue tells us, hastened the sale of the *Biens Nationaux*. This species of property was sold at a fabulous cheapness, and payment of the one-tenth was allowed in assignats. In Paris, the patriots of the Danton party, such as Fabre d'Eglantine, the Count of Redern, Saint Simon, the two German bankers Frey, and the ex-Capuchin Chabot, purchased with handfulls of worthless assignats, the finest mansions, estates, and old fiefs. M. Capefigue mourns, as a *preux chevalier*, that coverts of game were destroyed and the underwood which protected them remorselessly cut down. He weeps over the destruction of tapestry *de haute et basse lisse* with the zealous, woful countenance of an old curiosity shopkeeper who has lost some valuable old China or point lace, and laments the destruction of those boxes and cabinets inlaid with ivory, of those China bowls, now so much regretted. Such is the trash which a man of five-and-fifty puts forward near the close of what is called this enlightened nineteenth century.

The two financial Committees of the National Convention meet with the special objurcation of M. Capefigue, and he denounces Vidallin, Pelletier, Freciné, Fouché, Français de Nantes, as well as Cambon, Legendre, and a score of others.

Before the convocation of the States-General there was much gambling on the *Bourse of Paris*. The two most inveterate dabblers in the public stocks were the Abbés d'Espagnac and Talleyrand, both friends of the Minister Calonne. The pretension of each age is to be better than the age which preceded it. At the period of the first French Revolution some of the leading



reformers announced that gambling was to be driven from the earth, yet the evil existed during the Convention in a more hideous form than at any period during the reign of Louis XVI.

Three revolutions, and half a dozen changes in forms of government, have taken place since the Convention; but Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, we regret to say, of our own day, are far worse as gamblers on the Bourse than the men of 1790 and 1794. In 1791, the constitutional prelate, Talleyrand, speculated in *Assignats* in the *Caisse d'Escompte*, in shares in the India Company, and in the shares of the Banks of St. Charles, then directed by *Cabarras*, (the father of Mdlle. Tallien); and his friend, the Abbé d'Espagnac, after having run the round of the funds, and rigged the market in every possible way, became a contractor for the army. If we are to give credit to the details of M. Capefigue (which we confess we do not), Talleyrand, while engaged in a diplomatic mission in England, played on the Exchange, alternately for a rise or a fall, till such time as he had established a commercial house in America, to which country he retired in 1792.

The Abbé d'Espagnac was not so fortunate. He became compromised as a contractor for the army of Belgium and Piedmont, was summoned to the bar of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and perished on the scaffold. Bazire, son of a merchant of Dijon, and Chabot, the ex-Capuchin, shared a like fate. Chabot, according to the unsupported assertion of Capefigue, was very fond of money. Be this as it may, it is certain—which Capefigue does not state—that he was of a humane and merciful disposition. During the September massacres he saved many priests, and the Abbé de Sicard, who so distinguished himself in teaching the deaf and dumb, owed to him his life.

'During the year 1791,' says Capefigue, 'a multitude of Jews, Protestants, and *Faiseurs d'affaires*, crowded Paris, from Geneva, Neuchâtel, Bâle, Berlin, Vienna, and Frankfort. Among these were the brothers Frey, before mentioned, who gained in the space of a year, by dealing in *assignats*, near eighteen millions of francs.' The brothers Frey allied themselves with the Dantonists, and were sworn friends with Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine, Chabot, Bazire, &c. The Freys lived in a fine mansion in the *Place Vendôme*. Their sister married Chabot, and in this way they knew all that was passing in the Committees of Public Safety, and could regulate their stock-jobbing accordingly. The most active instruments of the bankers Frey were Fabre d'Eglantine and Delauney d'Angers.

Of the Dantonists, Capefigue says, that they were always actuated by the double desire of realizing money and enjoying

themselves in the grossest way. Hebert, who had been a ticket-taker at a small theatre on the Boulevards, had acquired more than a million. Chaumette, the son of a shoemaker, who wished to pull down the mansions in the Faubourg St. Germain and plant potato-fields on the ruins, realized a considerable fortune; and Anacharsis Clootz, while preaching liberty and equality, realized somewhat near 8000*l.* a year of our money. Sergent and Paris, both members of the *Commune*, who signed the orders for the September massacres, received into their hands the effects of the *Fermiers Généraux*, of the Directors of the *Caisse d'Escompte*, the diamonds of the *Garde meuble*, and the jewels of the victims massacred in the prisons.

The value of the property acquired to the nation by the *arrêts* of the Revolutionary Tribunal Capefigue counts at more than two hundred millions. After the payment of the first twelfth, the purchaser of national property entered into possession; the remaining eleven-twelfths were paid at long intervals of time. Such facilities of purchasing, coupled with the power of paying in assignats, gave immense advantages to the buyers of national property. A number of strangers and adventurers were attracted to Paris, and among them, says the Ultramontane Capefigue, who never omits an opportunity of having a fling at Protestantism—the Swiss Protestants and the German Jews. The largest purchasers were Claude Henri, Count of St. Simon, who claimed to be descended of the Counts of Vermandois, and the Count de Redern, a Prussian. Between them these two speculators purchased to the tune of seventeen millions in Paris, and it is estimated that they each acquired about 200,000 francs a year, or 8000*l.* of our money, by their speculations.

In the chapter entitled *La Banque et l'Industrie*, M. Capefigue introduces the name of Cambon. The principal reproach he has to make against him is that he was a Protestant; these are his words:—*Cambon d'origine du midi était Protestant; or l'on sait l'esprit d'aide mutuelle et de fraternité que lie tous les membres de l'Eglise Calviniste.*

In the chapter on the *Fournisseurs*, a history is given of the contracts of the Abbé d'Espagnac. This Abbé undertook to provision the army of the Alps in 1792, and acquitted himself with ability. In 1793, he further engaged to furnish the army of Dumouriez with wagons. In this undertaking he made a great deal of money, but when the star of Dumouriez was no longer in the ascendant, d'Espagnac was dragged before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and condemned, before he had attained the age of forty. Among the mercantile men engaged as army contractors at this period was M. Perregaux, a Swiss of the

canton of Neuchâtel. He also was accused before the Revolutionary Tribunal, but, receiving warning in time, fled to Switzerland. In Switzerland he remained till after the ninth Thermidor, when he returned to France with augmented credit and fortune, and became in our own day the first banker in Paris. A quarter of a century ago the firm was known under the name of Perregaux and Lafitte.

Another speculator of those days was Claude Louis Perrier, the father of the late Casimir Perrier. He was of a rich family of Dauphiné, which had increased its fortunes by a manufactory of linen cloth, which it had established at Voiron. Claude Perrier purchased '*Biens Nationaux*' of all kinds, and, among other things, the ground of the convent of the *Feuillants*, near the Tuileries, on which great part of the Rue de Rivoli and Rue de la Paix now stand. Subsequently, Claude Perrier acquired the rich mines of Anzin, the source of the fortune of his house.

The Revolution had its rich men, its monetary power, and its aristocracy, as well as the ancient Government. The recipients of power and wealth constantly change; but under every form of Government not absolutely communistic, power and wealth must reside in certain hands. Democracy but too often hides an envious and jealous sentiment. When the democrat levels down existing superiorities, how often does he, having enriched himself by the spoil, become the champion of property and order.

Hundreds of such ancient democrats, sticklers for property and order, appeared in the first Revolution. But they were men who had bought ancient domains, estates, and fiefs at 300 per cent. below their value.

M. Capefigue gives great credit to Nogaret, Merlin de Douai, Berlier, Gaudin, Cambacérés, and Lebrun for the efforts which they made from 1795 to sustain public credit, and for the general probity of their characters as public men and administrators.

On Talleyrand he passes a severe censure, and charges him with corruption in the high office of Minister for Foreign Affairs. Every treaty, says he, that passed through the Foreign Office was preceded by what is called *douceurs*; that is to say, a certain sum of money was given by the agents of the Powers who were treating with the Directory. Talleyrand was far too cunning to receive these *douceurs* directly. He had his male and female agents whom he could disavow at will. Touching this subject a great scandal took place with Messrs. Pinckney and Marshall, when they were Extraordinary Envoys of the United States of America. Both Republics were at that period at variance upon the rights of neutral commerce. Mr. Adams, in his message, had spoken in no measured terms of the French

Government. The Directory, nettled at this language, declared the American Envoys would only be received after a formal retraction of the words of the message. When Talleyrand announced this resolve to Mr. Pinckney, he declared that this was not 'the last word of the French Government,' and that there was still a mode of arrangement. Some days afterwards André d'Arbelles and Saint Foix, agents of Talleyrand, announced to Mr. Pinckney that there was a manner of settling the affair, and this was by paying a good round sum to the credit of the Directory. Mr. Bellamy, the banker of M. Talleyrand, at Hamburgh, visited Mr. Marshall with the same view as d'Arbelles, and announced to him that all would be amicably arranged if the American Government would place a million of ducats at the Bank of Hamburgh to the credit of the Directory. This proposition was noised abroad through the American and French press, and the French agents were disavowed by the Directory and the Minister of Foreign Affairs in person. This statement is circumstantial and specific enough, and the only comment Capefigue makes on it is, that it was generally believed because it was quite in harmony with the loose morality of the time.

Of Cabarrus, the founder of the Bank of St. Charles, at Madrid, M. Capefigue gives some details which we do not remember to have seen before in print. It appears that he was one of the secret negotiators of the Treaty of Bâle, and that when he established a branch banking-house at Paris, he undertook the operations of the French Treasury in its relations with Spain. Madame Tallien, the beautiful daughter of Cabarrus, who first married M. de Fontenay, from whom she was divorced—secondly, Tallien, from whom she was likewise divorced—and subsequently the Prince de Chimay, who survived her, was the intermediary between the French Directory and the Government of Spain.

In the chapter on *Les Gens d'Affaires, Fournisseurs, et Spéculateurs*, M. Capefigue gives a history of Ouvrard more curious than edifying, and also of Vanlerberghe, Collot, Perregaux, and Michel Frères. In entering into details as to the habits, manners, dress, and mode of life of the new financiers and jobbers of the Revolution, M. Capefigue is curious in his details. These men wore fine linen, earrings, had a diamond ring on the finger, a cane in the hand, a blue, yellow, or scarlet coat, and the indispensable eye-glass. This motley costume was called *à l'incroyable*, and finds no favour in the eye of M. Capefigue. It wants, says he, the charming grace, the fine and delicate flavour of the Court of Louis XVI.! And then he breaks out into this silly exclamation: '*Le Ministère de M. de Calonne est à mon sens la plus belle époque du règne des élégants financiers.*'

The financiers of the Revolution, we are told, yielded to *gloutonnerie révolutionnaire*; they liked coarse dishes and common wines. There were four dishes, of a deplorable vulgarity (quoth our author), invented in all that time: one, *la sauce Robert*; the other, the *poulet sauté*, with a seasoning of oil and garlic, which afterwards was called *le poulet à la Marengo*; the others were the *matelote Normande* and *la sauce en tortue*, *plats abondants* (says this great connoisseur), *et pleins de trivialité*. Yet the restaurateurs and cooks, patronized by the revolutionary celebrities, Capefigue tells us, had been antecedently the cooks of the ancient aristocrats. Thus, the *Frères Provençaux* had been the cooks of the Archbishop of Aix, and Robert, says Capefigue—mark the words!—had belonged (*avait appartenu*) to the Prince de Condé. The excellent *pâtissier* Bailly came from the mansion of M. de la Poplinière, and Richaud Frères, *les grands sauciers*, had been employed in the kitchens of the Prince de Rohan Soubise. *Carême*, says Capefigue, *fut leur élève chéri*. This is certainly a new manner of writing history—a manner of which Mr. Macaulay would do well to take note. The charges made against Talleyrand in this book are really of the most serious kind. Between the 18th and 20th Brumaire he is said to have netted 1,500,000*fr.* by successful gambling for a rise. Between the interval of the two days, it should be observed that the French funds rose from 17 to 30.

Such was the condition of finance speculative and official morality in France from 1790 to the Revolution of 1830, and in the more than a quarter of a century that has elapsed since this latter period we greatly doubt that there has been any improvement; indeed, for the last four years, things have grown decidedly worse. Every one remembers, in the reign of Louis Philippe, the scandals caused by the affairs of Pellapra, Teste, General Cubières, the case of the Directeur des Subsistances at Rochefort, who put an end to his existence to avoid the exposure of his defalcations, and the cases of Benier, Drouillard, and Lagrange, all of whom were defaulters, and the failure of Lehon; but, since the inauguration of the Empire, gambling on the Exchange of Paris, and gambling in joint-stock companies, have increased to a frightful extent. When society is afflicted with such a malady as this, to use the language of Capefigue, it becomes tainted with a Jewish and venal spirit, and is ready to do anything for a sufficient per-centage or profit. The misfortune in France, of late years, has been to confound public credit with that which, in the language of the French

*Bourse*, is called *l'agiotage*. No two things, however, can be more distinct.

Wholesome and reasonable speculation is useful and favourable to any well-constituted commercial country, but *agiotage*, or stock-jobbing, is the very reverse. In free and civilized communities, enjoying security and peace, healthful speculation is sure fully to develop itself without extrinsic aid; whereas stock-jobbing, fund and share gambling—in a word, what the French call *agiotage*—are never so active as in times of public calamity and trouble. Legitimate speculation proceeds by open and regular courses; *agiotage* is a kind of betting or gambling, in which there is always a lurking design to gain an advantage over your neighbour. To commercial speculation the investment of capital is necessary; in *agiotage*, on the contrary, operations are carried on without capital: a purchaser buys public securities, what is called *à terme* in the language of the Bourse of Paris, for the purpose of realizing as soon as possible, without the outlay of a *sou*.

That there are many indefensible and immoral things done on our own Stock Exchange, and among our own stockbrokers, jobbers, and dabblers in funds and shares, we are well aware. But our Stock Exchange and sharebrokers, at all events, have no connexion with the Government, and no public man in office is supposed to have any transactions on the Stock Exchange, or with commercial affairs of any kind. In France, unfortunately, it is different. All the Bourses are under the immediate dependence of the Government, which regulates them at will. The Prefect of Police of Paris is charged under the Minister of Commerce with the regulation of the Paris Bourse. The operations are carried on by sixty *Agents de Change*, sixty *Courtiers de Commerce*, and eight *Courtiers d'Assurance*. The sixty *Agents de Change* are named by the Government—they are in every sense of the word ministerial functionaries,—and they have the right of naming their successors. Each of them gives a security or *cautionnement* of 125,000*fr.* But, although the sum appears large, yet it has practically been found insufficient to cover the debts and deficiencies of defaulters. By the French law the *Agent de Change* ought not to operate on his own account; but every day this law is violated with impunity. The Bourse opens at one in Paris, and business begins at half-past one, when a crier announces the prices of each sale. This price forms the *cours*; but, irrespective of the *cours*, operations *à terme*, i. e., bets on a rise or fall, are made everywhere—in the Rue Vivienne, on the Boulevards, in the Passage de l'Opéra, at

Tortoni's, at the Café de Paris—so that there is now a *small* or *petite Bourse* in all the thoroughfares of the *Grande Bourse*. It is an established custom of the Bourse that women are excluded from its *salle*. But, though the fair sex may not enter the *salle*, they carry on their operations on the *promenoir* or on the *peridrome* around its walls. About 2000 men may be daily seen speculating within the *salle*, and half the number of women are often congregated in the *promenoir* and adjacent streets. These 2000 are changed six times in the day, for, on an average, 12,000 persons frequent the Bourse daily. It is not in the Three or the Four and a half per cent., or the shares of the Bank of France, that these women are speculating, but in the *Crédit Mobilier*, in the *Crédit Foncier et Obligations Foncières*, in the *Actions des Chemins de Fer du Nord, d'Orléans, de l'Est, de l'Ouest, or la Méditerranée*. Sometimes the fair dames venture to speculate in foreign railways, and very often in *Omnibus, Petites Voitures, and Gas Shares*. The *droit de courtage*, or brokerage, is one-eighth per cent. The greatest number of *marches à terme* are fictitious. That the Parisian Bourse requires a complete, general, and sweeping reform is admitted on all hands. The *Agents de Change, Courtiers, Marrons, and Coulissiers* have, it is computed, twenty-five milliards of securities in French and foreign funds, and shares of all kinds to negotiate. This mass of securities is daily increasing, and no one knows what would happen if any serious crisis were to come suddenly on the market. That a crisis may arise any day, none will deny. The money power of France has been greatly taxed by loans for the war, by calls for the railroads, domestic and foreign, and by the operations of the *Crédit Mobilier* and *Crédit Foncier*. We learn by the *Journal des Chemins de Fer*, that the sum required to be raised for railroads this year would amount to 300 millions of francs, or about 12 millions sterling, and that the entire sum spent on railroads within a very few years has been 125,200,000*l.* sterling. This is an immense sum, and although railways are ultimately paying and productive in highly civilized countries, yet they slowly become so. Railroads yet remain to be constructed in France, involving an expenditure of 50 millions; and when all these shares, in addition to French docks and Russian railways, are thrown on the market, the frenzy of speculation will be quintupled. It is computed that from 11,000 to 12,000 people now daily frequent the Bourse. Should an addition of another 100 millions of francs of different shares be thrown on the market, we shall find from 20,000 to 30,000 persons frequenting the *salle* daily. The place of *Agent de Change* is now considered to be worth from 100,000 to 150,000*f.* If the market be saturated with new shares, and the number of

*Agents de Change* be not increased, the place will be considered worth from 200,000 to 250,000*f*. No two institutions in France have so much induced a spirit of gambling among all classes as the *Crédit Mobilier* and *Crédit Foncier*, both of which date from 1852. The operations of the first-named society extend through a great part of Europe, and the operations of the second are also very multifarious. M. de Morny, at present French Ambassador in Russia, has been much mixed up with the operations of the *Crédit Mobilier*, and his proceedings have not tended to raise our estimate of French politicians. Should any financial crisis come on France within the next year, woe to the reckless shareholders and purchasers in the *Crédit Mobilier*.

The society of the *Crédit Foncier de France* was authorized by the decrees of the 28th of March and the 10th of December, 1852. Its operations extend over the whole of France, with the exception of six departments. The capital consists of 60,000,000*f*., and the society cannot lend to any one individual more than 1,000,000*f*. nor less than 300*f*.

The *Société Générale de Crédit Mobilier*, established by a decree of 18th November, 1852, is a species of bank, the partners in which have not given their names. Its principal operations consist in purchasing or acquiring shares in public companies, provided they be *en sociétés anonymes*. Secondly, in circulating its own securities for a sum equivalent to the shares or stock purchased. Thirdly, in selling and exchanging all actions and obligations so acquired. Fourthly, in lending on public securities, on the deposits of *actions* and *obligations*, &c. The capital of the society is fixed at 60,000,000*f*., and it is represented by 120,000 shares of 500*f*. each. The society can circulate its own '*obligations*' for a sum six times as large as its capital. It will be seen how dangerous a power this confers on the many speculators and projectors connected with the company. A day of reckoning is sure at length to come, and then the final settlement may be as disastrous as the affairs of the Tipperary and Royal British Banks.



- ART. VIII.—(1.) *Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power.* Boston. 1852.
- (2.) *A Few Months in America.* By JAMES ROBERTSON. London. 1853.
- (3.) *The Constitution of the United States compared with our own.* By H. S. TREMENEERE. London. 1854.
- (4.) *An Address illustrative of the Nature and Power of the Slave States, and the Duties of the Free States.* By JOSIAH QUINCY. Boston. 1856.
- (5.) *A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States, from the Declaration of Independence to the Present Day.* By HORACE GREELEY. New York. 1856.
- (6.) *A History of the American Compromises.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. London. 1856.
- (7.) *America Free—or America Slave; an Address on the State of the Country, delivered by JOHN JAY, at Bedford, Westchester, New York, October 8th, 1856.* New York. 1856.

Soon after the appearance of M. de Tocqueville's *Démocratie en Amérique*, a young student fresh from the University, and strongly imbued with ultra-radical principles, was so much delighted with the Frenchman's glowing account of the republican institutions of the United States, that he resolved to translate the work into English for the benefit of his benighted fellow-countrymen. Having completed his task, he offered the manuscript to a publisher holding opinions similar to his own, on the condition that the work should be brought out at a low price, so as to place it within the reach of the million. The publisher, after looking over the translation, declined the task, on the ground that the book was much more likely to injure than to promote the cause of democracy in this country. In that opinion of the radical publisher we fully concur. Were we desirous of converting an ardent republican theorist to more wholesome political thought, we could not place in his hands a more useful book than the one we have named. If a course of De Tocqueville, coupled with a careful study of the actual working of the model republic during the last twenty years, is not sufficient to make the most grumbling Radical thankful that he lives under what Dr. Arnold called 'the kingly commonwealth of England,' we should deem his condition utterly hopeless.

One of the most interesting chapters in De Tocqueville's work is that relating to the mode in which the President is elected. Up to the time he wrote (soon after the revolution which drove

Charles the Tenth into exile), the political circumstances under which the elections had been carried on were not of a very critical nature, and therefore his remarks on the dangers to be apprehended from the working of the elective system relate more to what was likely to happen than to what had actually taken place. But political corruption in the United States partakes of the same rapid growth as the wealth and numbers of its population. Who can read the following passage from De Tocqueville, for example, and reflect upon the conduct of President Pierce, in his home and foreign policy, without perceiving how accurately it represents the motives by which he has been swayed throughout the greater part of his career?—

‘It is impossible to consider the ordinary course of affairs in the United States without perceiving that the desire of being re-elected is the chief aim of the President; that his whole administration, and even his most indifferent measures, tend to this object; and that, as the crisis approaches, his personal interest takes the place of his interest for the public good. The principle of re-eligibility renders the corrupt influence of elective governments still more extensive and pernicious. It tends to degrade the political morality of the people, and to substitute adroitness for patriotism.

‘In America it exercises a still more fatal influence on the sources of national existence. Every government seems to be inflicted by some evil inherent in its nature, and the genius of the legislator is shown in eluding its attacks. A state may survive the influence of a host of bad laws, and the mischief they cause is frequently exaggerated; but a law which encourages the growth of the canker within must prove fatal in the end, although its bad consequences may not be immediately perceived.’

One great mistake of the founders of the American Constitution, as De Tocqueville proceeds to show, was allowing the re-election of the President. The result of this has been to make the chief magistrate of the Republic ‘an easy tool in the hands of the majority. He adopts its likings and its animosities, he hastens to anticipate its wishes, he forestalls its complaints, he yields to its idlest cravings, and, instead of guiding it, as the legislature intended that he should do, he is ever ready to follow its bidding.’ One of the most moderate American newspapers—the *New York Evening Post*—describes the policy of Mr. Pierce in terms which show how clearly M. de Tocqueville foresaw the evils likely to arise from this defect in the American constitution:—

‘The great ambition of Mr. Pierce,’ says the *Post*, ‘during his term of public service, has been to be nominated and elected to the Presidency a second time. It was for this that he violated pledges

solemnly taken; it was for this that he pressed through Congress, by purchased votes, a measure (the Nebraska Bill) which broke faith between the North and South, and made them bitter enemies; it was for this that he became an accomplice in the conspiracy to introduce slavery into Kansas by fraud and bloodshed; it was for this that he has made his name a term of scorn among two-thirds of the population of the United States.'

In return for all this wretched truckling to the slave power, the Democratic Convention, which assembled at Cincinnati a few months ago, to nominate a pro-slavery candidate for the Presidential chair, threw Mr. Pierce overboard in the most unceremonious manner, and resolved to support Mr. Buchanan, on the ground that he is favourable to the extension of slavery and the annexation policy. Not that the present occupant of the White House differs a single jot from the Cincinnati nominee on either of these two questions. His treacherous conduct with reference to the civil war in Kansas, and his promulgation of the Monroe doctrine in his Message to Congress, at the opening of last session, show that, whatever misgivings he may have had at one period, he is now willing to devote himself, body and soul, to the service of the slave power. But, in carrying out the despotic policy of the South, he had excited a most formidable amount of hatred against the Government. A sacrifice was required to propitiate the respectable business-men of the North, and therefore Franklin Pierce, after serving the purpose of his employers, was flung aside.

Ordinary newspaper readers, who have not taken the pains to make themselves acquainted with the position of parties in the United States, can hardly form a definite notion of the wide difference between American and English politics. They find the terms Whig and Democrat employed to denote the two great sections into which the active politicians of America were divided, up to a recent period, and they very naturally suppose that the Whigs must hold opinions of a much more aristocratic character than those entertained by their opponents. The truth is, that both parties are what we should call democratic; indeed, it is many years since the remnant of an aristocratic party disappeared from public view. Previous to the Revolution there was a territorial aristocracy in the free states of the Union, which exercised a powerful conservative influence on public opinion. But the abolition of the English law relating to the transmission of property soon produced a change. At the beginning of the present century the estates of the landed gentry began to be parcelled out, and since then they have been so thoroughly subdivided, that this class has nearly all commingled with the gene-

ral mass of the community. As for the wealthy classes, who have made their fortunes by trade, manufactures, or other methods, they take no part in the management of public affairs. Even at the time when De Tocqueville visited the United States, they had fairly given up the field to the triumphant democracy.

'At the present day,' says the author of *Democracy in America*, 'the more affluent classes of society are so entirely removed from the direction of political affairs in the United States, that wealth, far from conferring a right to the exercise of power, is rather an obstacle than a means of attaining it. The wealthy members of the community abandon the lists, through unwillingness to contend, and frequently to contend in vain, against the poorest classes of their countrymen. They concentrate all their enjoyment in the privacy of their homes, where they occupy a rank which cannot be assumed in public; and they constitute a private society in the State, which has its tastes and its own pleasures. They submit to this state of things as an irremediable evil, but they are careful not to show that they are galled by its continuance; it is not uncommon to hear them laud the delights of a republican government, and the advantages of democratic institutions, *when they are in public*. Next to hating their enemies, men are most inclined to flatter them.

'Mark, for instance, that opulent citizen, who is as anxious as a Jew of the middle ages to conceal his wealth. His dress is plain, his demeanour unassuming; but the interior of his dwelling glitters with luxury, and none but a few chosen guests whom he haughtily styles his equals, are allowed to penetrate into this sanctuary. No European noble is more exclusive in his pleasures, or more jealous of the smallest advantages which his privileged station confers upon him. But the very same individual crosses the city to reach a dark counting-house in the centre of traffic, where every one may accost him who pleases. If he meets his cobbler upon the way, they stop and converse; the two citizens discuss the affairs of the State in which they have an equal interest, and they shake hands before they part. But beneath this artificial enthusiasm, and these obsequious attentions to the preponderating power, it is easy to perceive that the wealthy members of the community entertain a hearty distaste to the democratic institutions of their country. The populace is at once the object of their scorn and of their fears. If the mal-administration of the democracy ever brings about a revolutionary crisis, and if monarchical institutions ever become practicable in the United States, the truth of what I advance will become obvious.'

The class of timid capitalists whom De Tocqueville describes in this passage, is chiefly composed of the merchants and manufacturers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other large towns in the North. These are the men whom Theodore Parker calls the '*Money Power*,' and to their betrayal of the cause of freedom he ascribes the recent daringly aggressive policy of the

**Slave Power.** Two kinds of influence are employed by the unscrupulous politicians of the South in their management of the various sections of the 'Upper Ten Thousand'—cajolery and intimidation. As an instance of the way in which the milder process is applied to the Northern mind, the author of *Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power* gives the following account of the means by which the support of the cotton aristocracy was obtained to the iniquitous bill for the re-annexation of Texas:—

'A small system of high protective duties has long been regarded by not a few Northern Whigs as the one object to be secured by political action. To this class of politicians Mr. Walker of Mississippi (afterwards Secretary of the Treasury) addressed himself, when, in his famous letter on annexation, he said, 'Let it be known and proclaimed as a certain truth, and as a result which can never hereafter be changed or recalled, that upon the refusal of re-annexation, now, and in all time to come, the tariff, as a practical measure, falls wholly and for ever, and we shall thereafter be compelled to resort to direct taxes to support the Government.' What influence this had over individual minds, no one can undertake to say; but certain it is, that gentlemen largely interested in the cotton manufacture were leaders in the retreat which followed.'

Few of our readers will regret to learn that the 'gentlemen largely interested in the cotton manufacture' did not reap the reward of their selfish submission to the commands of the Slave Power. As an act of retributive justice, it is so far satisfactory to know that the majority which repealed the Protective Tariff of 1842 was created by the two senatorial votes from Texas.\*

Among the various modes of intimidation employed to paralyse the political action of the respectable classes in the North, with reference to slavery, the most successful one adopted hitherto has been the threat of disunion. The coarser process of bullying was tried to an outrageous extent last session, by Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, and other doughty champions of the slavery interest, but the result was not calculated to encourage a repetition of the same line of warfare. In ordinary times such conduct as that of the brutal assailant of Mr. Charles Sumner might perhaps have had the effect of frightening the majority into silence; but in a revolutionary epoch, like that through which the Union

\* We should like to know what number of Pennsylvanian ironmasters voted and worked for Buchanan at the late election. It is well known that there is a strong body of Protectionists in that State, and that they would willingly surrender a great deal in favour of a high tariff. Has there been no bargain between the respectable capitalists of the Quaker State, for their influence in favour of the pro-slavery candidate, on condition of his promoting their special interests? If any such arrangement has taken place, it ought to be exposed and denounced by the Republican press.

is passing, a resort to physical force, by the dominant party in Congress, only serves to strengthen and extend the moral influence of the Opposition.

The threat of disunion, to which the Slave Power always resorts when it finds itself in danger of being successfully checkmated upon any vital question by the united opposition of the North, is something like the obsolete cry of the Church or the Constitution in danger, by which politicians of the last generation obtained the support of men of substance in this country against every measure of practical reform. But the American Slave Power is not content, as our English Tories would gladly have been, with the domestic *status quo*. For many years past the slaveholders have been the aggressive party, making continual inroads upon the republicanism of the constitution for the promotion of their own selfish ends, and all the while boasting that they are the most devoted followers of Jefferson and Jackson—the demigods of democratic idolatry. One after another they have carried their cunningly-devised measures for the extension of slavery, and even when the North seemed to have become thoroughly alive to the demoralizing and dangerous tendency of the policy endorsed by the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati last summer, the threadbare device of threatening to break up the Union if Colonel Fremont were elected President, served, more than any other argument, to give Mr. Buchanan so much support in the Free States as secured him a majority for the Presidency on the 4th of November.

So long as the struggle for the Presidency lasted, the friends of freedom on this side of the Atlantic indulged in sanguine hopes of the success of Fremont. They saw that the best men of New England and the other States of the North were everywhere coming forward in his support. They were told that the German settlers, a numerous class in Ohio and Pennsylvania, who had hitherto gone with the Democrats *en masse*, under the delusion that they were thereby promoting the cause of freedom, had declared in favour of the Anti-Slavery candidate. The ministers of religion throughout the North were said to be nearly all on the same side, and, to crown all, the four leading newspapers of New York—the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Herald*, and the *Courier and Enquirer*, each possessing an immense circulation, gave their hearty support to Colonel Fremont. And then the glorious cause of which the Republican candidate was the champion! That of itself seemed enough to secure the hearty co-operation of all true-hearted men throughout the Union. To vote for Mr. Buchanan, the nominee of the Slave Power, who had pledged himself to take the 'Cincinnati platform' as his political creed, was to vote for

slavery in Kansas, slavery in Nebraska, slavery in Utah and Mexico, filibustering in Central America, and the annexation of Cuba at the first favourable opportunity. The cause of the Republicans, on the other hand, was that of freedom in Kansas, the repression of slavery within its present limits, and the unqualified condemnation of the filibustering policy of the Democrats.

But in looking at the political action of the two great parties into which the Union is now divided, the people of England can hardly form a definite notion of the extent to which the baser influences are brought to bear upon American constituencies in the heat of an election contest. We hear a great deal about electoral corruption and intimidation in this country; but what would be thought of a system by which every postmaster throughout the United Kingdom, and every other office-holder down to the humblest grade, was forced to vote through thick and thin for whatever ministry was in power, with the pleasant prospect of being turned out of his berth in the event of the Opposition coming into power? To General Jackson belongs the discredit of having first adopted the disgraceful, demoralizing rule of making appointment to official situations the open reward of party services. 'The spoils belong to the conqueror,' was the watchword of his followers, and the principle which regulated his conduct when placed in the Presidential chair. The veteran soldier carried the same warm feelings into the political contest as those by which he had been animated when fighting against Great Britain and the Indian tribes. Whoever opposed the election of General Jackson in 1828, or his re-election in 1832, was deemed the enemy of the United States, and must be punished accordingly. Even those who remained neutral deserved to suffer for their want of patriotism. In accordance with this sweeping rule, the whole of the custom-houses and post-offices were filled with subservient Jacksonites. Previous to that period officials took no active part in election proceedings, indeed the orders of the Federal Government expressly forbade them to interfere in any way. The triumphant Democracy soon put an end to all such old-fashioned notions. The battle for 'the spoils' is now the openly-declared object for which a numerous portion of the electors engage in the Presidential contest, and it may easily be conceived what a large amount of influence this must have given to the Democrats at the late election. The following copy of a circular, which was sent to the postmasters generally throughout the Union, will show what the American Democracy means by freedom of election.

‘ TO THE POSTMASTER OF —.

‘ Dear Sir,—At a private consultation of the leading Democrats of the Union held in this city, immediately after the adjournment of the Cincinnati Convention, it was recommended that each Postmaster be requested to contribute an amount proportionate to the receipts of their respective offices. Upon examining the returns of the Post-office Department, it is found that your proportion would be three dollars, which you will confer a favour by remitting by return of mail.

‘ The principal object in making these collections is to throw into the doubtful States an immense quantity of speeches in favour of the policy of the Democratic party, and also to assist in defraying the expenses of speakers who will be employed during the coming canvass. You will, therefore, perceive that *every Postmaster who wishes for a continuance of his official position will find it is his interest to use every effort to bring about so desirable a result.* Postmasters are appealed to because they are considered the representatives of the party in their respective localities, and being the recipients of the patronage of the administration, it is but just that they should comply with its demands.

‘ Please send us the name of some reliable leading Democrat in your town whom we can confer with hereafter.

‘ Address            PERRIN M. BROWN, Jun.,  
‘ Washington City, D. C., 1856.’

\* Much as we had heard of the astonishing perfection achieved by the American Democratic leaders in their mode of managing the electoral body, we were hardly prepared for so candid an exposure of their system as is furnished by this document. In that business-like style for which our Transatlantic kinsmen surpass all other nations, they plainly tell the thirty or forty thousand Postmasters throughout the Union that, if they wish to retain office, they must subscribe liberally to the election fund, and use every other means in their power to promote the return of the Democratic nominee. ‘ Postmasters being the recipients of the ‘ patronage of the Administration, it is but just that they should ‘ comply with its demands.’ If they do not, they know what to expect. ‘ The mere fact of such a threat being held out to those officials by the Slave Power, without calling forth a burst of universal indignation from the men to whom it is addressed, as well as from the community at large, throws more light upon the degraded state of political morality in the United States than has been furnished by any one who has written upon the subject for the last twenty years.

As an instance of the wretched subserviency of the Post-



masters in the South-to the powers at Washington, the *New York Tribune* lately contained a letter from a lady residing in Georgia, who complained that her letters had been opened at the office, simply because she was suspected of being opposed to slavery. She declared that she had never taken any part in the anti-slavery agitation in any way whatever. The only offence of which she had been guilty was the writing to a friend in Kansas. That rendered her a suspected person, and the Postmaster, acting in strict accordance with the abominable system of espionage adopted by the slavery party, refused to forward her letters.

In counting upon the combined influence of the leading newspapers of New York as likely to ensure a triumphant majority in favour of Fremont, few persons in this country were aware of the difference between an American and an English constituency. Let any man be told that four-fifths of the newspaper circulation in Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Glasgow, or any other large town in the United Kingdom, was in favour of some great question of the day, such as the Repeal of the Corn Law, and he would at once conclude that in an election contest, the candidate who declared himself in favour of the popular measure would be returned. Nor would he be mistaken; because there are not many active or earnest politicians in this country who do not read newspapers. In the large cities of the United States, and especially in New York, there are thousands of voters who are little influenced by reading of any kind, and it was by the aid of that portion of the constituency that Mr. Buchanan obtained his majority in the metropolitan city.

Those politicians who fancy that the worst evils of our electoral system would be effectually abolished by a large extension of the suffrage, will not find much ground for encouragement in the working of the American constitution under the influence of the men who call themselves Democrats. Some ten years ago a series of articles on this subject appeared in the *American Quarterly Review*, by a writer who was evidently well acquainted with the machinery of election frauds, and his revelations regarding them are full of instruction and warning. From the account he gives of them, the dangerous classes of New York appear to be a much more influential section of the community than might have been supposed, considering how easy it is for any person to earn an honest livelihood in any part of the Union. The 'fast' style of living, and of carrying on business, which prevails in all the large towns in America, is one fruitful source from which these classes obtain a constant supply of fresh recruits; another is, the shoals of emigrants who land in New York without settled habits, or honest, steady pur-

suits of any kind. After giving an account of the various modes in which these enemies of society contrive to obtain a living, the reviewer thus proceeds to explain how their influence is brought upon the elections:—

'The whole class, thus characterized, numbers thousands of citizens of New York—all voters. It has hardly occurred, as yet, to those curious in moral and political statistics to enumerate this *unregistered* portion of society. Their numbers, their names, their occupations, have no place in the 'business directory' of New York, though their political and social action is felt everywhere. At the head of this great league and community of wickedness, and especially directing the action of the whole in politics, is a body of men commonly known by the term 'sporting characters,' constituting the aristocracy of roguery. This higher class of adventurers are often found partially disguised under the nominal profession of honourable callings, such as those of brokers, lawyers, occasionally merchants and shopkeepers; and some of them are proprietors, where they have managed their gains with prudence. But all are gamblers, and derive their real profits from the resources of that infamous pursuit. In dress, manners, equipage, and all the externals of life, they are ambitious and ostentatious, often seeking to intrude themselves among the respectable classes of society. They keep fine horses, famous for speed and performances on the 'Avenues' and the 'Island,' driving them in elegantly-modelled light vehicles, and compete with wealthy country gentlemen and sportsmen in the breed of their dogs, in the finish of their guns, and the various apparatus of the sports of the field. . . . .

'In the gambling-houses of Park-place, Vesey-street, Broadway, &c., on all the great race-courses, often at the fashionable watering-places and summer resorts, at the concourse of political adventurers around the great seats of legislation, these characters are to be found exercising their gifts, and gratifying their fancies for pleasure or display—entrapping their victims, the heirs of great estates, or weak men, suddenly raised by speculation or other accident to the possession of wealth. But these occupations, parades, and pastimes are secondary to their main business, and merely serve to fill the intervals of a more important series of engagements. With these gambling gentry, the great game is POLITICS. . . . . BETTING ON ELECTIONS is with them a study, or trade, or craft—the most important branch of their regular business; and the mode of securing gain to themselves is the same as in those manipulations of cards and dice, which to the dupe only are games of chance, while to the practised cheat they truly are games of skill. Thus they play in politics, where the ballot is the die, and the voter is the card. They play at this game also with 'loaded dice' and 'marked cards.' And whenever they enter into the business of elections with money staked upon the result, they proceed with as much confidence in the production of the majorities on which their winnings depend, as they do in their gambling-houses, where all the supposed chances of the faro-table, the roulette, the *rouge-et-noir*, the

dice-box, the cut, the shuffle, and the deal, are converted, by their knavish arts, and secret marks, and mechanical contrivances, into positive certainties of fraudulent gain.'

As regards the political opinions of these dangerous classes, the most natural conclusion would be that they can have no preference for one party more than another. This, however, is not the case, as the reviewer proceeds to show. Their sympathies are entirely with the mouthing, filibustering, pro-slavery Democrats. 'The political bias of the whole class is instinctive 'towards that party which seeks power by patronizing crime, 'encouraging and defending lawlessness, violence, and fraud, 'and which abuses the possession of power to reward, patronize, 'and promote the evil agencies which ensure its success.' Although written years ago, this description of the Democratic party will apply to President Pierce and his colleagues as accurately as if it had been penned yesterday. A government which can lend its countenance and support to the Border Ruffians of Missouri, and which has not scrupled to employ the troops of the Federal Union to carry out the diabolical policy of the Slave Power in Kansas, deserves even stronger terms of condemnation than those employed by the American reviewer. The following remarks of that writer on the manner in which the different grades of the scoundrel class are linked together in a formidable Masonic brotherhood, will partly explain how the vote of New York was obtained for the Filibustering candidate on the 4th of November:—

'Through all these widely-variant grades of villany—from the aristocratic gambler and faro-banker in Park-place or Vesey-street, down to the copper-tossing ragged vagrant of Corlaer's Hook, the occasional inmate of Blackwell's Island, and the brothel-bully and 'toucher' of the Five Points or West Broadway—there exists a wondrous social sympathy, a conscious harmony of purpose and electric unity of action, not more fearful in aspect than woful in experiment to the honest, industrious, peaceful portion of society. Strong in this Masonic fellowship and secret mutual aid, in violation of the public laws and morals, they fear not to attempt any crime, however startling to the popular apprehension, and however audacious in its defiance of municipal agencies of justice. The murder of the wretched Corlies on the most frequented corner of Broadway, at the most stirring hour of the evening, only two years ago, was not effected without the deliberate premeditation and co-operation of a large body of this very class of men, who did not hesitate afterwards publicly to avow their approval of the crime, and their resolution to screen the perpetrators at all hazards. Similar impunity has been enjoyed in other cases even more shocking to the public mind. Who does not know of the horrible case of the murder of Mary Roberts? Her fate was and is no mys-

tery to some. The author of that hideous, horrible, unnatural butchery of a young and beautiful female was known then to some officers of justice, and is known now. Hundreds of criminals of that and minor grades are sheltered by the same awful combination of criminal agencies, and are discharged from actual arrest and imprisonment, often without form of trial, by collusions of judicial as well as executive agents in league with the secret community of blood and fraud. They stand to one purpose, and stand by each other in its accomplishment.'

That such a class of men should have been allowed to acquire an influential position in electioneering affairs, will seem utterly incredible to most people in this country. Unfortunately for the cause of democracy, the evidence regarding the way in which such matters are managed is too circumstantial and explicit to leave any doubt as to the fact. From the statements made by the reviewer relating to New York, it is evident that the representative system in that city is neither more nor less than a gigantic swindling establishment. Various causes have contributed to this result. Partly from indolence, partly from disgust at the rudeness of the democracy, the wealthier classes, as De Tocqueville remarks, take little or no share in elections. The 'business men,' of whom there are many thousands in New York, are equally unwilling to mingle in election contests. They allege that they can take no active part in politics without injuring their business, and therefore they leave all such affairs to a class of men who make politics a trade. If money is required, the 'business men' do not grudge a few dollars to the general fund; but as for canvassing, looking after the way in which an election is conducted, or inquiring very strictly into the principles and political character of a candidate, they do not find such interference profitable, in a mercantile sense; and as that is the chief object in life with the great majority of them, they abandon politics altogether.

Some years ago, a gang of professed pugilists, gamblers, and other desperate members of the fraternity we have been describing, formed themselves into an association for the return of democratic candidates. These men, most of whom were the very off-scourings of society, were employed by the leading democrats of New York, as a fighting club, to bully and assault peaceable or well-dressed citizens on their way to the polling-booth, to get up riots, disturb public meetings and processions, and create among the floating mass of the population an impression that the preponderance of physical force was on that side of the question. People in this country, who have had little or no experience of mob rule, will hardly believe that such a state of things would be endured in the chief city of the Union. They will naturally sup-

pose that the municipal authority must be powerful enough to put down such an association. But what if the demoralization of society has gone so far, owing to the cowardice and apathy of the wealthier classes, as to have placed the government of the city and the disposal of its patronage in the hands of a class of men who use it for the promotion of party purposes? At a recent election of Mayor in the city of New York, a large number of the police force, who are dependent upon that official for their situations, were employed in canvassing for the re-election of Fernando Wood; and it is even alleged by the Police Commissioners, the colleagues of Mr. Wood in the government of the police, that assessments were made upon the men belonging to that force to defray the Mayor's election expenses. In a manifesto published by the Police Commissioners a few days before the election, they warned the policemen that if any of them were found interfering in the election, they would be summarily discharged. But if the police did not lend active assistance to the democratic cause, they did their best to promote its triumph by leaving the ruffians and bullies to do as they pleased in the way of insulting and maltreating the respectable members of society. On the 4th of November, when the voting for Mayor, as well as that for President, took place, the polling-booths were surrounded by crowds of the ruffian democracy, who used every effort to keep all men whom they suspected of being in favour of Fremont, from approaching the ballot-box. Not content with voting more than once themselves, these physical-force supporters of the Filibuster candidate insulted and abused every man whom they knew to be a republican. 'Attempts were made at many polls to deprive Republican and 'Know-Nothing voters of the means of obtaining ballots; and at some, organized attacks were made upon the inspectors and the ballot-boxes, which were only repelled by the prompt display of fire-arms on the part of self-elected Vigilance Committees.' Such is the account given by the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, one of the most reliable American newspapers; and it is fully corroborated by the following passage from the Recorder's charge to the Grand Jury of the city of New York, a few days after the election:—

'Within the present week, our city has been the scene of outrages at the polls, which are humiliating to us as citizens, and disgraceful to those who have the power to check them. In the first ward of this city, and almost within hearing of the office of the Mayor and Chief of Police, from the opening to the close of the polls, there was one constant scene of riot and bloodshed. Respectable citizens, who went peacefully to the polls to deposit their votes, were knocked down and

dragged through the streets, *without any interference on the part of the police to prevent the outrages.* Hundreds were driven from the polls by an organized band of desperadoes, who openly refused to allow the electors to deposit a vote, unless it contained the name of a certain candidate.

'And what is very remarkable, though blood ran freely in many wards of the city, and though men now lie at the point of death from the wounds they received on the day of election, scarce one of the offenders against the law has been arrested by the police.'

Had these statements been made respecting the wild population of some of the towns or villages in the valley of the Mississippi, one would not have been much surprised; but that they should occur in the speech of the Recorder of New York, one of the first cities in the world for wealth and population, says more for the social and political disorganization of society in America, than is to be found in the worst charges ever brought against the Republic by its worst enemies.

In analysing the votes of the different wards into which the city of New York is divided, the striking difference between the class who voted for Buchanan and those who supported Fremont is very remarkable. Take the Five Points, for example, of which everybody has heard. In that sink of iniquity 911 polled for Buchanan and only 31 for Fremont, and even these few Fremont votes are said to have been nearly all from the two reformatory institutions in that locality. In the Second District, First Ward, 'where Tom Burn's crib is situated, and at which den the polls were held,' the yote was 532 Buchanan, 28 Fremont. The same proportions run throughout the whole of the St. Giles' of New York. In the Fourth Ward, which is described as 'almost from end to end one sty of vice,' Buchanan polled 2081, Fremont 286; while the 'Bloody Sixth,'—as one ward is called,—gave 2355 for Buchanan and 294 for Fremont.

It may be said that, in spite of Buchanan's majority in the city of New York, the *Empire State* declared in favour of the republican candidate. But what a disgrace to the wealthy and intelligent classes of such a city, that they should allow themselves to be thrust aside by a mere mob! How damaging also must it be to the cause of freedom, that, in the largest and richest city of the North, a majority of votes should be given in favour of a party which openly declares its determination to revive the slave trade, and which pronounces free society to be a failure! We see that the republican journals are congratulating themselves on the noble stand which that party has made in New England and the Western States. Unfortunately for the good

cause, although the majorities in favour of Fremont have been overwhelming in most of the Free States, the defection of Pennsylvania has enabled the democrats to triumph in the meantime; and that, we fear, is more than half the battle. From the success which has attended the bullying system at the elections in the city of New York, Mr. Buchanan will doubtless derive a useful lesson as to the course he ought to take when he comes into power. He sees that President Pierce has been permitted to employ the United States' army to trample down freedom in Kansas, without the slightest symptom of rebellion on the part of the people; and that even the principal city in the Union was so devoid of public spirit, as to let its vote for the chief magistrate, at a crisis like the present, be given in favour of the slavery candidate, rather than brave the fury of the mob. Under these circumstances, it is not to be supposed that Mr. Pierce's successor will have any scruple about taking such measures with reference to Cuba and Central America as he may deem best calculated to give satisfaction to the Slave Power.

So far as can be gathered from the prevailing tone of the American newspapers, there seems to be a pretty general impression that Mr. Buchanan will not place himself in the hands of the Slave Power, but will adopt a conciliatory course with reference to the great questions now under discussion. The *New York Herald*, which has opposed his election most strenuously, even ventures to express a hope that he will repudiate the border-ruffian policy in Kansas, cashier the present Ministry, and, in his first message to Congress, give such an explanation of his conduct in the Ostend manifesto affair, as will speedily quiet the fears of Spain and her allies regarding Cuba. Now, it would not surprise us greatly to find the new President adopting a much more quiet tone, in addressing Congress, than that of the party which has made him chief magistrate. So far as mere diplomatic, lawyer-like modes of expression serve to convey an impression of peaceful intentions towards the whole world, Mr. Buchanan is quite a match for Count Nesselrode or any other Continental diplomatist. Judging from his antecedents, we should say that there is no man in America who can disguise a deadly purpose in smooth and plausible phrases more cunningly than the man who has been elected to sway the destinies of the United States for the next four years.

But the Kansas question, which Mr. Buchanan will be called upon to solve at once, as soon as he enters upon his official duties, is not one which can be settled by plausible phrases or cunningly-devised diplomacy. The slaveholders have made up their minds that Kansas must become a Slave State, *coute qui*

count; because they know that if it can be opened up to slavery the whole of the unsettled territories, about 1,500,000 square miles of land—more than all the rest of the Union—will fall under their dominion. On the other hand, if Kansas enter the Union as a free State, the supremacy of the South will be destroyed, and its fondly-cherished schemes for extending the area of slavery, and thereby doubling the value of slave property, will fall to the ground. Fifteen years ago, Mr. Clay estimated the total value of slave property in the United States at twelve hundred millions of dollars. At present, it is said to be rated at two thousand millions of dollars. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that a scheme which would not only give the Southern oligarchy a much securer hold of political power than they now possess, but would at the same time add greatly to the market value of all that vast amount of property, is not likely to be abandoned merely to gratify the moderate wishes of the man whom they have placed at the head of the Government.

If we wish to form a correct judgment regarding the probable course which the Buchanan administration is likely to adopt, we must not take our opinions from the newspapers of the day. They serve to indicate the current of opinion among the most intelligent class of the community. But, as we have already shown, the predominant power in the United States is not vested in the hands of the intelligent classes. The able writer of *Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power* has distinctly shown that the slaveholding interest of the South, 'an aristocratic body of a hundred thousand voters, governs the United States of America, just as much as any other aristocratic body—Conscript Fathers, States-General, Council of Ten, or Polish Diet—has borne rule anywhere else.' We shall be told, no doubt, of the six millions of white population in the Southern States who may be presumed to have a voice in the matter, under a democratic constitution like that of America. Unfortunately for the cause of freedom, the non-slaveholding population of the South, although so much more numerous than the planters, is completely at the mercy of that small minority which lives by slave labour. Along with a monopoly of the most valuable property in the South, the slaveholders have gradually acquired a monopoly of education.

'Partly for the purpose of keeping him (the Southern non-slaveholding white) ignorant for the purposes of the slaveholder, partly from the essential difficulties of instituting common schools in a country cut up into large tracts for plantations, the common school system does not exist in the Slave States. The non-slaveholding white grows up ignorant, and continues so. And with ignorance come its natural companions, shiftlessness, poverty, love of low vices, want of



self-respect, servility. In 1840, according to the census of that year, more than one free white person in nine in North Carolina was unable so much as to read and write. In 1838, Governor Campbell of Virginia told his legislature that of 4614 men—applicants for marriage licences—1047 could not write their names.'

In 1851, when these statements were made, the analysis of the last census had not been completed, or the writer of *Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power* might have given some much more startling facts than those he has quoted, regarding the state of education in the South. Take the case of South Carolina, which is worthily represented at Washington by Mr. Preston Brooks, the chivalrous assailant of Mr. Sumner. In 1850, that State, which takes the lead among the Slave States, contained 149,322 white children, and only sent 40,373 of them to school, which is just about half the proportion of children attending school in the Free State of Connecticut. This simple fact is enough to show what influences are at work in the South to degrade the non-slaveholding white population, and to give the slaveholders a monopoly of power and influence.

From their superior position, and the means they possess of controlling what small amount of public opinion exists around them, the slaveholders are, with very rare exceptions, the only class from whom the representatives are chosen. 'The representation in the two Houses from Slave States—fifteen States out of thirty-one—is always a compact body, going together for all the claims and supposed interests of the Slave Power. However divided into parties upon other questions, on this they always agree. The English House of Peers is not so jealous of its prerogatives as the senators and representatives from fifteen States of the Union are of the prerogatives of slavery. To extend and perpetuate slavery, for other purposes no doubt, but eminently for the purpose of constituting themselves, by means of it, the supreme power of the nation, of taking actual possession of the Government, and monopolizing to themselves and their partisans its administration, its honour, and its rewards,—this is the perpetual aim of their pertinacious, skilful, unscrupulous, 'sleepless policy.' Such was the character of the Slave Power, as given by the *Boston Commonwealth*, in July, 1851. Few persons would look upon it at that time as anything else than the exaggerated raving of a fanatical Abolitionist. And yet, so rapid has been the development of the conspiracy against the Free States within the last few years, that hardly a single Northern politician of unblemished character can fail to admit and lament how accurately it describes the policy of the Slave Power at the present moment.

In preparing and pushing forward the various measures which they deem essential to the consolidation and extension of their power, the slaveholders have one great advantage over the honest republicans of the North, in their greater knowledge and more unscrupulous use of the demagogues and electioneering agents by whom the ignorant democracy is managed. While they are united as one man upon every question which relates in the slightest degree to their two thousand millions of dollars' worth of property, and while they scruple not to hang or burn, or at the very least, to expel from their dominions any person who dares to call in question the character of their 'domestic institutions,' they find no difficulty in obtaining unprincipled scoundrels and reprobates of every grade to debauch the democracy of the North, to inspire the poor with hatred of the rich, and to draw such lessons from that very degradation and demoralization which they have done so much to produce, as in some degree to warrant their assertion that 'free society is a failure.'

In the first French Revolution, the weapons of the Girondins were political philosophy, respectability, and eloquence. The republican party of the United States possesses all these. It is impossible to glance over a Boston or New York paper without perceiving that the best men of New England are all on the side of justice and freedom. But the party to whom they are opposed possesses one quality which, we fear, will be too strong for respectability and eloquence in a revolutionary epoch like the present. It has audacity, and that quality has a wonderful influence over the American mind at all periods. How much greater must that influence be in a period of crisis?

Dr. Channing, who was far in advance of the politicians of his own age, and who was, therefore, denounced as a dreamer, was fully aware of this difference between the South and the North, a distinction which does not appear to have presented itself to De Tocqueville. In his letter on *The Duty of the Free States*, so full of prophetic warning, he draws a remarkable contrast between the two great divisions of the Union as regards their means of obtaining power over the Government. After saying that to admit Texas into the confederacy would bring the whole country under the Slave Power, would make the general Government the agent of slavery, and that, therefore, 'the Free States should declare that the very act of admitting Texas will be construed as a dissolution of the Union,' Dr. Channing attempts to reason with the slaveholders, and convince them that they will always be able to rule the North even without the proposed annexation:—

'Without Texas, the South will have very much its own way, and will continue to exert a disproportionate influence over public affairs.

It has within itself elements of political power more efficient than ours. The South has abler politicians, and almost necessarily, because its most opulent class make politics the business of life. The North may send wiser statesmen to Congress, but not men to marshal and govern parties—not political leaders. The South surpasses us, not in true eloquence—which is little known anywhere—but in prompt, bold speech, a superiority due not only to greater ardour of feeling, but to a state of society encouraging the habit, and stimulating by constant action the faculty of free and strong utterance on political subjects; and such eloquence is no mean power in popular bodies. The South has a bolder and more unscrupulous character, for which the caution and prudence of the North are not a match. Once more, it has union, common feeling, a peculiar bond in slavery, to which the divided North can make no adequate opposition. At the North, politics occupy a second place in men's minds. Even in what we call seasons of public excitement, the people think more of private business than of public affairs. We think more of property than of political power; and this, indeed, is the natural result of free institutions. Under these, political power is not suffered to accumulate in a few hands, but is distributed in minute portions: and even when thus limited it is not permitted to endure, but passes in quick rotation from man to man. Of consequence, it is an inferior good to property. Every wise man among us, looks on property as a more sure and lasting possession to himself and his family, as conferring more ability to do good, to gratify generous and refined tastes, than the possession of political power. In the South, an unnatural state of things turns men's thoughts to political ascendancy; but in the Free States men think little of it. Property is the good for which they toil perseveringly from morning till night. Even the political partisan among us has an eye to property, and seeks office as the best, perhaps only, way of subsistence. In this state of things, the South has little to fear from the North. For one thing we may contend, that is, for a tariff, for protection to our monied interests, but if we may be left to work and thrive, we shall not quarrel for power.

'The little sensibility at the North to the present movements on the subject of Texas, is the best commentary on the spirit of the Free States. That the South should be suffered to think for a moment of adding a great country to the United States for the sake of strengthening slavery, demonstrates an absence of wise political jealousy at the North, to which no parallel can be found in human history.'

'Even the political partisan among us has an eye to property,' says Dr. Channing, 'and seeks office as the best, perhaps only, way of subsistence.' What a humiliating confession, and how complete an explanation does it furnish of the want of political virtue even in the North! The worship of the 'almighty dollar' is the exclusive business of even the best part of the community. They must attend to trade and commerce, and therefore the trade of politics, the bargain and sale of constituencies, is left to the dishonest classes. In bringing such a charge against the

politicians of the United States, we do not mean to assert that our own Legislature is without stain. From the history of our railway legislation, many an instance of political corruption might be drawn which would fall very little short of some of the cases we see mentioned in the American newspapers. But, as Mr. Tremenheere remarks, in his excellent work on the Constitution of the United States, there is one marked distinction between our system and that which prevails among our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic. 'Under their constitution, the frequency of elections, the very great diffusion of the franchise, and the payment of their Members of both Houses, cause a class of men to be sent to the National Legislature, the majority of whom are not possessed of independent means sufficient to enable them to dispense with those extraneous and unrecognised sources of emolument which are inconsistent with their position and character, should a low estimate of either happen to second the temptation. Under ours, the vast preponderance among the Members of the House of Commons of men of either hereditary or acquired wealth, or of competence honourably achieved and maintained, materially contributes to diffuse and preserve a high tone of feeling and of principle, which reduces the corrupt elements to exceptions; which is ever on the watch against their increase; and which despises and repels, though it may sometimes be obliged by political necessities to use them.'

In the same chapter which treats of the payment of Members, Mr. Tremenheere quotes the opinion of a gentleman in the United States, who has 'the most ample means of judging correctly' as to the way in which the national business is managed, and who endorses the following condemnation of it:—'Consider for one moment the inevitable effects of our present state of politics. *The quality of our politicians deteriorates most rapidly.* Write down a list of the twenty-five leading politicians of Washington's, Adam's, or Jefferson's Administration, and write opposite the names of our foremost twenty-five . . . have we not among our foremost statesmen illiterate, shallow, noisy, boastful demagogues? . . . It seems to me that the business of politics is getting to be done, more and more, by such persons, that men of worth, dignity, and wisdom more and more abstain from handling the political pitch which defiles; that the apathy of the intelligent class, with regard to politics, has become almost complete.' This was written soon after the election of President Pierce, at a time when the country was comparatively quiet. Since that period, the passing of the Nebraska Bill, and the attempt to force slavery into Kansas, have dispelled the apathy which then prevailed. A large

amount of healthy political sentiment has been awakened throughout the whole of the Free States; and at one time it almost seemed as if the North would be able to elect a President, in spite of all the efforts of the dominant faction. But the Republican party, though powerful in its enthusiasm and the strength of its convictions, is miserably deficient in political strategy, and therefore it stood no chance in a struggle with the combined forces of the thoroughly-organized Democracy and the Slave Power.

And, now that the Presidential contest is settled for 1856, the first object of Mr. Buchanan and his friends will be to lay down a scheme of action with a view to the campaign of 1860. 'If a President of the United States is capable and ambitious,' says Mr. Trevenheere, 'he must necessarily wish to be re-elected at the expiration of his four years of office. To be re-elected, he must be popular; and to be popular, it is possible that it may be necessary for him to adopt a line of policy which, to say the least, may be 'disquieting' to, if it does not actually produce collision with, some of the other Powers of the world, in defence of their rights and interests.' This is the difficulty, then, in which Mr. Buchanan finds himself, now that he has attained the summit of his ambition. If he refuse to do the bidding of that portion of his supporters who are in favour of the annexation of Cuba and Central America, he may rely upon being held up to public odium as a traitor to the Slave Power which has placed him in office. That he will fling to the winds all his former declarations in favour of slavery and filibustering, as some of the journals which lately opposed him profess to believe, is altogether incredible. But, although he may not make so great a change in his policy as will render him a favourite with the Republicans, he may possibly succeed in devising some plausible compromise measure by which the support of the Money Power will be rendered secure, and the cause of freedom betrayed. There are many different modes in which the dangerous schemes of the Southern aristocracy for the extension and perpetuation of their power may be promoted, without calling forth the same amount of opposition as the crime against Kansas has created. No man understands better than Mr. Buchanan how to do the largest amount of work for the Slave Power at the smallest risk of odium towards himself and his masters. It is this which renders him a far more dangerous enemy of freedom than poor Franklin Pierce has been.

President Pierce's last Message, which was laid before Congress on the 1st of December, does not throw much light on the future policy of Government. Instead of joining those very sanguine politicians who have lately been prognosticating the most mild

and conciliatory measures from Mr. Buchanan, with a view to allay the excitement which still exists throughout the Free States, the main object of the present occupant of the White House appears to have been to render the feud between North and South, which he has done so much to provoke, more deadly than ever. The greater portion of the Message consists of a history of the Kansas affair, from the official point of view. In every sentence the unscrupulous partisanship of the chief magistrate is visible. Where he touches upon the conduct of the Border Ruffians and the outrages they committed in Kansas, it is in the vague phraseology of the 'Circumlocution Office,' and would do credit to the head of the 'Barnacles.' But when he has to speak of the Republican party, no language is too strong for the horror which he feels at their unparalleled criminality. The supporters of Fremont are accused of having taken advantage of the great liberty they enjoy, under the Federal Government, to conspire against the glorious Constitution of the United States. Their object, he contends, is 'a revolutionary one,' and, although they know, as he affirms, that 'the only path to its accomplishment is through burning cities, and 'ravaged fields, and slaughtered populations, and all that is most 'terrible in foreign, complicated with civil and servile war,' they persist in their unhallowed purpose, and in carrying it out, seize every opportunity of bringing the laws and constituted authorities of the Union into contempt. Such is the style in which President Pierce takes farewell of Congress.

Meanwhile, a most active system of caballing and intriguing is going on at head-quarters, with a view to make the new Cabinet satisfactory to the South. The great difficulty appears to lie in the selection of men who will carry out the policy of the Slave Power in such a manner as to prevent any farther dislocation of the Democratic party in the North. The *New Orleans Delta*, which represents the dominant party in the present Cabinet, warns Mr. Buchanan that he 'owes his election to the vote of 'the South, and to the defiant attitude of resistance which she was 'beginning to assume,' and that he must, therefore, take his policy from that quarter. Other journals belonging to the same party affirm that he owes his election to the votes given for him by Northern Democrats, who were assured 'by orators without number that he would introduce Kansas into the Union as a free State, and that, should he not do so, the Republican party will gain so large an accession of strength from the ranks of the Democracy, before 1860, as will enable them to return Colonel Fremont, or any other man they may choose. So stands the case of America for the present.

**ART. IX.**—*The Doctrine of Inspiration; being an Inquiry concerning the Infallibility, Inspiration, and Authority of Holy Writ.* By the Rev. JOHN MACNAUGHT, M.A. Oxon, Incumbent of St. Chrysostom's Church, Everton, Liverpool.

WERE we to say this is a bad book, we should probably say no more than the author has expected at our hands. But it is a weak book; and in saying that, we suspect that we have said what will be much more displeasing to him. When a man deploras the want of a good book on a subject, and essays to give us what we want, we do not expect a work in which the author himself is obliged to confess at the outset that it contains nothing new. Certainly, a book made up to so large an extent as the present of very old, and very often refuted, objections, is not the book to meet the demand of the times. To attempt to analyse Mr. Macnaught's volume, and to deal with it in detail, would be to bestow more space upon it than it deserves. But the question of inspiration is a great and a somewhat urgent question; and though our own views on this topic have been often expressed, the time has come, we think, in which it behoves us to present those views to our readers in a form as carefully digested, and in terms as explicit, as may be.

We shall, in the first place, glance at some points relating to the evidence in favour of the inspiration of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures considered as a FACT.

1. Every one will feel that human reason must have its province as a judge in regard to any supposed revelation. To suppose that any such communication has been made from God to man, must be to feel assured that it has been attested by its appropriate evidence. The prophet through whom such intelligence comes, must have evidence warranting him to believe that he has become the subject of such illumination. The evidence must be supernatural, but the natural reason of the man will be competent to judge of its value. It will, of course, be only moral evidence. Though supernatural, it will not be such as to preclude the possibility of resistance. But it will be sufficient evidence—sufficient to make submission to it imperative. What is true in this respect of the prophet, must be true of the people to whom the prophet-message is addressed. In their view, the message must take with it its proper evidence—evidence of which they themselves will be the judges. Both in the times of the Old Testament and the New, the people were commanded to try the

spirits, and were expected to distinguish between divinely-commissioned men, and mere pretenders to such authority. To believe without evidence would be idiocy, and to call that evidence which the reason cannot understand and appreciate would be absurd.

But the evidence of a supposed revelation will not be all external. There will be evidence, either for or against its claims, arising from its *contents*. On these, also, the reason of man has, in a measure, to form its judgment. The common division of Christian evidence into external and internal, suggests this conclusion. It is supposed in this distinction, that we are capable of distinguishing, in some degree, between what is fit, and what is not fit, to have come from the Supreme Being to our race. It supposes that we not only know *that* God is, but that we know something as to *what* he is. If we can know nothing of God, we can know nothing of the proper or the improper in what is said to have come from Him. Apart from revelation, nature is our only source of Divine knowledge. What God is, we can only know from what He, has done. But His doings are found in mind and matter, in the moral as well as in the physical universe. It is only by looking to what is ethical in man, that we can judge at all concerning the true or the right in the government of God. Our conception of Deity must be evolved from within. It can only be corroborated from without. If the light which conscience has kindled is not to be followed, then we have no light. In that case, to reject a revelation could be no sin, inasmuch as all capacity for judging of its claims would be wanting.

But it is when passing from the mind of man, as constituted by the Creator, to its condition as depraved by circumstances and habit; and when passing from this disordered world within, to the no less disordered world without, that difficulty thickens upon us. Still, the highest conception we can form of the moral excellence possible to the nature of man, is that which we should account as proper to him; and the highest conception we can form of the perfection possible to God, is that which we should account as proper to Him. Descartes was right—our capacity to conceive of Infinite Perfection must have come from Infinite Perfection. The capacity implies its object. The deity of human conception is not greater than the Deity who made us capable of that conception. It is such faith in God that must determine our faith in regard to any communication said to have come from Him. Whatever may seem to be at variance, either within us or about us, with such perfection in the Divine Being, must be a variance only in seeming.



2. But there is much in the spirit of our times to which the idea of inspired communications from God to man is very unacceptable. Religion, we are told by some, is a sentiment, not a creed. It has its seat in the emotions, not in the intellect. Its object may vary, but it is everywhere a response of the affections, and everywhere in substance the same. It is an instinct of our nature—we may say that of it, and that is about all we can say. To ask whence it comes is about as futile as to ask whence comes our power of seeing or hearing: Man is religious, as he is social, because he is a man, and the *because* in either case can be traced no higher.

But this trenchant kind of talk, like much beside in the same quarter, consists, at best, of half-truths. It is a fact, that religion in man is thus necessary and indestructible; but it is also a fact, that the moral nature of man is something much above instinct, and that for this reason his religion should be regarded as something much above that mere brute tendency. It is true, the sentiment of religion is universal, while its objects change; but it is also true, that this change may be from false objects to true ones, and that the natural effect of this change may be to call forth pure sentiment in the place of the impure. The truth that the moral element in the objects of worship does much to determine the moral feeling of the worshippers, is elementary enough—but even this truth such men have to learn. So long as religious and moral truth shall be thus accounted as of little or no practical value, nothing can be more natural, than that the idea of the intervention of the Deity to uphold and diffuse such truth by inspiring prophets and apostles for that purpose, should be utterly repudiated.

We must add, that the spirit in which the scientific studies of our age are often prosecuted, is scarcely less onesided than are the dreams of the sentimentalist. The one may seem to be all phantom, and the other all exactitude, but they have their tendencies in common. The spirit which underlies both is a self-sufficing spirit. It is a spirit which is content to be alone, and to be the regulator of its own ways. There is much to be done; but its fancy is, that whatever needs to be done it can do. Mistakes of all sorts may be inevitable, but mistakes natural to our condition are mistakes about which there need be no apprehension. So, too often, does the student of science choose his course. He is concerned with the laws of things, and with nothing more. He is busied among sequences, and ascends no higher. If he knows anything of a Deity, it is of a Deity who is afar off. The universe is a great machine, its Maker has set it a-going, and now he has only to look at it and to see it go. His

interference with it, in any way, would be accounted an intrusion. It would be an attempt to amend his own work, which must imply imperfection. It would be to disturb the order which he has himself established. It would be, in brief, to undo what he has done. Miracle, accordingly, is supposed to be impossible; or, if not impossible, it is hard to conceive of the amount of evidence that would suffice to establish it.

It is not easy to conceive of a habit of thought less favourable than this to the idea which regards truth as having come to man by a special Inspiration from the Almighty. The gulf between such philosophical belief, and all Christian belief, is great. According to this philosophy, the Deity does not live with His creatures, but apart from them; and, as a natural consequence, His creatures do not live with Him, but apart from Him. Having so far mastered the domain of physics, the investigator learns to reason upon the same principles from the material to the immaterial, and both mind and matter are brought under the same common law of forces. These forces are so adjusted as to connect penalty with many of the forms of moral wrong, but they do so only in part. To escape this form of penalty is to escape penalty altogether; and the chances of escape are many, and the expectations of escape are boundless. The laws of God are in the place of God; the man's concern begins and ends with these laws, and not with the law-maker. The natural issue is, that piety should come to be a particular form of prudence; and that religion, in its best state, should come to consist in selfishness refined and systematized into its worst. Men must unlearn such speculations—must see that physical laws are one thing, and the law written in the heart another, if they are to attain to any rational conception of moral government, and to possess any disposition to listen favourably to what may be said in favour of the doctrine of inspiration.

Men who see the condition of man in this light, of course belong to the class who regard the ethical intelligence of man as sufficient to his need as a religious being. This class embraces men who partake, in other respects, of a wide diversity of thinking. But wherever this opinion obtains, revelation in any special form is precluded as superfluous. The presumption is, that every man's best light must be supposed to be that which he brings with him into the world—that if the case be not so, the blame must be with his Maker, not with himself. What right men have to give law in this manner to the Creator, determining for Him what He may or may not do, never seems to enter the thoughts of such speculators. Were they a little more mindful of the world of facts which bespeak man's great need of reli

gious teaching, it might appear to them less unreasonable to suppose that, having permitted such a special exigency to exist, the Divine Being has adopted special means for meeting it. Certainly, if the book of nature be perfect, man's power to interpret it is not perfect. A thinker of the class under consideration has confessed, that the bulk of mankind everywhere, must have 'a well-defined, positive, somewhat dogmatic creed, deriving its sanctions from without.' What is this but saying, that to leave men to nature, is to leave them to an insufficient guidance; that to give them a revelation is to give them what they want. What the human intellect may imagine itself capable of doing when familiarized through its whole culture with Christian ideas, and what it has been found capable of doing where such ideas have been unknown, are not the same thing.

The pretence that there is no such certainty in history or in language as would be required to render a written revelation effectual, is a modern fiction which has grown up in a night and will wither in a night. It is an objection which proves nothing by proving too much. If our sacred writings must lose all authority on this ground, then all writings contemporary with them must lose authority for the same reason. If human language be thus worthless as having respect to religion, it is not easy to see how it should be valuable as relating to anything beside. The common sense of mankind may be safely left to deal with such paradoxes.

An objection much more plausible is that founded on the law of progress said to be natural to the history of society. It is deemed unreasonable to suppose that a number of men in remote time should have been deputed to settle so grave a matter as religion for the men of all time. Physical progress in these later times has been wonderful. Its effect on general progress has been wonderful. Is religion, then, the only thing that is to come to us stereotyped from the past? We answer—certainly not. Your laws of taste in literature and art have come to you from the past. Your psychology and your ethics have come to you from the past. You have not gone much beyond the ancients in these things, you have rarely risen to their level. May not the remote time when so much of this higher kind of truth was perfected have been the time when religious truth was perfected? May not the time when all that was most cognate with religious culture had thus ripened, have been the time when religion itself was to be matured and fixed for the ages to come? We are better chemists and better astronomers than the ancients, but, left to ourselves, should we have been better moralists or better religionists? There is at least room to doubt on that point. What is wanting to us, is not that Christianity should be

other than it is, but that we should ourselves give proof that we know how to separate between those corruptions which the infirmities of past ages have encrusted about it, and those hoarded treasures wherewith it waits to enrich the ages to come. Our modern world has much work to do before it will come into possession of the latent wealth that will be some day found in this ancient mine of thought.

In brief, what an enigma is man on the supposition of his holding no intelligible relation to a hereafter! In his nature we see the mysterious—the enthroned power of conscience. This power requires that he should choose right as right, and avoid wrong as wrong; that he should be a creature of moral acts and moral intentions. He is a being, moreover, whose nature transcends the limits of the visible and the finite, and craves a place with the holy and the everlasting. If his only end be that he should live to the agreeable in this life, whence this waste of powers, and such a mockery of pure and earnest aspirations? Can we venture to charge the Just, the Wise, the Good, with having made His creature *capable* of a destiny so *high*, and *doomed* him to a destiny so *low*?

There is nothing valid, then, in the ground taken by those who deem it unreasonable to suppose that an inspired and infallible message has been addressed by the Creator to our race. Everything rather combines to show that, improbable as it may be that any such communication should be made in our time, it is highly probable that something of the kind has taken place in past ages. Man's great need of such assistance is a strong presumptive evidence that it has not been altogether withholden.

3. It may not be unuseful to ask, at this point of our inquiry, what those features are which may be expected to characterise teaching coming to us by inspiration? It will of course be teaching that will assume that we need to be taught—to be taught what we do not know, and to be taught what we know in part, more fully, and with more authority. It will suppose man to be capable of distinguishing to a large extent between truth and error, and between right and wrong, and to the individual responsibility of men as thus based its appeals will be made.

It is to be expected, moreover, in a communication of this nature, that much as it may reveal, it will leave much unrevealed, and that its tendency will be rather to *abate* difficulty than wholly to remove it. In every department of knowledge, what men know is little compared with what they do not know. We get our truth by glimpses, not by full manifestations. Our knowledge of the past is as nothing in comparison with our ignorance. Even of the present we know only the immediate. The nearest

wave is visible—the ocean of billows which stretch off beyond it we see not. The multitude are observant of phenomena, the few only pass on to their causes, and to the secret place where the Cause affecting all causes doth work! Even the few can travel but a little way in that direction. The material and moral laws of the universe are, as we believe, everywhere the same: but what know we concerning the modes in which those laws are carried out in the numberless systems about us, or even in the planets of our own system? Those innumerable worlds have their relations to all space and to all time, but what know we, what can we know, of those relations? If the Being who has given existence to this universe, and who still rules it, should speak to men, we may be sure from what we know of his ways, that the knowledge conveyed will be limited, relating mainly to our immediate moral necessities, and that he will often be silent where we could have wished Him to have been communicative. That the sacred writers have known where to stop, and that they have delivered their message so dogmatically and authoritatively, are among the most striking evidences of their inspiration.

We should also bear in mind, that a necessary effect of the coming of new light on the path of man, must be not only to diminish the nearer darkness, but to make the more distant darkness visible. With us, the known everywhere loses itself in the unknown. Our light always dies away into its opposite. All things have their root in mystery, so that the more things we know, the more of mystery we know. This test to humility, and to the spirit of obedience, is inseparable from the condition of all creatures. In the experience of the highest of such existences, to believe in God is to bow in the presence of an infinite mystery. So it must be for ever. What we need is to be saved from sin, not to be no more beset with mystery. To this end, our great want is faith in God—faith in Him, grounded on what we know of Him, and warranting us to have faith in Him, when, from His thoughts being higher than our thoughts, His ways differ from our ways.

But the idea of an inspired *mind* is inseparable from our idea of inspiration. It consists in the Divine speaking through the human. Man is here a worker together with God. In its substance the message may be purely divine; in its manner of conveyance it must be in great part human. It is thus, in fact, in all departments of moral agency. In physical changes the elements themselves are wholly inert—the tendencies, or powers, which seem to belong to them, come wholly from the Creator. But in the mind of man there is a separate motive power, and a separate will, and while the rule of the world is from God, the

men of it are free. Men may become blind to evidence—if they will; may harden themselves against goodness—if they will. Man may sin even in Paradise. Angels may sin even in heaven. On these grounds, it is reasonable to conclude, that if in inspiration there be much of God, there will also be in it much of man. The very elevation to which the mind is raised by inspiration, should be expected to bring out the human with special vividness and force. Whatever may be peculiar to the man, may be expected to give its impress to the message. What men are as men, everywhere gives the complexion to the moral systems which they devise, and to the Christianity which they profess. But if by reason of the moral freedom of man, the human does blend itself with the Divine in this manner up to the line where Divine influence becomes inspiration, the question naturally occurs—will not the human be present there also? Of course, the liability to err will be extruded. The purpose of inspiration supposes that much. But to almost any extent compatible with that principle, the human may be expected to be conspicuous even in inspired utterances.

Nor should it surprise us greatly if, in the communications so made, the Deity should seem to concern himself with the small affairs of men no less than with the great. The small in creation is from Him as well as the great. He has bestowed as much elaboration on the one as on the other; and in His providence He cares for the one quite as truly as for the other. In ways innumerable He tells us that great and small is for us, not for Him. What He is as known to us through nature and providence, we should expect Him to be as known to us through inspiration.

4. Such considerations as the preceding must be kept in view by any intelligent man who would come to the question of inspiration in a condition of mind proper to such an investigation. It will be well, also, for such a man to mark the strong *presumptive* evidence in favour of the inspiration of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures before directing his attention to the positive evidence relating to it. After all the objections that have been taken to the claims of the Hebrew Scriptures, there is much in their contents that cannot be explained if those claims are not admitted. The views concerning the Divine Being, and the nature of religion, in those writings, are such as could never have originated with the Hebrew, and such as could not have been borrowed from any other people. What the Egyptians and the early Asiatic nations were in these respects, the Hebrews would have been had they been left to themselves. In general culture, they were, for the most part, below their neighbours. This phe-

nomenon has been felt to be perplexing. Great pains have been taken in modern times, as in ancient times, to detract from its weight, by traducing the character of the Hebrew nation. Their writings, it is alleged, are not so ancient as we affirm—their theology was not so pure—their religion was outward and unspiritual, and their morals below the ordinary level, even in those times. Our answer is, that the Book of Job, the Psalms, and the pages of Isaiah, are a sufficient refutation of such calumnies. It is true the character of the Hebrew nation was always below the special grandeur of their theology; and we see that they were with difficulty kept in anything like a true allegiance to it. But what is the fair inference from these facts? Clearly, that if the Hebrews had been left to have originated their own theology, they would have originated something very different. Their lofty monotheism is as light opposed to the surrounding darkness—whence came it? What sort of its Divine attestations could have given it authority through so many centuries over such unwilling subjects?

The moral code of the Hebrews is scarcely less remarkable than their theology: The decalogue is some ten centuries older than the oldest system of ethics that has come down to us from the ancient world. But while thus before all such systems, it would be easy to show that it embraces the essence of them all. The first process of scientific intelligence in this field, is to collect facts; the last, to digest the material brought together, so as to give us a few great principles. But Greece was an outskirts of barbarism, when the Hebrew intellect was capable of this ripe service in the science of morals. Prudhon, a man of great power, and, we regret to add, no friend to Christianity, writes,—‘the number of the commandments of the decalogue, and their order, has nothing in it that is fortuitous. It is the genesis of moral phenomena, the ladder of duty and of crime resting upon an analysis wisely and marvellously developed.’—(*De la Celeb. Dim.* 17.)

The relation is intimate, between this scheme of ethics, so comprehensive and so spiritual, and the scheme of redemption, which forms the great subject of the Hebrew and Christian revelation. It is no marvel, indeed, that this scheme should recognise man as an offender, needing forgiveness and amendment. But it is marvellous that it should set forth the guilt and sin of man on such a scale, and that the restoration it contemplates should be so transcendent, and that the means by which it is to be realized should be so extraordinary. In all this there is a profound recognition of the greatness of human nature, which has no parallel in the history of merely human speculation.

Nor should we forget the lengthened interval through which this scheme is kept in view, and brought into fuller and fuller development by a succession of prophetic minds. Its first announcement is in the first promise, concerning the seed of the woman. And after the lapse of nearly four thousand years, the last of the Hebrew prophets takes up the strain in his proclamation of the near approach of the promised Messenger of the Covenant. Revolutions had come to the race and to empires, almost without number, but this word of the Highest sounds on and on through all those ages until it becomes a word accomplished. Was there no finger of God in all this? Must not the spirits of men have been enlightened, guided—*inspired*, to ensure this elevation and unity of purpose?

If we pass to the New Testament, we have to remember that our Lord came to the earth that he might bear unerring witness to the truth. But he does not appear to have committed anything to writing. At the same time, it was of the greatest moment that record should be made of His sayings and deeds, and that this record should be strictly truthful. But how was this to be secured? Surely not by means of natural memory alone. The evangelists give us descriptions of scenes which they witnessed, and of others which they did not witness. They report sayings and discourses which they did not hear, or heard only partially. They do this many long years after their Divine Master had left the earth, and with a minuteness and literalness which must be fatal to them as witnesses at all, if they are merely human witnesses. In delivering such testimony as merely human witnesses, it would have behoved them to bear in mind their liability to err, and to have expressed themselves on many points accordingly. But they never do so express themselves. Their manner is uniformly that of men who were confident as to the accuracy of their representations. Doubt—hesitancy—there are no signs of such things in their writings. Their statements as historians, and their expositions as teachers, are all of the same positive complexion. Paul, who was as one born out of due time, shares in this feeling to the full. 'The things I wrote unto you are *the commandments of the Lord*.' If any man preach otherwise—'*let him be accursed*.' In the writings of Paul alone, there are more than two hundred passages in which he expresses himself after this manner concerning the teaching of himself and his companions in office. Now when these men so wrote, and so preached, there was no New Testament existing to which appeal might be made. Their authority, in relation to *fact* and *doctrine*, was strictly *personal*. Nevertheless, we see the unqualified positiveness with which they express themselves. We



can understand this if we suppose these men to have been convinced that they were divinely guided—inspired, in relation to such matters; but on any other supposition their conduct is utterly inexplicable. In truth, it is not too much to say, that apart from the authority of the inspired writings, the mission of Jesus, beautiful as it was, must have died out of the memories of men after no long interval of time. \*The letter is not the spirit; but where the letter is not, the spirit will not be. If there be not inspiration in the Scriptures, then the only power adequate to the conservation of Christianity is that claimed by the Romanist—viz., inspiration in the Church. An ultimate authority of that nature there must be, or everything becomes loose, and the temple crumbles into ruins. The presumptive evidence against the Romanist is strong; and the presumptive evidence against the merely human origin of the New Testament is not less strong.

5. The word 'Inspiration,' may be said to be a scriptural term. It certainly is much more so than the word Trinity. Our concern, however, is with the fact, that the doctrine which the word inspiration is used to denote is a scriptural doctrine. The word—*θεόπνευστος*—'*God-inspired*'—is used in 2 Tim. iii. 16, to describe this special form of Divine influence. The doctrine, however, is conveyed by other words, quite as clearly and emphatically as by that word. The question is, were the sacred writers under a *divine and unerring guidance* in what they professed to *approve* and *teach*? Are they to us, in this view, an infallible authority? If so, the more various the language in which the truth is taught the better. The indirect evidence may often be among the most forcible forms of testimony in its favour. We are open to accept of proof in every form, and the one word inspiration denotes the conclusion which has been thus realized.

We shall glance, in the first place, at the language of the prophets of the Old Testament on this subject. The Hebrew prophets claimed to be heard and obeyed as men who spoke, not their own words, but 'the word of the Lord.' Their message did not originate with them, it came to them. In Exodus iv. 14—16, Jehovah says to Moses concerning himself and Aaron, 'I will be with thy mouth and with his mouth, and will teach you what ye shall do; and Aaron spake all the words which the Lord had spoken unto Moses.' Here we have the action of the Divine upon the human, in the full sense of an inspired guidance. So early did the idea of inspiration become familiar to the Hebrew mind. Again. Deut. xviii. 20, et seq.: 'But the prophet which shall presume to speak a word in my name which I have not commanded him to speak, or that shall speak

'in the name of other Gods, that prophet shall die. When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, or come not to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken.' Prophets, accordingly, were men who were not merely self-moved, but God-moved, in their utterance. They were to speak strictly as the Lord had spoken. What is asserted in this form from time to time\* in the Old Testament Scriptures, comes to be in the aggregate a testimony to the whole. 'Who is he to whom the mouth of the Lord hath spoken, that he may declare it?' Jerem. ix. 12. And then follows a series of verses beginning with the formula—'thus saith the Lord.' In other parts of the same prophet we read 'Hear ye and give ear, be not proud, for the Lord hath spoken'—and these are the words that the Lord spake concerning Israel and concerning Judah.—The word that the Lord spake against Babylon, and against the land of the Chaldeans, by Jeremiah the prophet.—'The Lord hath both devised and done that which he spake against the inhabitants of Babylon.\* This language, thus recurrent in Jeremiah, is the language of all the prophets. Furthermore, the instances are almost endless in which the prophets speak of the word of the Lord as *coming* to them, and as *given* to them.† If the passages referred to below be consulted, they will suffice to show what the manner of the prophets is on this subject. Now the Divine Being intended that these men, by the all but perpetual use of this language, should convey to the mind of the Hebrew people that a prophet's message was not his own, but from the Lord—or he did not so intend. If such was his intention, then the question of inspiration is settled. If such was not his intention, then it is not merely inspiration that must be surrendered, but revelation in any sense. The prophets not only cease to be prophets, they become knaves, or imbeciles, or a mixture of both.

We shall now look to the New Testament, and see how far its verdict may be said to be in favour of this asserted inspiration of the Old. It should be remembered that the Jews believed in the plenary inspiration of their Scriptures—the *teachings* in the books of Moses, in the Psalms, and in the prophets, was everywhere to them of Divine authority. Their appeal to Scripture was precisely such as evangelical Protestants have been wont to make. It is important now to observe what our Lord's manner was in this respect. We find, then, that our Lord often makes his appeal to the Old Testament as a decisive authority. 'Have ye not read that he

\* Chap. xiii. 15; xxx. 4; iv. 1; xli. 12.

† 1 Kings xii. 22; 1 Chron. xvii. 3; Jeremiah vii. 1; xi. 1; xvii. 1; xxvi. 1; xxvii. 1; xxx. 1; Isaiah i. 2; Ezek. iii. 4—11; Hosea i. 1; Malachi i. 1.

which made them at the beginning made them male and female? (Matt. xix. 4.) This is a piece of *history*, but to have read it in Genesis is to have read what all men should believe. 'But as touching the resurrection of the dead, *have ye not read* that which was *spoken unto you by God*, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob.' (xxii. 31, 32). This, again, is a piece of *history*; but to have read it as sacred history is to have read what in the view of the Saviour, and of his hearers, should be regarded as true. If language can have any meaning, the meaning of this language must be, that to 'read' what is taught in Old Testament Scripture—and in Old Testament history, is to read what is truthful—ours on authority from God. So in the history of the Temptation, Our Lord replies to the Enemy in the fourth verse—it is *written*; in the seventh verse—it is *written*; in the tenth verse—it is *written*. In all these sentences it is Old Testament Scripture that is cited, and cited as an infallible and ultimate authority. Often does he remind the people about him of what Moses had commanded, or had said, strictly in the manner of a teacher who recognised in Moses an authority to whom all should submit. 'Had ye believed in Moses, ye would have believed in me, for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?' (John v. 46, 47.)\* He speaks of Isaiah, of David, of Daniel, of Jonah, of Hosea, of Zechariah—all as prophets—that is, as men whose word was the word of the Lord.† It is concerning the writings of the received canon of the Old Testament that Our Lord speaks, when he says, 'Ye do err, not knowing *the Scriptures* (*τας γραφάς*) nor the power of God.' Much does he say to the same effect. 'Did ye *never read in the Scriptures*—the stone which the builders rejected the same is become the head of the corner?' (Matt. xxi. 42.) 'Search *the Scriptures*—they testify of me.' 'Think—est thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me twelve legions of angels? But then how shall the *Scriptures* be fulfilled, that *thus it must be*?' (Matt. xxv. 53, 54.) 'Oh fools and slow of heart to believe all that *the prophets have spoken*; ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at *Moses and all the prophets*, he expounded unto them in *all the Scriptures*, the things concerning himself.' (Luke xxiv. 25—27.) Again: 'then opened he their understanding that they might understand the *Scriptures*.' (45.) Here we have the exact manner in which the Jews were accustomed to speak of their

\* Matth. viii. 4; xix. 8; xxiii. 2; John vii. 19—21.

† Matth. vii. 17; xii. 17—38; xiii. 35; xv. 7; xxi. 16, 42; xxii. 43; xvi. 13.

Scriptures, believing them to have been divinely inspired; and in which we are ourselves accustomed to speak of them, believing the same thing concerning them. Sometimes the singular term, *Scripture*, is used, sometimes the plural term, *Scriptures*; both terms are significant. They suggest that the canon, while made up of parts, is one.\* Our Lord speaks of this collection of writings as consisting of 'the Law and the Prophets.' He also speaks of it as threefold—that all things might be fulfilled which were written in the *Law of Moses*, and in the *Prophets*, and in the *Psalms*, concerning me. (Luke xxiv. 44.) Josephus, describing the writings of the Old Testament as they were regarded by the Jews, says, 'Five are the books of Moses, which contain the laws, and the declaration concerning the origin of mankind down to the time of his own death. (*Contra Ap.* lib. i. § 7, 8.) This was the received opinion in regard to the origin of the Pentateuch, and its relation to the other Scriptures of the Old Testament, which Our Lord would be assuredly understood as confirming in the above language.

So strong is this chain of proof in regard to the inspired authority of the Old Testament, that some men have not scrupled to say that Our Lord accommodated himself in this matter to popular prejudice, though he knew it to be founded in error. The impiety of this pretence places it beyond the pale of argument. Of course these gentlemen know it to have been the manner of the Great Teacher to be thus tender towards Jewish prejudice, and thus careful of his own popularity; and that regulating his course so as to avoid popular disaffection, it was avoided!

While such was the language of Our Lord on this subject, what was the language of the writers of the New Testament? Do they appeal to Moses and the Prophets after this same manner? Assuredly they do. 'Men and brethren,' says Peter, 'this *scripture* must needs have been fulfilled which the *Holy Ghost* by the mouth of David spake concerning Judas.' (Acts i. 16.) Again, says the same apostle, 'those things which God hath showed before by the mouth of all his *Holy Prophets*, he hath fulfilled.' (Acts iii. 18.) Hence the language of the church at Jerusalem—'Thou art God—who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why do the heathen rage?' Thus it was God who spoke through the prophets—through them all. In his second epistle, Peter writes (i. 19—21), 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as to a light shining in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day—'

\* Matth. vii. 38, 42; xiii. 18; xvii. 12.

'star arise in your heart; knowing this first, that no *prophecy of Scripture* is of any private interpretation, for the prophesy came *not in old time by the will of man*, but holy men of God *spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost*.' The word from the Old Testament was 'sure,' for the reason assigned. The word of the New dispensation was still more sure, as being the fulfilment of the Old. By '*prophecy of Scripture*,' we must understand *written* prophecy; and by prophecy concerning the dispensation of the Spirit, we must understand prophecy relating both to the advent and the works of Messiah. Hence the words of Zacharias, the father of the Baptist, blessing God in that 'he had raised up *a horn of salvation* in the house of David, as he *spake by his Holy Prophets which have been since the world began*.' The advantage to Timothy, of having known the '*Holy Scriptures*' from his childhood was that they were able to make him '*wise unto salvation*.' So were the Scriptures of the Old Testament given, and to this end were they given.

In connexion with Paul's language to Timothy just cited is the well-known passage, '*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works*.' (1 Ep. iii. 16.) The '*all Scripture*,' or '*every writing*' referred to, is the sacred '*writing*' of the Jews, as distinguished from all merely human writing; and of Scripture in that sense, this affirmation is made. Some, indeed, read '*all Scripture inspired, is profitable*,' &c.—not '*all Scripture is by inspiration of God, and is profitable*,' &c. But if the verb be not introduced, the conjunction is used as it is not used elsewhere in the New Testament; and we hold to the rendering which our translators have adopted. In this view the passage affirms the inspiration of the whole of the Old Testament; and even in the other, it affirms that there is an inspired element running through it, and an element profitable to all the important ends enumerated. The language of Paul in other connexions is such as to show that his language in this instance should be interpreted in the largest sense. '*What advantage, then, hath the Jew? Much every way, chiefly because to them were committed the oracles of God*.' (Rom. iii. 2.) There was not a Jew in the world who would not have understood these terms as an affirmation of the inspired authority of the whole of the Old Testament. He would have known nothing of any distinction between inspired and uninspired in that record. The uses assigned by this apostle to the Old Testament scriptures in 1 Tim. iii. 16, are in substance the same that he has assigned to them in Rom. xv. 4. '*For whatsoever things*

*'were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.'* It is true the apostle does not here say that those Scriptures were inspired to these ends, but what short of inspiration could have given them their perfect adaptation to such ends? The strict reading of the passage would be—*'for everything that was anciently written, was written for our instruction.'* Fully to the effect of this passage is 1 Cor. x. 11. *'Now, all these things happened to them for ensamples, and were written for our instruction.'* So that even the historical Scriptures have been inspired with a view to our learning and improvement. We might cite many passages in which the New Testament writers cite the Old Testament as being the understood utterance, not of man, but of the Holy Spirit. *'Well said the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto your fathers.'* *'As the Holy Ghost saith, to-day, if ye will, harden not your heart.'* *'The Holy Ghost thus signifying that the way into the Holiest of all was not yet manifest.'* *'Wherefore, also, the Holy Ghost is to us a witness, for after that he had said,' &c.* In short, so thoroughly is the New Testament founded on the Old, that there are more than 450 references in the later scriptures to the authority of the earlier. So much for the alleged indifference of the apostles to historical antecedents and historical proof!

But if the testimony of Our Lord to the inspired authority of the Old Testament was such as we have seen, it is reasonable to expect that His testimony will be no less decisive in reference to the men who were to be the first preachers of His Gospel, and were to give it the form in which it was to be known to the men of all time to come. The New Testament is the development of the Old. It gives the same theme, but with greater clearness and greater fulness. The presumption is, that the Divine guidance would, in this case, be greater—and it was greater. The passages from the lips of Our Lord bearing most on this subject will be found in John xiv. 16, 17, 26; xv. 26, 27; xvi. 12, 13. According to these Scriptures, the Holy Ghost was to be given to the disciples to teach them all things, and to bring all things to their remembrance. Of course, we are not by these words to understand *'all things'* in the most absolute sense. But we do understand these words as denoting all things necessary to a clear and full knowledge of the religious truth which it was the object of the Saviour's mission to lodge in the minds and hearts of men. As teachers of this truth, whether orally or in writing, they were to become unerring and competent guides. It has, indeed, been said that nothing more was intended by this promise of the Saviour, than that the effect of the active service to

which the disciples would be called after his resurrection, would be to give them a clearer and a more healthy state of mind wherewith to look to the past and the present; but this is so pure a piece of fantasy as not to be entitled to refutation.

We have still to look to the manner in which the New Testament writers express themselves concerning their own authority. Do they claim to be persons under a Divine guidance in what they teach? The very name—apostles—by which they are most of them distinguished, seems to suggest something of this nature. An apostle is one sent—sent by a competent authority, and for a definite purpose. In this case, everything seems to say that the person sent must be supposed to have been qualified to discharge the trust committed to him with the strictest wisdom and fidelity. We have to place ourselves in the circumstances of the first Christians, and then to imagine a document coming to us beginning with these words: ‘Paul, an Apostle of Jesus Christ, by the will of God.’ Our first impression on hearing these words, we conceive, would be, that a wise and good man so writing must be possessed of a special claim on our submission—a claim fully to the effect of what might be founded on inspiration. ‘The word of God which ye have heard of us, ye received, *not as the word of man*, but as it is in truth, *the word of God.*’ (1 Thess. ii. 13.) ‘He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man, but God, *who hath given unto us His Holy Spirit.*’ (Ibid. iv. 8.) ‘If any man obey not *our word* by this epistle, note that man, and *have no company with him.*’ The authority thus claimed was special and exclusive, and could have been claimed only upon special and exclusive grounds. This idea is strongly conveyed in a text before cited. ‘If any man think himself to be a prophet or spiritual, let him acknowledge that *the things that I write unto you are the commandments of God.*’ (1 Cor. xiv. 37, 38.) In other words, ‘My authority is ultimate with you—I have it from God.’ John writes to the same effect: ‘We are of God. He that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. *Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error.*’ (1 Ep. iv. 6.) The language of Peter is no less decisive. ‘That ye may be mindful of the words that were spoken before by the *holy Prophets, and of the commandments of us, the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ.*’ ‘Even as our beloved brother Paul also, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you. As also in all his Epistles, in which there are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also (τὰς λόγιας γράφας) *the other Scriptures, to their own destruction.*’ Here, obedience to

Apostolic authority is the test of truth. There is no cognizance of Christian character without it. The commandments of the Apostles are placed on a level with the utterances of the Holy Prophets; and Paul's writings were 'Scriptures' in the sense in which the other sacred writings were 'Scriptures.' Need we say more? It is true, Paul speaks of giving instruction in one instance without having commandment of the Lord so to do. But allowing the construction sometimes put on this language, the inference is clear, that when the Apostle does not make any such exception in his teaching, he is to be understood as speaking because he *has* such commandment.

Supposing the Apostles to have been inspired, in the sense commonly understood among us, what language could have been more natural and proper than that we have cited? Supposing them not to have been under such influence, what language could have been more unnatural—improper? It should be remembered, moreover, that the passages we have adduced are merely samples—a small selection from the great mass which it would be easy to have presented.

All we have hitherto said has been intended to bear upon the FACT that the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures are inspired. We have now to inquire concerning the NATURE and EXTENT of this influence. And we shall perhaps best accomplish this object by looking first to the negative side of the doctrine—marking what it does *not* necessarily include.

1. The plenary, or full inspiration of the Scriptures, does not oblige us to suppose that all the *words* of the Scriptures are inspired. This was the case, probably, in some special instances. Thus, the precepts of the decalogue are said to have been written by the finger of God. Whatever this language may mean, it must at least denote strong peculiarity as regards that portion of the Divine record. And some such peculiarity may be supposed to have extended to the announcements made concerning some of the more special and spiritual facts of revelation. But these instances do not appear to have been frequent. It is true, inspired men are said to deliver the 'word' of the Lord, and the 'words' of the Lord. But Christ himself was the 'word' of the Lord. In what sense? Clearly as being the expression of the *mind* of the Lord to us. Our Lord says, 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.' Did he mean to say that the particular terms he had used were spirit and life, or that the truth conveyed through those terms was possessed of such power? 'This is the word,' says Peter, 'which by the Gospel is preached unto you'—that is, the Gospel is the *word* of



the Lord in the sense of being the *truth*, the *mind* of the Lord. In this discussion much importance has been attached to 1 Cor. ii. 13—'Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.' Here the words taught by the Holy Ghost stand in contrast to the words taught by human wisdom. Now what is meant by this teaching of human wisdom? Does it mean the teaching of mere words? The reference, it is clear, is not so much to mere words as to language, style, manner in the largest sense—to the literary, elaborate, and artistic style of oratory and authorship, taught by the philosophical schools of those times. The meaning accordingly is, that the influence of the Holy Spirit, in so far as it was present with the apostles in relation to their manner as teachers, was with them to dispose ~~them~~ towards the simple and natural manner becoming their function; not for the purpose of giving them, word by word, the terms they should use, not to qualify them for emulating the artificial, ornate, and rhetorical style observable in the secular authorship and oratory of that day. There *was* a Divine influence which affected their manner as teachers, but it did so by affecting their character as *men*, imparting through that medium to everything they did, the signs of sincerity and nature.

Had inspiration extended to the words of Scripture, it would have been extended with the same minuteness and precision to the *circumstances* of Scripture. In that case the alleged discrepancies and contradictions, on which sceptics have dwelt with such plausible exaggeration, would have been unknown. In the Scriptures we have substantial identity, but we have it along with great verbal and circumstantial variety. An influence which should have allowed no variation from fixed terms, would have allowed no variation from fixedness in anything.

Furthermore, we feel bound to say, if this verbal theory, as it is called, be just, then translations of the Scriptures are not the word of God. If the inspiration be in the words, the original words are gone when the translation is made. It is true an attempt is made to put equivalent terms in the place of the original terms, but every scholar must know that in many cases this is not possible. All books suffer by translation, inspired books as much, and even more than others. If the inspiration of Scripture be an inspiration of its *truth*, then we may have the Bible in English; but if the inspiration be shut up to fixed terms, then we have it not, no living people have it, or ever can have it. Which, now, is the most probable, that God should have given us a Bible adapted to the people of all languages and

all time, or a Bible adapted to the people of one language only, and of one long past period of time?

It is to be remembered also that the New Testament writers do not cite the Old Testament with verbal accuracy, and that they often cite the Greek of the Septuagint, which was not inspired, in preference to the Hebrew, which, as this theory supposes, was inspired. If the Jews were believers, as is alleged, in verbal inspiration, it is plain the evangelists and apostles did not mean to be understood as encouraging them in such a belief.

To abate the objection made to this theory, it is sometimes said, that men, of necessity, think in words, and that on this principle the words as well as the thoughts come to be inspired. But the fact is not so. We do often think without words. In the history of language it will be found that thought goes before words, and is the creator of them. It is as the thought of a people expands and becomes manifold, that their language is found to take compass and manifoldness according to their needs.

But in fact, the difference between the professed advocates of plenary inspiration and verbal inspiration, is by no means so great as the parties often seem to imagine; for the advocates of the verbal theory do not deny the varieties in diction, style, and other characteristics by which the sacred writers are distinguished from each other. They admit and admire these varieties; they say God did not unmake the *man* when he made the *prophet*, but rather consecrated the man, with everything belonging to his individuality, to his special function. But if this individuality belongs to the man before he is inspired, surely that cannot be said to be the fruit of inspiration which exists before inspiration comes. In that case the natural individuality may become an inspired individuality in the sense of being guided by inspiration, but it cannot be an inspired individuality in the sense of being created by inspiration. Both parties are agreed in the fact, that the Holy Spirit adopts, uses, consecrates the characteristics of the man to his special object; the difference here is really a difference more about modes of expression than about ideas. When the advocate of the verbal theory cedes thus much, all that seemed to be distinctive of his doctrine is virtually gone—and thus much he is obliged to cede.

2. Our next remark is, that belief in the full inspiration of Holy Scripture does not require us to suppose that the inspiration was always the *same*, either as to its *mode* or *measure*. Inspiration is a form of miracle, and the Divine Being does not resort to miracle without occasion, nor beyond occasion. If

there be inspiration at all, it will always be sufficient for its purpose, and it will be always determined by its purpose. Being so regulated, it may be an influence acting at one time upon one faculty, at another time upon another, and upon occasions on the whole susceptibility of the man, both mental and physical. Nothing can be more reasonable than to suppose that the cause in such cases would be limited to the intended effect. The contents of the Scriptures sustain this view. Much that we find there could be recorded as the effect of purely natural memory; while much beside is of such a nature as to imply the presence of the supernatural in the highest degree. Surely Paul did not need to be inspired after the same manner when requesting that a cloak which he had left behind him should be brought to him, and when predicting the great apostacy, and the revelation of the Man of Sin. His natural memory gave him sufficient warrant to assert that after his conversion he went for a time into Arabia; but something greatly beyond the merely natural is needed when he proceeds to speak of the time, and the order, and the characteristics of the resurrection. That any man should insist that the inspiration in these different cases was really and necessarily the same, is to us a great marvel. So it has been also to the great majority of the wisest and holiest of men who have bestowed their thought on this subject. Baxter and Doddridge, Stennet and Parry, Pye Smith and Hartwell Horne, Knapp and Diek, Wilson and Henderson, are all among heretics, if there be heresy in the opinion that there were differences of degree and of mode in the influence we intend by the term Inspiration. It is to us very plain, that whatever may have been the comparative passiveness of the mind of the sacred writers in some special instances, in general, their communications are made in the full exercise of their intelligent and spiritual consciousness.

*Prophecy*, and the facts which constitute the special doctrines of *Revelation*, must have come to the mind of man through the highest form of inspiration. To see the end from the beginning belongs to Omniscience, and from the Omniscient alone can the spirit of prophecy come. The special doctrines of *Revelation*, too—the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Office of the Holy Spirit—are all facts which belong to the supernatural. Reason may approve the ends which these facts are designed to subserve, and may admire the facts themselves viewed as means to such ends, but reason could never have discovered that the Divine Being would come forth after this manner to redeem and save His creatures. Reason may teach us something concerning the nature of the Divine perfections, but that they would come into

act after this manner reason could never have foreseen. These are the things which it had not entered into the heart of man to conceive, but which were *revealed* to the Apostles by the Spirit. These are the things which Paul received, not of man, but by *revelation* of Jesus Christ. These are the things which in other ages were not made known to the sons of men as they were afterwards '*revealed* to the holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit.' The apostles could have known nothing of these facts except by *revelation*, and their report to us concerning them could not have been wholly trustworthy, except as the influence which came upon them sufficed to constitute them unerring guides. This highest form of inspiration was needed to fit them for receiving this truth fully, and for communicating it without any mixture of error.

Next to inspiration, in the way of direct revelation, we place that of *Divine Guidance*. Our Lord promised the Comforter to 'lead' (ὁδηγεῖν) the apostles into all truth. What they remembered but imperfectly, and apprehended but imperfectly, they were to remember distinctly and to see distinctly, and so to become qualified to teach and to record all the truth necessary to the common salvation. In all this they are led, not forced. Each man remains himself, but each is sufficiently guided to become to us a sufficient authority (John xvi. 13).

These '*revelations of the Lord*,' and this leading of the Holy spirit, no doubt included a special *purification* and *elevation* of the powers of the mind. The natural capacities of the mind were cleared and invigorated by rich spiritual influences. The spiritual man was made to see spiritual things as such men only can see them. The apostles confess to many personal infirmities, but as preachers of the revealed truth they claim to be '*sufficient*' to their work—to have '*sufficiency of God*.'

The most limited sense in which the term Inspiration can be used is as denoting mere *superintendence*. In many connexions the influence that should guard against error was all that could be needed. But even such portions of the sacred writings may be justly described as the word, not of men, but of God, inasmuch as the Spirit of God is supposed to be constantly present to ensure correctness. The man acts with his natural freedom, but the Holy Spirit ensures that in all these modes truth only shall be taught, and error be precluded.

8. We are not obliged to suppose that minds alike inspired must of necessity see the great scheme of revealed truth from exactly the same *point of view*, and under exactly the same *lights*. Circumstances would arise which would dispose such minds to look at the parts and tendencies of the revealed message diffe-

rently at different times. Its particular aspects, as opposed to particular errors, would naturally come into prominence according to the exigency. This feature is observable throughout the sacred writings. The passing incidents of days far remote, have fixed their impression on the sacred page for all days to come.

But beyond this, the influence which left the sacred writers to differ from each other so much in style and general manner, left them free to differ in some things more considerable. The epistles of Paul and those of John give us the same Gospel, but not as seen from precisely the same point, or with the same truths and lessons in strictly the same prominence. John's sympathies lie more with the contemplative and the devotional, Paul's thoughts take in a wider range of doctrinal truth, and are busied with the more robust and practical tendencies of the Christian system. Peter and James, again, were alike inspired, that they might hold and teach the same truth; but they do not teach it after the same manner, nor with the same parts in exactly the same proportions. In James, the doctrinal element is briefly given; it is to the practical that he aims to give clearness and force. Peter combines the doctrinal more freely with the practical, but we become sensible to a beautiful variety in the manifestations of the same truth as we compare the epistles of Peter, and Paul, and John.

So it is with the evangelists. If each had been the exact duplicate of the rest, then three must have been superfluous—one would have sufficed. But grave objections have been taken to these narratives by sceptics, on the ground that the Christ presented in each is not so much the same as another. This objection is of no weight. We feel that we do not get our full conception of the character of our Lord from any one of the evangelists. To this end we need to read and collate them all. The evangelists, it is clear, were not obliged to look on the character of the Saviour from strictly the same ground. One might look on that marvellous life more in its external manifestations; another might be more intent upon its inner mysteries; and the two may have had their mission to do between them the work needing to be done. Be it remembered, too, that these natural varieties in the character of the men employed to write the Scriptures, are varieties that will never cease to have their counterpart among the people and nations anticipated as readers of the Scriptures. In this way, not only does each mind get, if we may so speak, its own truth, but gets it in its own way. The inspired writers are allowed to manifest these individualities because they are such as will never fail to be common among men. The Divine Wisdom here tells us that it is not in the one mode of any one of the sacred writers that we have what is best, but in the varieties of

mode embracing them all. In these varieties we have the destined fulness of Scripture—in these parts we have the whole.

4. If even in their mode of presenting moral and religious truth the sacred writers are thus distinguishable from each other, it is easy to suppose that their manner of describing the same *historical circumstances* may partake of difference. We can easily imagine that one historian would be especially interested in one aspect of a story, and another in another. The feeling awakened, or the lesson suggested, by almost any incident, will hardly be the same in the experience of any two observers. Hence we can suppose that the feature of an incident almost overlooked by one writer will often be that specially dwelt upon by another. In this way there might be great circumstantial variety, verging upon seeming contradiction, while in fact there is no contradiction, but merely variety. All this flows naturally from the fact that the Holy Spirit does not supersede the individuality of the sacred penman, but adopts it.

5. It is, we think, quite legitimate to say, that the idea of inspiration does not require us to suppose that the historical statements of the Scriptures will always be given in exact *chronological order*. History in the philosophical and scientific form familiar to us, was little known among the ancient Asiatic nations. The writings of this nature possessed by them were singularly fragmentary, consisting for the most part of brief entries made from time to time in courtly or priestly registers. The marvel with us should be, not that the ancient Hebrew histories bear so small a resemblance in chronological arrangement to the classical models which have been handed down to us, but rather that the fragmentary and irregular are not more observable than we find them. We do not believe that the inspired writers have given us false dates, or false relations of cause and effect, but where the order of occurrences was of no moral or religious significance, they often appear to have been indifferent about it. The Jewish modes of computation were not ours, and much apparent discrepancy has arisen from this circumstance. The Hebrew manner of notation, too, was not favourable to strict accuracy on the part of transcribers.

6. It does not follow that where there is inspiration at all, it must be inspiration in regard to *all truth*. Each prophet in the old time had often his special message to deliver, and that being delivered his work for the season was done. Holy men spake as they were moved. They proclaimed the word of the Lord as the word came to them. It is said of Our Lord that the Spirit was not given by measure to him, but that is not said of another. Even in his case, though the Spirit was given him without mea-

sure, his teaching was measured. He gave forth truth to his disciples by little and little as they were able to bear it. "On this same principle did the All-wise deal with our race in the earlier ages of the world. He gave to the patriarchs and to the Jews the truth convenient for them. But to put limit after this manner to the communication of truth is not to teach untruth. The light given, in so far as it comes, is pure light. The inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures was as real as the inspiration of the New Testament, though its purpose was not to present truth with the same degree of clearness and fulness.

7. Nor does it follow that the man inspired at *one* time, must be an inspired man at *all* times. The gift was not perpetual. Balaam was inspired once, but we have no reason to suppose that the same influence ever came upon him again. He had his vision as he looked on the tents of Israel from beside the altars of Moab; but, that vision closed, the future was as impenetrable to him as to that King Balak who had sought his services. David was inspired as a psalmist, but we may doubt his inspiration when in his ode upon the death of Saul; he can be blind to the errors of the dead king, and attribute qualities to him in a manner partaking more of poetic licence than of truthfulness. So Deborah was inspired when, in the name of the Lord, she called Israel to arm against the oppressor; but she does not tell us that she was inspired when she wrote her song upon the struggle after it was over; and the contents of that song oblige us to distinguish between Deborah as an inspired messenger, and Deborah simply as a poetess. In a sense, the ode of David and the song of Deborah are inspired, inasmuch as the inspired authors of the books in which they appear have given them to us as true history. Inspiration assures us that David and Deborah did thus write; it does not assure us that they so wrote by inspiration. In this sense all sacred history is inspired history, but a great part of it only in this sense. When the Scripture describes certain things as said or done, it is responsible for the fact that such things were said or done; but it is not always responsible for the truth of what is said, or the rightness of what is done. Satan sometimes speaks in Holy Writ, and speaks even there as the Father of lies might be expected to speak. When good men speak by the Spirit of God, they speak unerringly; but when they speak apart from that guidance, they may err in common with other men. But it is in the Old Testament that this *occasional* inspiration is most observable.

8. Not less manifest is it, that the inspiration which ensured unerring truth to the message of the inspired person, did not necessarily ensure the unerring to his *conduct*. Balaam could

prophecy, but we know how he could sin. David could breathe forth the soul of an inspired devoutness; but we know how much there was at variance with that spirit in his life. And what shall we say of Jonah? Even Peter, constantly inspired as he was as a teacher of truth, could so err that Paul felt bound to reprove him as one who was to blame.

We have seen in the preceding sections what inspiration does not necessarily include. The question now comes—in what does it really consist? We have seen what it is as regards its differences in degree, and, in some sense, in kind. In any, or all of these forms, its object is the same—viz., *to ensure truthfulness*. This we believe it does ensure, not merely as regards religious and moral truth, but as regards all the matters on which it professes to be a *teacher*—professes to *give us the truth*.

We have delivered our thoughts concerning what is called verbal inspiration. The alternative which now demands our attention lies between a *plenary* and a *partial* inspiration. Plenary inspiration covers the whole substance of the Bible, regarding all that the sacred writers profess to teach, as taught under a Divine guidance, and as taught, in consequence, unerringly. The theory of partial inspiration restricts this influence to the moral and religious truth inculcated, leaving everything else to be accounted as merely human, and as liable to be disfigured by the errors incident to what is simply of man. That both these theories have their difficulties will be admitted, we conceive, by every intelligent and candid man. The theory of plenary inspiration has to be harmonised with many alleged discrepancies and errors in relation to history, geography, and natural science generally, which some men insist are of such a nature as to be fatal to any such view of this doctrine. The theory of partial inspiration, on the other hand, which restricts this influence to religious and moral truth, entails the difficulty—in our judgment the impossibility—of separating between the truth thus said to be from God, and the error from man that must be inseparable from the mass of material with which it is mixed up.

Let it be supposed that time has not been without bringing its obscurities and injuries on some portions of the sacred text, which is the most credible idea—that which regards these records as originally truthful throughout, though now injured in some unimportant degree by the action of time;—or that which supposes that the Divine truth in these records has been allowed to be admixed from the first with all sorts of human error, the task intended for man being the difficult, if not the impossible one, of separating God's truth from man's untruth? To us, the first of these ideas



is immeasurably more admissible than the second. That the Divine Being should not have interposed, as by a perpetual miracle, to secure the absolute purity of the sacred text, amidst the revolutions of some thirty centuries, is to us no difficulty, compared with the supposition that the Bible, while clearly intended for the hands of the people, is a book from which these people are expected to abstract the religious essence, free from all the other, and the very different essences, which have not only become incrustated upon it, but have entered into it, and in a thousand ways become parts of itself.

The secluded scholar may imagine that to *him* a Bible with no more than the religious element inspired would be all he could desire. But the world is not made up of secluded scholars. Such men are exceptions. The race is made of other stuff, and is otherwise conditioned. To test this partial inspiration theory, we have to conceive of it as becoming the popular theory. In this case, the people who now regard the historical in the Scriptures as being no less trustworthy than the theological, have to abandon that dream. Old Testament history and New Testament history drop at once from their special place, and find their level beside the ordinary chronicles and histories of nations. If no more inspired than they, why should they be more truthful—why more respected? Imagine, then, the partially educated, the uneducated, the artisan, and the peasant, taking up the Scriptures with this new conception of them—their history—the histories given by the evangelists among the rest—being no more than ordinary human compositions, disfigured by all the traces of ignorance and mistake common to such merely human productions. Would not such minds feel that in losing their former conception of the book they had lost the book itself? Would not the feeling of uncertainty thus awakened in reference to so large a portion of the volume soon extend itself to the remainder, especially as the difficulty of separating between the two should come to be more and more felt? What avails it that the history is full of moral and religious lessons, if the history itself may be untrue? In fact, if the veracity of the narratives of Scripture shall break down, everything breaks down. Where the untrue ends and the true begins no one can tell. It may be easy to discourse about Noah, and Lot, and Abraham, and the rest, but if all that Genesis gives as the history of such persons be mere tradition, impregnated with the errors that must have been inseparable from such traditions, where can be the worth of such discoursing? If the facts which make up the supposed lives of these persons be uncertain, can the lessons said to be supplied by those facts be other than uncertain? If the foundation be thus loose, what

must be the fate of the superstructure? These are questions which the commonest minds would soon begin to ask, after their own manner, on the supposition that the historical in the Bible is a matter of merely human authority. The doctrine which would thus leave us without a revelation, can never have come from revelation. A book designed by the All-wise for popular use can hardly be of such a complexion as to render it impossible that the people should make a wise use of it. Nothing can be more repugnant to the common-sense of the common mind than the idea of a revelation from God consisting partly of the true and partly of the untrue. Let the preacher bring them to believe that, and he will soon find that he has put them in a way to dispense with his services. The men who hold this doctrine seem to be suspicious that such would be the effect of preaching it; and can that doctrine be sound of which this may be affirmed? It is felt to be safe for the few only, unsafe for the many—can this be the test of truth on such a matter? If it be a truth, it is a truth of so much importance, that the preacher should spare no pains to place his people in full possession of it; his silence on this point must bespeak distrust of his own doctrine. Mr. Macnaught has cited several living bishops as holding this partial inspiration doctrine, and the following extract shows how men of a sceptical tendency are likely to estimate such concessions.

‘So then, according to the confessions of the rulers and overseers of the English Established Church, there may be errors of science, of history, and of morality in the Bible; but still the idea of Scriptural Infallibility, on matters of religion, must be maintained. Now, ‘the learned’ few may be able to perceive the nice distinctions between the religious, and therefore infallible sections of the Bible, as contrasted with its non-religious and therefore fallible sections or meanings; but the unlearned many will surely not be able to perceive distinctly these shades of difference.

‘If, on the ground of these recognised and palpable errors in the science, history, and morality of Scripture, our bishops had said clearly and intelligibly, that the Bible was, however excellent, yet a fallible book, we should have admired their clear-sightedness and their courage even more than we now do; but, as it is, our ecclesiastical rulers seem to confess a great part of the truth, and then to stop short, and suddenly uphold the idea of religious infallibility being in a fallible book.

‘We see the meaning of this distinction, and we can sympathize with the natural timidity of these dignitaries; but we cannot help fearing that in the case of a religion, which, like the popular conception of Christianity, has its doctrines based for the most part on historical facts, the opinions advanced by these learned and truly venerable men deal with the sacred terms ‘Inspiration’ and ‘Infallibility,’ in a

manner likely to be most injurious to the religious truthfulness and the Christian faith of ordinary intellects; and for ourselves, we, as part of the unlearned many, are ready to exclaim—Oh! enviable logical perception, never to confound morality with religion! And never to doubt the mysteries of the faith, whilst all the narratives of facts, on which these mysteries are based, are avowedly open to criticism and disbelief!—pp. 64, 65.

In so far this witness is true. The surrender of the history of Scripture, leads naturally to a surrender of its moral teaching, and that given up, the only privilege of theology is that it is the last to disappear.

It is due to Mr. Macnaught to apprise our readers that he is very eloquent on the worth of the Bible, and on the potency it has shown in elevating the race. It seems, however, to have escaped the reverend gentleman that the Bible which has been thus powerful has not been *his* Bible, but *ours*—not a Bible which mankind have regarded as made up less of the certain than of the doubtful, but a Bible believed to have been made unerring by the Spirit of God. The authority of the book has been a grand and essential instrument in its force. Denuded of that element, its future would bear little resemblance to its past.

1. That the *Theology* of the Scriptures is inspired is supposed by all who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures in any sense. The believer in inspiration will always feel himself bound to listen in a reverential spirit to the apparent teachings of the Bible. He will feel that a revelation would scarcely have been made at all, if its purpose had been restricted to a mere reflexion of existing human ideas and human feelings. Its object must be, not merely to give greater clearness to what is partially known, but to disclose the unknown. The attitude of such a mind accordingly will be that of a learner. Its natural intelligence and its moral consciousness will not be ignored, but both will know how to take their place with becoming docility before the oracle which now speaks. The antagonism with which a mind of this sort has to deal comes from the unbeliever—the man whose objections are not so much to the supposed inspiration of the Scriptures, as to the idea of their containing a revelation in any form. His ground is not that the theology must be true, seeing it is inspired; but rather that the inspiration must be imaginary, seeing that the theology is so defective and false.

The theology so described, however, is chiefly the theology of the Old Testament, which is said to be so low, sensuous, and anthropomorphic, as to be degrading to the Deity. But this theology has no more of this spirit of accommodation to human

weakness in it than was needed by the condition of the race so addressed. And if there be weight in this objection to an attempt to raise human thought even to this poor level by such means, what shall we say of the Providence which has allowed creatures to come into existence in a state to need so much of this kind of assistance? This objection has been wonderfully expanded and exaggerated by some modern writers; but in fact it is not so much an objection against revelation as an objection against Theism. The atheist may use it, but it is altogether out of place in the hand of one professing to believe in a God. That these anthropomorphic ideas of Deity in the Old Testament are associated with others of transcendent spirituality and grandeur, is a fact of which these traducers of God's ancient people are not so mindful as they should be.

2. But if the theology of the Bible has been urged as an argument against its inspiration, the same course has been taken not less frequently in regard to its *morality*. The excellence, indeed, of the moral principles directly and formally inculcated in the Scriptures, has been generally admitted. The difficulty has been to harmonise particular facts with such principles. The Deluge, the overthrow of the Cities of the Plain, the plagues of Egypt, the destruction of the Canaanites, the slaughter of the priests of Baal in the time of Elijah, and the imprecatory Psalms, are among the most conspicuous of the facts that are said to militate against the notion that the Hebrew Scriptures are inspired.

In dealing with such objections we think it only just to say, that man has no more right to exact, that if a revelation be made to him, it shall be wholly free from anomaly and moral difficulty, than he has to insist that the material universe about him, and the moral government above him, shall be wholly free from perplexities of that nature. That these last are *not* free from such perplexities we all know and feel.

The sufferings inflicted by the Deluge, by the overthrow of Sodom, and by the army under Joshua, were great. But the sufferers were signally guilty, and there are laws in Providence which insure, that whenever such corruptness comes, a similar sweep of destruction shall be sure to follow. Whether the thing done in such cases be done by means of the regular action of law, or by a special mandate to a special agency, is a mere circumstance. The morality is the same in either case. It should be remembered, too, that the reign of law among all rude communities is to a great extent a reign of terror. This has never been otherwise—never can be otherwise. Then the theocratic nature of the Hebrew government, which made idolatry to be the worst form of treason; and which identified every form of treason with apostacy and

impiety; naturally brought severe penalties. It is only as yesterday that our own penalties for treason were too horrible for description. In this view, the priests of Baal were not only men convicted of open treason, but men who had openly joined impiety and apostacy with treason. And with regard to the imprecatory Psalms, one thing, at least, may be affirmed concerning them—they are not matters to be taken by us as examples. If they are regarded as being the natural expression of Hebrew patriotism, and nothing more; or if we account them—as we think they ought to be accounted—as being not so much private utterances as judicial and prophetic utterances, in either case they belong to a state of things which is not ours, and therefore they are no model to us. Our belief is, that while natural feeling had its place in connexion with these imprecations, their great element was judicial and prophetic, derived from the spirit of the theocracy, and pointing towards the Messiah and the fate awaiting His enemies. We do not know all the conditions possible to inspiration.

It is not always sufficiently remembered that justice and mercy belong equally to the Divine nature, and that they must belong equally to our nature, if our religion is to be healthy—Godlike. Some people are disposed to vest religion in the exercise of the softer affections only, to the great neglect of the affections of a firmer mould. Hence the strange sights we often see—people full of all sorts of pity for those who live by robbery and murder, while not a vestige of such feeling would seem to be left for the robbed or the murdered. If Christianity were the piece of mawkish sentimentalism which some people of this sort would make it, it would be time the world had done with it. The old Hebrew form of piety, which not only loved mercy, but hated iniquity, was much nearer the true standard than the piety of many in later and more favoured times. The worst of it is, that our sentimentalists often show that they can be good haters upon occasion, and in their own way. Many bad deeds are recorded in the Bible, but we see nothing in the morality taught and approved there which may not be found to have been consistent with the highest rectitude, while its lessons, as a whole, are assuredly fraught with the largest benevolence.

3. We have said enough to indicate our opinion as to the relation between the doctrine of inspiration and the *historical* portions of the Scriptures. On this subject we expressed ourselves some years since as follows: 'If we suppose history to be employed as the vehicle of revealed truth to man, it is anything but reasonable to suppose that the history in such case will be false. Dogmatic truth, if mixed up with historic falsehood, would be

' sure to suffer much from being found in such company. It is  
 ' possible, indeed, that the dogma should be veracious, while the  
 ' history is not so. But our question here is about the *probable*,  
 ' not about the *possible*. Are we to suppose that the historical ele-  
 ' ment has been left so loose as to become false—as to say that cer-  
 ' tain things were *said* or *done*, which were *not* said or done? For  
 ' the greater part, the presence of the Divine with the human; in  
 ' such portions of Scripture, may have been simply negative—  
 ' guarding against error, but leaving the natural knowledge, and  
 ' the general integrity of the writer, in large freedom. In other  
 ' cases the Divine influence would be necessary to aid the  
 ' memory, and sometimes directly to reveal facts that could not  
 ' otherwise have been known. Moses could not have written  
 ' even on natural subjects as he has done, had not those subjects  
 ' been revealed to him. In his account of the creation, tradition  
 ' may have aided him, but it could have aided him only in part.  
 ' In the case of the Evangelists, also, something more than an  
 ' assistance of the memory was necessary, inasmuch as they  
 ' record many things which they did not see or hear, and which  
 ' they could not have reported to us truly except under a special  
 ' guidance. But where that influence is at all—even in its nega-  
 ' tive form merely—the result to us, though in a large degree  
 ' the word of man, is truly the word of God; that is, a *record*  
 ' *guaranteed as faithful by a Divine intervention*. The ex-  
 ' pression, "it is written," refers to what is written as being  
 ' authoritative, final; and this must embrace all that has been  
 ' written, so as to take the Divine authority along with it—to  
 ' *history* with the rest. We take the historical Scriptures in this  
 ' manner along with the other Scriptures because the inspired  
 ' writers do all so take them. The historical Scriptures are de-  
 ' signed to give us the character of the people among whom they  
 ' were written, and of the times generally from which we have  
 ' received them. On this ground we can conceive of it as highly  
 ' important that the sacred narrative should present to us much  
 ' that is historically truthful, but which cannot be regarded as  
 ' ethically just, or religiously pure. In such cases the general  
 ' teaching of Scripture is at hand, to enable us to distinguish  
 ' between the right and the wrong, the true and the false. But  
 ' we see mischief, and mischief only, as consequent on the theory  
 ' which supposes that the sacred writers may have been inspired  
 ' as *religious teachers*, and at the same time liable to *err egre-*  
 ' *giously as historians*.—It is a great mistake to suppose that  
 ' the difficulty in reference to the doctrine of inspiration is all  
 ' but annihilated, by limiting that influence to the purely reli-  
 ' gious element. Is it possible, in all cases, to draw the line

with clearness and certainty between the moral and religious, and that which may not be so described? Is it not, in fact, to the religious element of the Bible, more than to its subordinate material, that exception is taken by the opponents of inspiration? The sceptic may seem for a season to be directing his appliances mainly against the outworks of the Bible—its history and science—but be assured of it, this is done that, so much impediment being cleared away, the citadel itself, consisting of the moral and religious truth, may be brought to the ground. The scientific and the historical do not stand alone. The moral and religious arise out of them, are intertwined with them, are committed by them. To attempt to separate these woven threads, is to be involved in hopeless perplexity.\* Take, as an illustration, Abraham's offering up Isaac. Are the incidents in that narrative ours by inspiration, and consequently certain; or ours from merely human tradition, and consequently uncertain? If the latter, what becomes of the great religious lesson said to have been conveyed by that event; if the former, what becomes of the doctrine which affirms that inspiration has nothing to do with history? What we say in this instance, we might say in hundreds beside.

We shall, perhaps, be told here that, though the documents of various kinds from which so much of the narrative portions of Scripture appear to have been taken were not in general inspired documents, the men who made use of those sources of information, together with tradition, were inspired men, so that what thus comes to us comes on an inspired authority. If by this statement be meant that the writer of the Book of Genesis, we will say, or of the Gospel ascribed to Luke, was so inspired that he could readily separate between the true and the not true in these sources, giving us as the result the unmixed truth, then all that is required by the advocates of plenary inspiration is ceded. But this is not what is meant. The compiler in either of the above cases may have exercised his best discrimination, but after all he is supposed to have given us the true and the false in the same story. For it must be borne in mind, that the supposed advantage of the partial inspiration theory is said to be, that admitting this mixture of true and not true, it shows us how we may look on the fact, and not be much troubled about it.

It is a significant fact, that some nineteen-twentieths of the religious truth coming to us in the Bible, comes to us through the medium of history and biography. In this fact we have evidence,

\* *British Quarterly*, Vol. XIV., pp. 233, 234.

not only that the Bible must have been designed for the hands of the people, but evidence that its biography and history must be true. To suppose that such a medium should have been chosen to such an extent, and to suppose, at the same time, that this medium has been left exposed to the chances of every sort of mistake and error, would be, we think, to impeach something more than the Divine wisdom.

It may be said, indeed, that the sacred history, even in this view, is as veracious as history in general, and that the evidence which is sufficient to warrant faith in other histories, should be sufficient to induce faith in this history. Our answer is, if the sacred writers be not inspired in their teaching as historians, as well as in their religious teaching, then they fall even below the ordinary level as authorities. Genesis gives us a history of creation, which no man could have witnessed, or have known anything about except by revelation. John gives us discourses from the lips of the Saviour, which could not have been given accurately from mere memory. So in a number of cases. Now Moses and John were aided supernaturally in these respects—that is, inspired, or they were not. If they were so aided, then the question is settled; if they were not, then they cease to be trustworthy, inasmuch as they stand convicted of having attempted to do by merely natural means, what no merely natural means could have sufficed to accomplish. If they are not inspired witnesses in these matters, it is scarcely too much to say they are no witnesses. The manner of the sacred writers, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, is, as we have said, that of men who knew nothing of doubt as regards the truth of the things which they report to us as true. If they have done this without inspiration, then they have done it without adequate warrant, and their authority, in consequence, is not only deeply impaired, it is, in fact, gone.

We have objected to the theory of partial inspiration, that it devolves on the common readers of the Bible the difficult, if not the impossible task of separating the religious and moral teaching of the Bible from material declared to be more or less deceptive. In reply here, it may be said, that we all, of us admit that there is much in the Bible to disapprove as well as to approve, and that thus there is a sifting of the material of the volume that must be more or less made by every man. This is true enough. Satan, as we know, is allowed to utter his lie even in Scripture, but there is no difficulty in seeing that it is a lie. Bad men are permitted to give expression there to bad maxims and bad feeling. But it is easy in such cases to see that the tree is bad, and that the fruit is like it. Even good men, as they are presented there, manifest their imperfections; but we



have the general, the clear, and the certain teaching of the volume to enable us to see when good men speak and act consistently, and when they do not. No man of ordinary discernment needs fail of making such distinctions. What the sacred writers give us as history must be true as history. For that they are responsible; and they are farther responsible for what they approve as well as record—but there their responsibilities end.

Nor should we quit this topic without observing, that supposing the sacred writers to have been inspired at all, no reason can be adduced from the nature of the case, against the idea of their being inspired in regard to the history they give us, as well as in regard to their general teaching. For reasons to be mentioned presently, we can understand why they should not have been inspired to become our preceptors, more than very partially, in matters of natural science; but of the common facts in history they were as capable of judging then as we are now, and while we fail to see any reason for leaving them to fall into error in that quarter, very weighty considerations suggest the importance of their being secured against it.

We are aware that at one time the late Dr. Pye Smith avowed himself a believer in the view of inspiration which limits that influence to the religious and moral teaching of the Scriptures. Before 1837, the Doctor had rejected the idea both of the canonicity and of the inspiration of the Song of Solomon. Not content with avowing these opinions in his *Scripture Testimony*, he published them anew in that year in the *Congregational Magazine*, stating at large his reasons for so thinking. His language on the question of inspiration on that occasion startled his friends not a little. Nothing like it, so far as we remember, had ever been avowed in this country by any evangelical Nonconformist. He expressed himself as follows:—

‘When I reflect upon the difficulties, using the mildest term, which arise from an endeavour to convert passages containing matter merely genealogical, topographical, numerical, civil, military, fragments of antiquity, domestic or national, presenting no character whatever of religious matter,—into a rule of faith and manners,—I feel it impossible to accept the conclusion; I find no end to my anxiety, no rest for my faith, no satisfaction for my understanding, till I embrace the sentiment that the qualities of sanctity and inspiration belong *only to the religious and theological element* which is *diffused through the Old Testament*; and that, where this element is absent, where there is nothing adapted to communicate ‘doctrine, reproof, correction, or instruction in righteousness,’ nothing fitted to ‘make the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work,’—there we are not called to acknowledge any inspiration, nor warranted to assume it. Thus I regard as inspired Scripture, all that refers to *holy things*, all that can bear the character of ‘Oracles of God;’ and admit the rest as

appendages, of the nature of private memoirs, or public records, useful to the antiquary and the philologist, but which belong not to the rule of faith, of the directory of practice. To this extent, and to this only, can I regard the sanction of the New Testament as given to the inspiration of the Old. In other words the quality of inspiration, forming the ground of faith and obedience, inheres in every sentence, paragraph, or book, which, either directly or by implication, contains religious truth, precept, or expectation. This, I humbly think, leaves us everything that a Christian can wish for; and it liberates us from the pressure of difficulties, which have often furnished the enemies of revealed truth with pretexts for serious objections. Inspiration belongs to *religious* objects; and to attach it to other things is to lose sight of its nature, and misapply its design.—*Con. Mag.*, July, 1837, p. 422.

Dr. Bennet now published his objections to the ground taken by Dr. Smith. In the following year Dr. Smith was constrained to acknowledge that he had erred in denying the canonicity of the Song of Solomon; and in place of attempting to sustain the above language on inspiration, he fell back upon his statements in the *Scripture Testimony* as expressing his opinions. The following are the extracts selected by the Doctor as stating his views. The italics are his own.

‘There are many passages in Scripture, to which an original inspiration could not be attached. [A number of instances are adduced.] Such speeches and writings could not come from the Spirit of God, in their original conception and utterances, but they are inserted as facts and documents in the general course of the *inspired narrative*, and the guarantee of truth and genuineness is all the inspiration that we can desire, and all that they are susceptible of.

‘In the case of declarations made by good and holy men, and by them believed to be right, we are to exercise a discriminating judgment and to form our estimate of them according to the immutable principles of the *revealed law and truth* of God.—[Examples, from the Book of Job.]

‘The historical parts are palpably and professedly derived, in a great measure, from the common sources of history; namely, personal knowledge, authentic information, private documents, genealogies, official lists, family traditions, public records, and sometimes, even the popular poetry which has been in all nations the repository of their earliest history, and which is several times quoted in the Israelitish annals, and as an attestation of facts. Many of the facts thus recorded have not *directly* a religious interest, but they were valuable to the Israelites and Jews, as fragments of national and family history; and in our times, they have proved to be of great importance, in casting light upon the almost lost history of several ancient nations.

‘The compilation of a narrative out of these materials must have been the work of industry and fidelity, in prophets, priests, and public scribes; and *the office of inspiration here* would be in guiding the selection of materials, and in the guarantee of their *authenticity and truth*.

'But, throughout these histories are interspersed many direct messages from God, utterances of prophecy, and orders of their fulfilment; also many statements of fact, which could have been known only by information from God himself. In these cases, the matter must have been communicated by a Divine influence.

In relations of facts, veracity and accuracy are all we want. What possessed these qualities, though the knowledge of it might be derived from any of the common sources of information, would be not less *true* than that which was infused into the mind by the immediate operation of the Holy Spirit; and being thus sanctioned by the adoption of that Spirit into the general narrative, it received the seal of Divine approbation; and is as sure a ground of dependence, and as profitable for all religious uses, as if it had been dictated from heaven to a perfectly ignorant and merely mechanical copyist.\*

To the paper in which these extracts were given the Doctor added a note, in which an 'Oxford divine' says 'it is not truth of all kinds that the Bible *was inspired to teach*, but only such truth as tends to religious edification; and the Bible is consequently 'infallible, as far as regards this, and this alone.' Now this, it will be seen, is just what the Doctor had himself said in his first paper; but to this he now adds the following remark. 'In this I cannot acquiesce; I believe that, even with respect to *common and natural things*, the *declarations* of the Bible are *infallible*, 'when interpreted by the use of proper means, and the final sense is thus elicited.' These extracts cede all that could be desired; and, so far as we know, this is the last deliverance of Dr. Pye Smith on this question. The Doctor was a learned and a sincerely pious man; but he was a mere child in practical judgment, and in that knowledge of human nature, without which no man can judge wisely concerning such a doctrine as we have now under consideration.

But some of our readers may be prepared to say—we do not deny the inspiration of the history in Scripture entirely; on the contrary, we believe it to have been under that influence to the extent necessary for a safe expression of the religious and moral truth designed to be conveyed by it. Our answer in this case would be, that we think it to be regretted that persons who hold this view should speak of inspiration as being confined to moral and religious truth, seeing that they do not in fact regard it as being so restricted. And here the question comes—to what extent must the history be supposed to have been inspired that it might serve the purpose above stated? May the religious element be said to be sufficiently conveyed through a narrative, in part, and even in great part, false, as history? If so, are we to

\* *Congregational Magazine*, Sept. 1838, pp. 552—555.

regard the Scripture narratives as really open to this suspicion? The existence of the false admitted, who is to say where it ends? If the conveyance of the moral lesson be all that is cared about, who is to say how little historical truth may suffice for that object? Is it not certain that the line drawn here would vary with the minds attempting to determine it, and that the feeling of uncertainty in the case of ordinary readers of the Bible would be scarcely at all abated by this more cautious doctrine? We might ask also—why, if we suppose the history inspired at all, should we suppose it to have been inspired thus imperfectly?

Our conclusion is, that the religious element can be nowhere safe, except as the historical basis on which it rests is safe.

4. It has been intimated that inspiration has its relation to the *science* of the Bible, as well as to its history. We have said, in the article above cited, that 'what the sacred writers give us, on their own authority, as doctrine or duty, should be received; and that what they give us, after the same manner, as history or science, should be received as the truth in history, and as the truth in science.' We are still of that judgment. But there are some discriminations to be made, in order that the grounds of this conviction in regard to science may be clearly seen. Some of these distinctions are stated in the following passage:—

'The Bible is not responsible for the notions of its *uninspired* men about science. The errors of such men belong to history, and, as so much history, may be given in the pages of inspiration, without detracting at all from their authority. *In this sense*, the science of the Bible should be the science of the times in which the Bible was written, and of the people among whom it was written. It is not too much to say, that to be true as history, it must be in a great degree false as science.

'But a careful distinction must be made between what the inspired writers give us as the *common notions of their time*, and what they present *on their own authority*, as being really *truth* and *fact*. Even in stating scientific *facts*, it may have been needful, if their statements were to be at all rightly understood by their contemporaries, that they should not state them in the manner according with our views of strict accuracy. Between the conventional science of those times and the real science of our own, there is so wide a difference, that glimpses of the latter, when presented, were not likely to be apprehended, except as blended in some degree with the former. Nothing can be more absurd than to seem to say that Moses and the prophets could not have been inspired to become our teachers in religion, without being qualified to do for us all that has been done by Newton.

‘ Had the Bible anticipated modern science after this manner, it would never have obtained credence among the people to whom it was at first addressed ; and as the consequence, it could never have reached us. Nay, more, in that case, in place of coming in so as to harmonize with the progressive laws of Providence, it would have come in as a violent infraction of those laws, disturbing them everywhere most disastrously. In the records of the Creation and the Deluge we no doubt have, in substance, historical and scientific truth ; but the truth given in a form which is not a little obscure to us, from its being adapted in the first instance to races of men whose views on such subjects were of necessity greatly different from ours. That it might be truth to them, in so far as they were prepared to receive it, it is sometimes very obscure truth, or, in appearance, even untruth to us. When this subject is viewed dispassionately and intelligently, the marvel is, not that the difference between the Mosaic cosmogony and our own should be such as it sometimes seems, but rather, that amidst all the obscurity natural to such a very ancient record on such a subject, the substantial agreements should be such as we find. It was not possible that a description in strict accordance with the science of our time should have been credible, or even intelligible, to the man of that time. But terms, phrases, forms of thought proper to the men of that age, have not been so far conformed to as to prevent the indication of some of those great laws of succession in the history of creation, which could not have been the discoveries of science then, but which are ranked among such results now. In facts of this nature we have as large an amount of the consistent, of the manifestly truthful, in this department, as it would be reasonable to expect.\* That matter is not eternal, and that man’s connexion with the earth is a comparatively recent event, are historical facts, according to the narrative in Genesis ; and these are facts in harmony with our most enlightened thinking, and with the most recent discoveries in science. There is a beautiful vein of truth of this sort running through, ‘ the Old Book,’ to be found by those who will seek after it.

The above considerations, duly weighed, should suffice to free the allusions to physical science in the Scriptures from all difficulty. It is true, the sacred writers speak of the sun as going round the earth. It would be marvellous if they did not. We do so ourselves every day. In the common speech of all nations the apparent evolutions of the universe are its real evolutions. In our poetry, and even in our humblest prose, we take our illustrations

\* *British Quarterly*, Vol. XIV., pp. 231, 232.

from nature as it appears, more than from nature as it is. Is it strange that it should so have been with the ancient Jew, and that even the more scientific statements of his inspired guides should be tinged with a tendency of this nature? In truth, the facts in this connexion which offend us, are facts, for the most part, by which we should be convinced. What we here say concerning the science of the Bible, and what we have said concerning its history, we say advisedly. We have present to our mind as we thus write, the field of alleged discrepancy, error, and contradiction; and we believe that the great mass of the difficulty so alleged may be swept utterly away, and that the residuum which may not seem to admit of satisfactory explanation, would be found so small that no healthy-hearted man would need to be disturbed by it. On the other hand, the doctrine which teaches that only the religious and moral element of the Scriptures is inspired, that all the rest is merely human, and incident to the errors of the human, is a doctrine which, we feel convinced, could not become the received doctrine of our people, without proving a death-blow to the Christian piety of these nations. The man who takes this ground has to defend it; and so comes under a strong temptation to cede difficulty where he need not, and even to find it where it does not exist. Experiment in this direction has been made. Results have been ascertained. Partial inspiration has been found to have its natural issue in non-inspiration; and every measure of advance towards that issue has been found to be the measure in which the truths of the Bible have lost their power with the people, and Christianity has become an undefined something with which a few genteel speculators have done pretty much as they pleased. No doubt, some good men who have adopted this theory are far from meaning to further any such results. We say nothing about the *intentions* of such persons, we speak only of what we feel convinced is the natural and necessary tendency of their doctrine.

## OUR EPILOGUE

ON

### AFFAIRS.

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THE feeling between America and this country has been ruffled of late. But the return of the *Reedute* is a graceful deed. Every British heart will respond to it gratefully and generously.

Europe is not yet at peace. Over one-half her territory there are the signs of smothered war. Paris conferences are renewed; the bold and magnanimous Frederick menaces Neuschatel; the Father of his people at Naples lives amidst rumours of conspiracy and danger of assassination; and poor Lombardy cannot be wooed into loyalty even by the presence and the smiles of a young Emperor.

Herat is the key to Affghanistan, and Affghanistan is the path into British India. The Shah, and his master, the Czar, know this; and while the Czar says to the Shah, Take care of Herat; the Governor-General says, You promised to leave Herat to take care of herself, and I am here to see that you fulfil your promise. Rashness, say some men—who can tell where it may end? Wisdom, say others—who can tell what it may prevent?

Our home politics promise Law Reform. Can men of law, or any other men, tell us what we are to do with our criminals?

But, in the judgment of some men, the nuisance of all nuisances just now is in our Theological Newspapers. Religious truth and religious life are sacred things—the man incurs a heavy responsibility who employs himself in laying them open to the gaze and mockery of the ignorant and the profane. Grave fault of this kind there must be in some of these journals, or wise and devout men would not be so often known to wish that a grave might be found beneath the Thames for the whole of them. But it surely is possible that a newspaper, in common with the human life it brings before us, should be pervaded by a religious spirit, without its becoming a constant vehicle of the misrepresentation and bitterness too commonly attendant on theological discussions.

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# OUR EPILOGUE

ON

BOOKS.

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## LITERATURE.

*Early Years and Late Reflections.* By CLEMENT CARLYON, M.D. 3 vols. Whittaker & Co.—Dr. Carlyon is a genial octogenarian, who talks to us from his easy-chair through these three volumes, assuming not unfitly the privilege of age, and giving utterance in rambling and desultory fashion to most miscellaneous reminiscence and reflection. He soliloquizes at length, wandering from topic to topic, as though he were sure of some patient listener on the other side of the fireplace, who would receive with just so much of reply as indicated attention the long series of musing recollection. Coleridge spoke to the good Doctor one day of the pleasures he enjoyed in the meditative conception of a poem, and of the pains, on the other hand, which attended its actual execution. Dr. Carlyon, however, honestly confesses that the exercise of the pen is untroubled, in his own case, by any such torment. He has written with such enjoyment to himself because he has put down his thoughts just as they arose—has roused at will among his favourite themes and his favourite authors, now culling a choice extract, now launching into a disquisition, as though his readers had at their command a space of leisure not less ample than that which he himself has earned so well. Gossip of this kind is never painful in the writing. Some of the details on which he dwells might have been omitted without loss; some of his reflections would have lost none of their force by some curtailment of their length; some of the extracts which swell his volumes are neither so remarkable nor so recondite as to justify quotation, now that books are so numerous and so accessible. But after such abatement on this score as the measure of the reader's patience may demand, the interest of very much that he relates will be readily acknowledged, and on the justice of most of his 'reflections' the thoughtful will be generally agreed. These memorabilia of a long and useful life are free from egotism, vanity, or bitterness. They contain no unjustifiable disclosures concerning the famous dead. They are large-minded and mellowed in their tone of thought, as should be ever the evening reminiscence of the Christian man. Into the theologic province, more than any other, Dr. Carlyon loves to digress. He writes as one warmly attached to the Church of England, but in a liberal, manly spirit, cognizant of some of her faults, and well knowing that it is no irreverence (but truest reverence, rather) which makes him bold to point



them out. The educated laymen of the establishment are, for the most part, far beyond her priesthood in liberality and breadth of view. A daily increasing number see with Dr. Carlyon that neither in symbol, articles, nor ritual has she achieved even a practicable perfection, while she is still farther from presenting a door wide enough to justify her national claims.

Nearly the whole of the first of these volumes is occupied with reminiscences of Coleridge while in Germany, and with the anecdotes and observations which spring up so copiously, under the author's prolific hand, about the incidents he narrates. At Göttingen, Coleridge excited much attention as a 'noticeable Englishman.' Requested by a German student in the same class to write in his *Stammbuch*, or album, on his departure, Coleridge complies as follows:—

'We both attended the same college,  
Where sheets of paper we did blur many;  
And now we're going to sport our knowledge—  
In England I, and you in Germany.'

Imagine the German student puzzling over these lines, and very likely supposing that Coleridge had written something exceeding tender and poetical! It is interesting to observe Coleridge as Dr. Carlyon presents him, before he had attained his celebrity, and while in the pursuit of the knowledge, and the gradual formation of those opinions which were to find such full and ardent utterance in his later writings. Even at that time his flow of speculative talk was something wonderful, and he seemed bent on making the two or three Englishmen who studied with him as metaphysical as himself. He used often to combat, with as much force as fervour, the frigid rationalism of the German *literati*. While they were commonly bigoted and irritable, Coleridge was patient, tolerant, and never out of temper. His project at that time (when twenty-six) was a *History of German Poetry*, to occupy two quarto volumes. The farewell evening at Göttingen was spent as follows:—

#### COLERIDGE AT PROFESSOR BLUMENBACH'S.

'Monday, the 24th of June, having been fixed for his final departure from Göttingen, I had the pleasure of spending a most entertaining take-leave evening with him at Professor Blumenbach's. Our party, at supper, consisted, in addition to the Professor's own family, of young Blumenbach's fellow-tourists only; and the conversation, which was chiefly in German, was particularly sprightly and amusing on the part of the Professor and Coleridge, who, even then, after nine months residence in Germany, thought it no undue precaution to carry with him a pocket-dictionary, to which he hesitated not to apply if he happened to be at a loss for a word; but this was seldom the case; and there was something inexpressibly comic in the manner in which he dashed on, with fluent diction, but with the very worst German accent imaginable, through the thick and thin of his subject. Mrs. and Miss Blumenbach, the ladies of the party, were as much astonished as they were highly delighted with him; and I do not think that their enjoyment was once interrupted by any allusion whatever to Miss Matilda Potttingen; for it was well understood by us that 'Sweet Matilda,' false or true, and all the rest about the 'U-niversity of Göttingen,' was far from being a favourite topic of conversation with the Göttingen ladies.'

The second volume is chiefly occupied with reminiscences of Abernethy, and remarks on his books and lectures. We have also recollections of a visit to Sir Walter Scott, and some professional anecdotes *à propos* of the accomplished Dr. Glynn. Our author, as a Cornishman, takes especial pride in the worthies of his native county. Henry Martyn was a native of Cornwall, and educated by Dr. Carden at the Truro Grammar School. At Cambridge he obtained, as is well known, the rank of Senior Wrangler. Dr. Carlyon went to the same school, and was fellow of his college at the same university. Starting with his recollections of Martyn's boyhood, he is carried away into a running commentary on his journal, comparisons with Heber, remarks on the deistic controversy, on the Church of England, &c. &c. Just as are many of his observations, there was assuredly no occasion for so many extracts from a source already before the public, and to which, moreover, nothing could be added from personal knowledge. The recollections of Cambridge are interesting, and these might have sufficed.

#### HENRY MARTYN.

'Harry Martyn, the familiar name by which I best remember him, was, as a schoolboy, not at all remarkable for any precocity of talent, or unusual proficiency in learning; neither was he particularly studious, like his friend Kemphorne; nor, like his schoolfellow, Sir Humphry Davy, addicted to writing pretty verses. He is best remembered as a good-humoured, plain little fellow, with red eyelids, devoid of eyelashes, and indicative of a scrofulous habit; and with hands so thickly covered with warts, that it was impossible for him to keep them clean, or for his respected master, who borrowed a rather large leaf out of old Busby's book, to inflict on him when idle those stripes over the back of the hand to which he was not a little partial. By what charm Harry got rid of these warts, I never knew; but before he commenced his residence at Cambridge they had entirely disappeared; his eyelids were also much improved, and, although rather low in stature, and plain in person, he was not disagreeably so; whilst his amiable disposition and sociability insured him the esteem and friendship of all who were acquainted with him. He came to reside at St. John's College in the autumn of 1797, the year following that in which Kemphorne had gone out Senior Wrangler; and in 1801, when not quite twenty years of age, he gained the same pre-eminent distinction. He was most fortunate in finding there such a friend as Kemphorne, who was a few years his senior, had known him as a schoolfellow, and was attached to him as a Cornishman.'

In the course of this volume, Dr. Carlyon adduces some remarkable instances of dreams, takes occasion to dispute some of Dr. Brewster's statements concerning the plurality of worlds, couches a lance against Baden Powell, compares the death-bed scenes of some eminent individuals, and discusses now a psychological and now a theological question, as an anecdote or a passage in a book, or the feeling of the moment, may happen to suggest.

*The Communion of Labour.* By Mrs. JAMESON.—The 'female labour question' is too large for a short paragraph like the present. This book is a lecture delivered by Mrs. Jameson to a circle of friends, and is a sequel to the former one—*Sisters of Charity at Home and Abroad*. We advisedly called this a 'question'; it is as yet nothing more with us, though it has long been answered on the continent; and it is to statements of facts collected, and observations made in

France, Germany, and Italy, (where the feminine element is systematically employed in the management of hospitals, prisons, reformatory schools, and penitentiaries,) that a large part of this little book is devoted. These facts are clearly told in sensible, energetic language: Mrs. Jameson has the matter at heart, and it is no trouble to her to kindle for it the interest of others.

There is at present in England a great female power (if we may so speak) unemployed, or nearly so, and also an immense deal of work wanting most sorely to be done, which, with proper organization, females could do not only without the slightest degradation, but with a large accession of honour and respect. The women of England outnumber the men by many thousands. Who does not know at least half-a-dozen among his *unattached* female acquaintances wasted, as it were, rusting for want of employment? It would be a charity to raise a standard for them to enlist under. And then the work to do! Our hospitals, with their paid nurses, 'a class of women designated by those who employ them as drunken, unfeeling, and inefficient, without any sense of religious responsibility, and hardened by the perpetual sight of suffering;' our prisons, where the light of Elizabeth Fry's countenance has ceased to shine; reformatories, and penitentiaries, the latter especially woman's sphere; and last our workhouses, those necessary (?) evils of our land, into which the light is just being thrown, and from which a great cry from 'God's poor' is arising. Truly there is work enough, and to spare!

Among many hospitals, &c., at Paris, Vienna, Milan, and Turin, managed by women only, or by a combination of men and women, a peculiar experiment of prison discipline presents itself. At Neudorf there is a prison containing upwards of two hundred criminals, some of the very worst description, which is entirely under the management of twelve women (sisters of a religious order), assisted by three chaplains, a physician, and a surgeon. No men reside in the house, these latter only visiting by day. The experiment is in its fourth year, and has so far succeeded that the Government is preparing to organize eleven others on the same plan. In Catholic countries it is a *profession* to nurse the sick, tend the poor, and teach the ignorant; it is a recognised sphere, under the protection of the Church and the Government, and receiving reverence from all; whereas here it requires, for many reasons, much moral courage to enter on the work. Doubtless there are many working silently and alone (who does not know such ministering angels?); but to contend successfully against the mighty array of vice, ignorance, and disease, requires all the training and discipline of a regular army.

*Young Singleton.* By TALBOT GWYNNE. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.—A powerfully-written story, depicting the career of a man whose uncontrolled passions of vanity and envy hurry him on from one sin and misery to another, and sink him, in the midst of all his wealth, to the depths of a frightful remorse. 'Young Singleton,' like 'Silas Barnstake,' is the history of a sin—how it grows in a man, and what outrage and cruelty it will inflict on his whole being when once

its mastery is assured. The lesson of this book is a grave and healthful one, enforced, moreover, by a series of rapid incidents, rather than in the way of reflection. It is a story especially serviceable to young men. The characters are individualized with all that distinctness for which Mr. Gwynne's fictions are so remarkable. We see, as though we had known them, Dr. Blenkins and Lawyer Small, Mr. Ma'met and Mr. Goldup, the Lunds and the Fotheringays, the wicked Nabob and pompous Dr. Savory. Even such subordinates as Joe Ed'ards, the pet coachman, and the Rev. Septimus Barnett, A.M., are in a few words so vividly limned in form and colour that their figures remain visible in the mind's eye long after the story has been read. The innocent goodness of the Adamses lacks probability. The mother is insipid; and Janet's love appears to us incompatible with the good sense attributed to her. We doubt, too, whether a whole letter could be read off from its impression, even on a new sheet of blotting-paper. But these are slight blemishes, in no way likely to mar the reader's enjoyment of the story as a whole. The following passage indicates very fairly the general purpose of the book:—

'On that day, as Richard Singleton sat alone over his wine, in the home of his forefathers, he asked himself how it came to pass that all the world was, or seemed to be, so happy, whilst he was ever thwarted and generally miserable? He had riches beyond most men, great talents, much genius—how was it, then, that he was so moody and so wretched? How was it that his schemes failed, whilst other people were successful and contented? In answer to these questions, young Singleton began to accuse Providence, his evil fate, his unlucky star—all things save himself. He was not aware that, let a man have riches, health, strength, greatness, the admiration of the world, and all that fallen man most prizes—all that he would sell his soul for—and let him have one single passion out of order, untamed, riotous, tyrannical, and craving, that man will be of all men the most miserable.

'Disease, poverty, misfortune, all centring in one being possessing a pious, well-poised, faithful soul, will fail to make that being wretched, as is the owner of worldly prosperity with a fury-haunted spirit, tormented by an ungoverned passion. Singleton was quite ignorant of the diseased state of his mind. He looked without for the cause of his unhappiness: he should have looked within.'—ii. p. 216.

*The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLOPE. Chapman and Hall.—The field of history is continually enlarging as new materials become accessible, as new views, disturbing old-fashioned judgments, rise up to claim a hearing, and as new demands are made upon the historian. Learned leisure, accompanied with the perseverance requisite for a great historical enterprise, is exceedingly rare. Some of our best contributions in the department of history have been furnished by men who had much beside to do, and who could only devote to such inquiries that leisure which most persons abandon to recreation. It is not surprising that under such circumstances the historic performance of our day should assume a character singularly isolated and fragmentary; that, with one or two well-known exceptions, we should have monographs, biographies, or narratives of epochs, rather than regular histories. Nor is such a state of things altogether matter for regret, except in as far as it may indi-

cate a growing indifference to the past among the readers of books now-a-days. We may gain in accuracy and thoroughness what we lose in compass. Every honest effort to represent the past removes at least a little dust, and lightens the labour of the future time. He deserves our thanks who faithfully sets himself to explore the smallest niche or fragment of stone-work, or haply mere moss, in the gigantic ruin of the Past. Mr. Trollope has marked him out his piece of work—has applied him faithfully thereto—and has executed the same in a manner which merits hearty commendation.

On looking into Mr. Trollope's book, no one can be surprised to find that it belongs less to biography than to history. The story of Catherine's girlhood, as a mere personal narrative, contains nothing which differs very remarkably from the customary life of young ladies of high family in the Italy of those days. There were no indications of the precocious malignity with which a romance writer might have invested, even as a child, the future authoress of that bloody book—the Bartholomew massacre. The history of her girlhood is naturally that of the fortunes of her family—of the times—of the moral influences which wrought upon her life at its most susceptible period—of Italian society in the first half of the sixteenth century.

The purport of the book, the result of a careful examination of authorities and manuscripts but little known on this side the Alps, may be thus summed up :—Catherine was the 'normal and natural' product of a country and a time miserably destitute of moral principle. Totally unprincipled as she was, she was not (as has been commonly supposed) portentously and exceptionally so, but rather a moral deformity which grew naturally out of the Italian social life of that day, and which would be unnatural, nay impossible, in our own. The burden of our odium is not, indeed, to be removed from her; it is to be extended more impartially to her age and to her countrymen. There was no one about her from whom she was ever likely to learn that the sagacious and unscrupulous pursuit of self-interest was not the highest aim of life. Her intercourse with the members of her own family highest in sacerdotal office would lead her to regard religion as a mere popular superstition—the useful instrument of its own incredulous ministers. Her convent education was not less hollow and morally debasing. She had witnessed close at hand the ropes and pulleys which moved the ecclesiastical machinery. She would hear, when conduct was discussed, only such words as expedient or inexpedient, wise or foolish, successful or unsuccessful. The ideas of principle or duty, of a right and a wrong, were strange to her. The result of the formative influences about her would be such as to leave her with a strong will and a shrewd understanding, absolutely unchecked by any moral consideration. No one can suppose her a fanatical persecutor, like Philip II. or Ferdinand II. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was simply the best expedient which presented itself (as she thought) for assuring her own power and that of her son. But the fact that Catherine persecuted others without any belief of her own, does not remove by a single grain the weight of odium from the church

to which she belonged. For how came society into a state so purged of all ethical principle as to produce naturally such a criminal? How came the ideas of large classes of men into such a condition that such a crime appeared to such sagacity feasible, and to Infallibility itself a matter for the coining of medals and ringing of bells? Clearly to the Church of Rome we must look for the cause. Italy was the especial fold of the papacy, and blissfully near to the person of Christ's vicar. But it is from this privileged spot that a total demoralization is seen to proceed, overspreading Europe, till the 'barbaric' earnestness of the Germans drives it back. To Rome, then, must be attributed both the *lack* of morality which could plan such an act without pity, as a mere political resource, and the *perverted* morality which praises the crime as a virtue, and sings *Te Deums* because of it.

The intellectual culture which came in with the revival of letters was not in Italy, as in the North, associated with any element of morality, earnestness, or spontaneity. The Italians of the *Renaissance* went back from the middle ages to the Rome of Augustus. The Germans of the same period abandoned the monks to press forward to a new world of thought. Among the literati and the historians of Italy in the age of the Reformation we do not find even the pretence of a higher morality than that exemplified in the cruelty and the perfidy of the petty despotisms which tormented the peninsula. Nerli, in praising the policy of the Medici, gives them credit for motives which to him were the natural springs of statecraft, which to us appear, in themselves ignoble—in their resultant acts, infamous. The cold and cynical Guicciardini knows no higher standard. Machiavelli was as truly as Catherine the type of the Italian mind in those days. Oaths had no sanction, for dispensation was easy; and the Pope absolved himself from their observance at the first convenient moment. War was unhumanized, either by departing chivalry, or by the milder usage of more modern times. As examples, both of them occurring within the short range of the present history, take the sack of Rome; the siege and final fall of ill-fated, glorious Florence; and the execrable revenge of Pope Clement which ensued.

In the midst of such facts, Mr. Trollope has firmly established his position. His narrative is clearly and vigorously written, with a touch of humour now and then, and there is an earnestness in the moral judgments he passes from time to time which we greatly relish.

From her ninth to her eleventh year Catherine was an inmate of the convent of the Murate at Florence, where she would receive the usual instructions in polite behaviour and orthodox belief which the fashionable nunnery of that day was designed to impart. A Jesuit author, piously relating the many instances of divine favour with which this convent was honoured, tells of angels coming over the walls in the form of young men. The solution of such a miracle is obvious. After showing us how the sisterhood, when in want of money, got up miracles in such abundance as to fill their treasury with the alms and offerings of the faithful, our author thus continues:—

'A few years later, the almsgiving zeal of the pious citizens seems to have

required some new stimulus; and here is the Jesuit historian's account of the method adopted for that purpose.

'The Cardinal Carlo de Medici had two nieces, nuns in the convent. And a request was preferred to his Eminence through them, that he would kindly obtain for them some saint's body—*un corpo santo*, says Richa, with amazing indifference to any particular individuality. The Cardinal, he continues, with obliging readiness to grant so pious a request, wrote pressing letters on the subject to the Cardinal Mattei at Rome, where it should seem a considerable stock on hand of the desired article was always kept in the fortunately inexhaustible catacombs. So by Mattei's influence, the order was immediately executed by the dispatch of St. Eutychius, newly exhumed express. The sacred body was forwarded with tombstone to match, 'having his name cut upon it, his monogram, and other signs of a genuine martyr,' all complete. In the arrangements made by the nuns for the reception of this truly valuable present, nothing was neglected that could give vogue to the new shrine to be established. There was grand gala processioning, promulgation of new indulgences, and holiday-making, with twenty-six knights of Malta to carry the holy body, and five hundred wax-lights, and bishops, and serene highnesses, to bring the saint with all honour to the favoured cloister. Having been thus well advertized, St. Eutychius lost no time in entering on the business for which he was sent. A new series of the most brilliant miracles was commenced, and the stream of alms and donations flowed with as strong a current as ever. Are we to suppose that the pious prayer for *some holy body* was made by the fair devotees solely with the view of themselves basking in the holiness of it? And were they quite unprepared to expect all the profitable wonders that followed its arrival?

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'The leading and dominant characteristic of the existence of the immured nuns was falsehood. The prime necessity and mainspring of their lives was deception. They were essentially and necessarily charlatans and impostors. False semblances of austerity, false pretences of obedience to other monastic vows, false devotion at shrines which were trading-shops for false miracles,—all this was for the eye of the people, the exoteric masses; while the mutually conscious plotters behind the scenic altar told each other, and their own consciences, that the fraud was for the honour of the Church and the glory of God.

'In such a life, the dull-witted digesting-machine that was never troubled with a 'why,' that never perceived the connexion between any cause and its inseparable effect, and never dreamed of the possibility of any other rule of life than that supplied to her from hour to hour by the convent routine, escaped with much less entire and less tremendous moral ruin, than could such a mind as that of Catherine, busy to draw from all around her maxims for life guidance, and to form her own inferences from the facts before her. What conclusion could such a one, the pupil of Clement the Seventh and his creatures from her earliest years, and now the inmate of such a society as has been pictured, come to, save that the laws of morality solemnly enunciated on occasions of representation, and the doctrines of religion preached to those in front of the altar, and laughed at by those in the sanctuary behind it, were the tools of priestcraft and statecraft,—the means by which the wise knaves ruled to their own profit the honest fools of the world; that right and wrong are conjuring words potent over the uninitiated, but meaningless, except for that purpose, to the conjuror; that expediency is the only true law, and craft the surest and safest mode of action in this world.

'Add to this lesson, well impressed by a long series of varied but consistent examples, such a disregard for human life, and familiarity with the practice of suppressing any enemy by death, as the events of that period in Italy, and the traditional maxims of her family abundantly supplied, and the portentous phenomenon of the exterminating queen will be found sufficiently and satisfactorily accounted for.'

Numerous notes, with illustrative extracts, are added to the narrative, together with an especially interesting and valuable appendix on the Florentine historians of the sixteenth century.

*Kars and our Captivity in Russia: with Letters from General Sir*

*W. F. Williams, Major Teesdale, and the late Captain Thompson.* By COLONEL ATWELL LAKE. Bentley.—By this time these letters must have been in the hands of many of our readers. With what sorrow and indignation must they be read! General Williams succeeds, by indefatigable efforts, in displacing Turkish rascality; in overcoming, for a time, the apathy of Constantinople; and, supported by Lord Clarendon, does, in spite of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, render Kars tenable. He and these gallant officers drill the troops, throw up fortifications, and finally make the place, not tenable merely, but well-nigh impregnable. And all this, only to be left to starve at last! These letters place us in the midst of the labours and the hopes rendered so shamefully vain by the procrastination or neglect of our officials. How sad is it now, as we think of his untimely fate, to read those letters of Captain Thompson, so full of cheerful confidence and sparkling pleasantry. Surely England will not abandon them—they have beaten the Russians—they can do it again—they have won renown for England and kindled heroic spirit in the Turks—such are their deeds, such their trust. Both are futile: hope dies down, and hunger is allowed to vanquish these glorious victors. It is an old story now, but the sorrow and the shame can never lessen or decay.

An account of the siege has just been published, we hear, by General Kmety. We do not think that his services have been acknowledged as they ought. Perhaps the *Times*, which has devoured so many Austrian toads, will endeavour to lie away his merits, because he, like Kossuth, struggled against the oppressor. But the testimony borne in the present volume to the signal character of his services is not to be gainsaid. Colonel Lake declares that the wretched cavalry at their disposal was rendered serviceable in any measure only by the military science of the Hungarian General. Just after the great defeat of the Russians, Captain Thompson writes—‘The defence was commanded by my dear old General Kmety, and when our General thanked him in the name of Queen Victoria for his gallant repulse of the enemy, I thought the brave old boy’s heart would have burst with joy, he was so proud.’ Again—‘All glory to dear old Kmety, who fought like a lion. . . . Dear old man! he has no wish for himself, but to do something for the Turkey which saved him from the Russians after the Hungarian revolution. He is one of the few remaining real Hungarian patriots, and I only wish I were Queen of England for one half hour, that I might reward him as he deserves. Directly after the action, our own brave General (Williams) came to where he was, and said, ‘General Kmety, I thank you in the name of the Queen of England for your gallantry and exertions on this day.’ Kmety told me privately, afterwards, that had he been presented with an English earldom, and 20,000*l.* per annum (a fabulous sum to him) he should not have been half so pleased. He was not touched, although in the hottest fire all the morning. His aide-de-camp was shot through the arm, but I hope it will be saved. I am sure the English Government (or people) should do something for him. He is a gentleman! though now serving on the half-pay of a colonel:



'many men who were in a *very* subordinate position two years ago are now his seniors in the service. He was selected from among them, however, to take the command of the first division in Kars, and nobly has he done his duty.'

*Kathie Brande.* By HOLME LEE. Smith, Elder, and Co. Two vols.—A well-written and interesting tale, fraught with a wise lesson unwisely expounded. The heroine is represented as a signal example of self-denial, sacrificing her own most cherished schemes of happiness in a moment, as a succession of demands present themselves. Her final act of self-negation appears to us doubly wrong, involving a surrender which she was not called upon to make for herself, and which she had no right to enforce upon another. When Kathie's Horace Mayne was possessed of means sufficient to enable him to marry her, and to take care of her widowed mother likewise, she was bound to fulfil the engagement into which she had entered. She cannot be justified for immolating both herself and him at the shrine of an imaginary pride. Self-denial becomes mere self-torture, and heroism a sorry ascetic suicide, when the end is lost sight of in the means—when suffering is embraced without a reason and morbidly followed for its own sake, or when it is supposed that the most disagreeable alternative must of necessity be the right one. It is true that we are rarely likely to err on the side of too little self-indulgence, but our moral cowardice will not be braced by the presentation of those dubious and problematical extremes of virtue which hover so nearly on the confines of wrong as to distress rather than to support our conscience—to perplex us rather than to exalt. It is to be regretted, too, that the story—a recital of so many praiseworthy acts—should be related in the first person. Kathie is a dear little creature, but her virtues would have appeared to the more advantage had our account of them been derived from another source. Still, after every abatement, the tale is a good one; the interest is well sustained, and several of the characters, the female ones more especially, are delineated with admirable delicacy of touch.

*Russian Popular Tales.* Translated from the German Version. By ANTON DIETRICH. With an Introduction by JACOB GRIMM. Chapman & Hall.—Are any curious to learn with what sort of story-telling the Russian people while away their long winter evenings? This little book will satisfy them. The stories it contains are to be seen in Russian shop-windows, coarsely printed, with rude illustrations. Thus rescued from the uncertainties of oral tradition (and written down, it is supposed, without material alteration), these tales have attracted the attention of our Teutonic brethren, and through them have reached ourselves. Some of the stories in this collection are varieties of certain well-known forms of the fairy-tale which are found throughout Europe. Others, again, exhibit the peculiarities of Slavonic tradition. The horse plays a conspicuous part in these fictions, as might be expected among the inhabitants of great plains, excellent in cavalry. Heroes ride out singly against great armies, and put them to flight with terrific slaughter. This kind of improbability

is very rare in the German or Italian legend. Does not the fact indicate a passivity in the tone of the popular mind—a submission of whole masses to individual will, such as we know to obtain in those more eastern regions? The caprices of fancy, even where invention seems most absolutely free, are sure to be coloured by the social life and actual condition of a people—as our dreams are said to be by the events of the previous day. Three, and its combinations, is the favourite number everywhere. Some peculiar phrases, of very frequent recurrence, plainly indicate a genuine popular origin. Thus a hero of preternatural development is said repeatedly to grow ‘by hours and not by days.’ Gigantic warriors are always described as having heads like beer-barrels. Parents bless their children ‘toward all four points,’ as they go out to seek adventure. The hero who completely achieves an adventure is said to ride ‘from the twenty-seventh kingdom into the thirtieth.’ Declaration of war is continually made by an encampment on certain fields belonging to the Czar, and called ‘the royal meadows.’ There is no trace of any chivalrous homage paid to woman. A knight defeated by another will frequently contract a romantic friendship for his conqueror; they become brethren, and the vanquished is the younger brother. The Church does not appear in any moral capacity. There is an occasional allusion to holy men, but they play no influential part. In one instance it is noticed that a hero was too hurried or too angry to stop and pray to the pictures of the saints. Conscience seems scarcely to exist, and the light of Christianity is distant, dim, and powerless as an arctic sun.

*Aurora Leigh.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Chapman and Hall.—This a poem in nine books—some four hundred pages of blank verse, and yet not such that any reasonable person would wish it shorter. It tells a story of these nineteenth century days, with incidents and characters that might have furnished forth an ordinary three-volume novel. But Mrs. Browning, being a poetess, has thrown the materials of a tale which embodies the result of much reflection on some of the most anxious questions of our time, into the form most congenial to her nature. In her blank verse she has endeavoured to approach as nearly to the language of daily life as was possible without becoming prosaic or colloquial. The rhythm is free and varied, without any reflection of that classic stateliness so appropriate to the lofty theme of Milton. The conception of the poem as a whole is original, because natural—for originality is but nature—a genuine spontaneity. Living with broad and genial sympathies in these times, Mrs. Browning desires to speak of them and to them in her own chosen language. Hence the apparent incongruity of a modern novel in the form of an epic poem.

Goethe has represented in his *Tasso* the conflict between those anti-pathetic natures—the shrewd and polished diplomatist, the simple-minded and impulsive poet. In *Antonio* and in *Tasso* the real and the ideal are brought together in necessary hostility, while each is unable to apprehend the other. *Aurora Leigh* represents, in a province of its own, another form of that old hereditary feud between

the imaginative mind and the practical, between the genius which creates in art and the talent which combines in administration. The antithesis of the poem is not so much that which exists between a worldly-wise conventionalism and the idealism of a poet; it depicts rather the inevitable divergence between the intellectual theorist who desires to elevate men by a superior external organization, and the artist who believes that the best expression of his own truest culture will constitute his most serviceable contribution to the sum of general well-being. The difference here is not irreconcilable, and the poem does not close without indicating the ultimate harmony in which these rival forms of beneficence, or types of duty, may be combined.

Aurora has a cousin, Romney Leigh, who devotes life and fortune to schemes for social improvement. She, on the other hand, feels within her the stirring of the poetic gift. He sees only a vast sum of human misery, against which he is commissioned to fight. He looks down, discerning worms and corruption everywhere. She looks upward, and sees the sun and feels the summer time, and makes song and praise her service. But Aurora, too, is not free from an excess on her side. She is bent on attaining a position of her own above that commonly assigned to woman. She will be no mere subordinate helpmeet in the work of any man, but achieve a task of her own, not inferior. His theories break to pieces when put in practice. She reaches the height of her ambition to find it barrenness, for she is not in her place; woman's happiness is not hers, and the heart's void is not filled. Then, at last, the two begin better to understand each other, and better to comprehend what is possible and what is duty for themselves. In their union that just medium is indicated which abstains, in the conduct of life, from excess of generalization on the one side, and excessive individualism on the other. The impatience which would attempt too much, and is for reforming all wrong at a stroke, receives its due lesson.

Aurora refuses to join Romney Leigh in his schemes of Christian socialism. He rates lightly the art to which she turns—above all, that art as handled by a woman, incapable by nature of generalization. Women, he says, care nothing for the vast sum of misery, only for the individual sorrows visible within their home circle, or not beyond its reach. He says—

‘Show me a tear  
Wet as Cordelia’s, in eyes bright as yours,  
Because the world is mad! You cannot count  
That you should weep for this account, not you!  
You weep for what you know. A red-haired child,  
Sick in a fever, if you touch him once,  
Though but so little as with a finger tip,  
Will set you weeping; but a million sick—  
You could as soon weep for the rule of three,  
Or compound fractions. Therefore this same world,  
Uncomprehended by you, must remain  
Uninfluenced by you. Women as you are,  
Mere women, personal and passionate,  
You give us doating mothers and chaste wives,

Sublime Madonnas, and enduring saints ;  
We get no Christ from you ; and verily,  
We shall not get a poet, in my mind.'

In reply, Aurora, while she reverences duly the freedom of this generous theorist from personal aims, replies that his work is not the kind for her—he is married already to his social experiment—she too has a vocation. Men are greater than any of their prosperities. The evil lies deeper than he thinks. The artist is still needed to keep up the open roads between the seen and unseen.

'A starved man  
Exceeds a fat beast : we'll not barter, sir,  
The beautiful for barley. And, even so,  
I hold you will not compass your poor ends  
Of barley-feeding and material ease,  
Without a poet's individualism  
To work your universal. It takes a soul  
To move a body ; it takes a high-soul'd man  
To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty.  
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off  
The dust of the actual. Ah, your Fouriers failed,  
Because not poets enough, to understand  
That life develops from within.'

So Romney Leigh acknowledges at last, and learns patience, and ceases toiling to carve the world anew after a 'pattern on his nail,' and vexing his soul to abolish inequalities, and somehow serve out to every man perfect virtue, and all sorts of comforts, 'gratuitously, with the soup at six.' He says in the end—

'Oh, cousin, let us be content, in work,  
To do the thing we can, and not presume  
To fret because it's little. 'Twill employ  
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin :  
Who makes the head, content to miss the point ;  
Who makes the point, agreed to leave the join ;  
And if a man should cry, 'I want a pin,  
And I must make it straightway, head and point,'  
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.  
Seven men to a pin—and not a man too much !  
Seven generations, haply, to this world,  
To right it visibly, a finger's breadth,  
And mend its rents a little.'

This is sound philosophy—and the poem has many such wise and large-minded thoughts, vigorously expressed in felicitous and glowing language. Our generation scarcely numbers more than one or two among its master minds from whom we could have looked for a production at all to rival this in comprehensiveness—a poem with so much genuine depth and so free from obscurity. The results of abstract thinking are here, and yet there is no heavy philosophising of set purpose. A warm human life meets us everywhere. There are no broad levels of prosaic reflection, such as sometimes test the patience even of true Wordsworthians. Men and women are introduced who learn philosophy by actual life, instead, of those fair but hazy

phantoms which allure and disappoint us in many of the philosophical poems of Schiller. Very difficult is the task undertaken. To have succeeded so well is high praise. Some years ago the same writer would certainly have failed in great measure.

The poem contains many descriptive passages of great power or beauty, such for example as the sketches of English rural scenery as compared with the Italian—sunset in London—the scene in the church on the day of Romney's wedding—the fall of Leigh Hall, and others. The love of Marian for her child is rendered with a force and pathos that will come home to many mother's hearts. The flight of a girl whose depraved mother would have sold her to the squire, is thus vigorously painted—

‘The child turned round,  
And looked up piteous in the mother's face,  
(Be sure that mother's deathbed will not want  
Another devil to damn, than such a look.)  
‘Oh, mother!’ then, with desperate glance to heaven,  
‘God, free me from my mother!’ she shrieked out,  
‘These mothers are too dreadful.’ And, with force  
As passionate as fear, she tore her hands  
Like lilies from the rocks, from hers and his,  
And sprang down, bounded headlong down the steep,  
Away from both—away, if possible,  
As far as God—away! They yelled at her,  
As famished hounds at a hare. She heard them yell.  
She felt her name hiss after her from the hills,  
Like shot from guns. On, on. And now she had cast  
The voices off with the uplands. On. Mad fear  
Was running in her feet and killing the ground;  
The white roads curled as if she burnt them up,  
The green fields melted, wayside trees fell back  
To make room for her. Then, her head grew vexed—  
Trees, fields, turned on her, and ran after her;  
She heard the quick panta of the hills behind,  
Their keen air pricked her neck. She had lost her feet,  
Could run no more, yet, somehow, went as fast—  
The horizon, red ‘twixt steeples in the east,  
So sucked her forward, forward, while her heart  
Kept swelling, swelling, till it swelled so big  
It seemed to fill her body; then it burst,  
And overflowed the world, and swamped the light.  
‘And now I am dead and safe,’ thought Marian Erle—  
She had dropped—she had fainted.’

If the plot of this tale had been developed in a prose fiction, some objections might have been urged on the score of probability. But we are not sure that the demand should be pressed so rigorously on a poem. The speeches uttered in the dialogues are sometimes so long as to lose almost wholly the conversational character, and yet it cannot be denied that they are in spirit dramatic, inasmuch as each is made to arise out of what had gone before, and is such as belongs to the character who gives it utterance. The story of many poems is simply a slender thread on which to hang imagery, descriptions and reflection, and is encumbered out of all measure by its adornments. In this instance the story itself (as in the poems of Scott) assumes a

prominent interest, and while all mere ornament is subordinated, is told clearly and well, yet so imaginatively that the reader can never think to himself—'All this would have been better said in prose.'

*Craigcrook Castle.* By GERALD MASSEY. Bogue. pp. 211.—Mr. Massey's first volume of poems was received with general favour by the critics; and this, his second, gives abundant evidence that their auguries were not fallacious as regards the reality of his genius, nor their praise in any way injurious to its culture. We shall proceed to give an account of this little book, believing some information as to its contents more likely than a few sentences of general criticism to induce our readers to make acquaintance with it for themselves. First of all, there is a description of Craigcrook Castle, with 'its tiny town of towers,' its famous roses, and the region round about. To these roses, by the way, certain stanzas are addressed farther on, whose only fault is one which it would be scarcely fair to lay at Mr. Massey's door. Lovely are the roses: graceful are the verses; but what art could make 'Craigcrook' sound pleasantly in song? The recurrence of that word in every stanza is as the grating of a coffee-mill amidst sweet harping. There are some vigorous passages in the description of the guests at the Castle, their employments, and how they agree to sing or say, in turn, each somewhat that shall crown the glorious summer-day they celebrate.

The first poem, entitled 'The Mother's Idol broken,' consists of occasional pieces suggested by the death of a child. Very touching are some of these ejaculations and laments—these yearning, wistful cries after the lost little one—these echoes of the dear child-life, now silent in the grave. Many thoughts and lines here are divining-rods that find out the hidden spring of tears, and make us look heavenward, whither some precious one hath gone before. The following passages for example, are so beautiful, because so true—no poetic expression or vesture, merely—but drawn from the depths of our common humanity.

'This is a curl of our poor 'Splendid's' hair!  
A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—  
A ring of sinless gold that wedds two worlds'

Again:—

'There is her nest where in beauty smiled  
Our babe, as we leaned above;  
And her pleading face asked for the tenderest place  
In all our world of love.  
Very silent and empty now! yet we feel  
It rock; and a tiny footfall  
Comes over the floor in the thrilling night-hush,  
And our hearts leap up for the call  
Of our puir wee lammie dead and gone;  
Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.'

We have not space for more quotation from this part of the book, but we are much mistaken if there are not many who will prefer it to all the rest. We have seen those who seldom read a line of poetry,

and to whom 'Balder' seemed a prophecy in a tongue uninterpreted, who were melted by the pathos of Mr. Dobell's 'England in Time of War.' So while the lovers of poetry and the students of art rejoice in the 'Bridegroom of Beauty,' or such a poem as 'Only a Dream,' the mother will turn to the plaintive utterances of bereavement, and feel that her grief has found words. And what truer test or higher tribute could either poet seek or find? For what is Poetry but Truth with her singing-robcs about her?

Next follows 'Lady Laura,' a tale in short cantos of various measure, wherein the lady, cast out by falsehood from her broad lands, weds the poor man whom in her prosperity she had lifted out of the dust. His hidden love is thus described:—

'He saw her in the spring-dawns gliding down,  
Like Morning on the world, to tend the flowers  
That from her touch sprang thrilling with delight.  
Darkened into himself, he watcht, all eye,  
Like spirit that sees its mortal lotte go by,  
Itself invisible.'

Has the reader marked the horse-chestnut in blossom on a night in spring?—

'Ah, happy nights and lustrous darks, in which  
He watcht her casement when the house was mute,  
Where the tall chestnuts husht her beauty round,  
Uplifting in their hands a light of flowers!'

The latter of the two following is a lovely line—

'In honeyed light, and sweet with pleasant showers,  
Lies all the land, a coloured flame of flowers.'

Those who have seen our great manufactories at night will recognise in the following thought something more than a mere fancy—

'And not forgotten was that Factory-world,  
Which like a doomed ship far away i' the night  
Pleaded—each port-hole lighted up for help!'

Among the 'Glimpses of the War,' which follow, we most admire the description of Inkermann, where the impetuous fiery lines echo the shock of conflict, and sorrow for those

'Who fell in Boyhood's comely bloom, and Bravery's lusty pride;  
But they made their bed o' the Russian dead, ere they lay down and died.'

'The Bridegroom of Beauty' is a blank-verse poem, in which is portrayed the enamoured pursuit of artist or of poet after the changeful, multi-form Spirit of Beauty. Surely the wooer hath caught a glimpse of his spirit-mistress when he calls flowers

'The coloured clouds that kindle and richly rise  
From out the bosom of Earth's emerald sea:—'

or when he speaks of the

' — vernal nights so tender, calm, and cool,  
When eerie Darkness lays its shadowy hands  
On Earth, and reads her sins with myriad eyes,  
Like a Confessor o'er a kneeling Nun.'

'Crumbs' from the Table' follow next, sundry songs and ballads, whereof the best to our mind is that entitled 'Long Ago.' 'A Ballad of the Old Time' is successful in catching the mediæval spirit, save in such a line as 'Hush the hills in a mystic dream,' which lacks the due simplicity. 'In the dead Unhappy Midnight,' though spirited in expression, does not tell its own story with sufficient distinctness. It is like a shadowy, echoing corridor, suggestive of some tale of horror, but only suggestive; for the old crone or the decrepid steward, who ought to relate it, is not at our side. The last poem, called 'Only a Dream,' is conspicuous for power and passion, and is distinguished, moreover, by a praiseworthy unity and completeness. But we do not like such a line as this—

'Warm-wingéd Ardours plumed her parted lips.'

Shelley is fond of this mythology of abstractions, and personifies and wings 'ardours,' and 'visions,' and 'thoughts;' but his genius is no true guiding-star in this matter. When Mr. Massey says—

'White waves of sea-like soul had climbed, and dashed  
The red light from its heaven of her cheek,'

we feel that he expresses himself in a quaint conceit—an ingenious allegory, almost—rather than in that rapid and bold, yet congruous metaphor, which is the true language of passion. Shakspeare makes Romeo say of the dead Juliet,

' — beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.'

A passage in which a different conceit, but still a conceit, and not a genuine imaginative figure, is employed to depict a similar object. Shakspeare's conceit may be better than Mr. Massey's (there is not much to choose), but both are forced and fanciful, both play with the subject. Or, if we defend Shakspeare here just because he is Shakspeare, how shall we justify that metaphor from the lawyer's office, a few lines lower down,

' — and lips, O you,  
The doors of death, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.'

*Romeo and Juliet* was one of Shakspeare's youthful plays, but assuredly were one of our young poets now to perpetrate a metaphor so unnatural, a score of critical tomahawks would be straightway buried in his heart, and it would be long before he heard the last of small jokes about parchment and attorneys' clerks.



We bid farewell to Mr. Massey for the present, with hearty good wishes for the farther ripening of gifts which have already afforded us so much pleasure.

*French Literature.*—Through thirty years of infirmity and suffering, unvanquished by paralysis and blindness, did Augustin Thierry continue those historic labours which have made his name so famous. His mind, escaping from the dark and powerless body, did not cease to explore and reconstruct the past, after a stroke which would have consigned almost any other man to total literary inaction. And now he rests, and shares the knowledge and the vision of the world of spirits. Shortly before his death he had finished editing, and given to the world, the third volume of that great work—the *Collection of the unpublished Records illustrating the history of the Tiers-Etat*—on which he had been engaged so long. This third volume, containing documents relative to the history of Amiens and its citizens (occupying nearly 700 quarto pages), is preceded by a valuable preface, in which the lamented author has summed up, with characteristic discrimination and comprehensiveness, the most significant features presented by the mass of material thus brought together. *Etudes sur Vincent de Beauvais*, by the Abbé Bourgeat, is a learned monograph on that remarkable theologian, philosopher, and encyclopedist of the thirteenth century—a man deserving a good biography, as modest as he was erudite, the friend and companion of Saint Louis, the mediæval forerunner of the Montfaucons and the Mabillons, whose *Speculum*, or gallery of universal art and science, was long the text-book of the schools beside Aquinas and Aristotle. M. Tissot, professor at Dijon, has translated Kant's 'Metaphysics of Right' (*Principes Métaphysiques du Droit*), with an introduction and notes calculated to lessen the toil of the adventurous student. The work has just reached a second edition. The second part has appeared of M. Leblant's *Inscriptions Chrétiennes de la Gaule*, to which we have already adverted. M. Taschereau's *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de P. Corneille* appears in a second edition. M. Livet edits anew, in two volumes, that curious contribution to the history of French fashionable society in the seventeenth century—*Le Dictionnaire des Precieuses*, by le Sieur de Somaize. This Dictionary is a key to that euphuistic conversation and literature, so prudish, so pedantic and affected, whereby the aristocratic circle of which the Hotel de Rambouillet was the centre, endeavoured to distinguish itself from the exoteric mass of ordinary mortals. The ridicule of Molière has immortalized some of their fine phrases, but there exists beside quite a little language of pet words and finical expressions, of which only some samples are contained in the *Precieuses Ridicules*. M. Lambert's *Lettres sur les Mathématiques et l'Enseignement* is said to be a work of some originality, by a disciple of the Positive school of Comte. The *Récréations Philologiques* of the late F. Génin are the work of an original and humorist, who, while laughing at the etymologists, has done more than any other man by the piquancy of his contributions to revive the taste for etymology in France. *De*

*l'Abolition du Servage dans les Principautés Danubiennes*, by M. Galesco, is a seasonable inquiry into the causes which have retarded the productiveness and prosperity of the Danubian Provinces, with a suggestion of the remedy. The first volume of M. Flourens' *Eloges Historiques lus dans les Séances Publiques de l'Academie des Sciences* contains the eulogies of Cuvier, Blumenbach, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Blainville, and Leopold de Buch, preceded by a historic sketch of the Academy, and Fontenelle, its secretary. M. Flourens, likewise the secretary of that honourable body, has been called upon to follow the example which the memory of Fontenelle has made a traditional law, and to read, as he did, once a year, at a general assembly of the members, a panegyric upon one of their number lately deceased. M. Louandre produces a new translation of *Cæsar's Gallic War*, with the text and notes. The best edition of the *Memoires of St. Simon* is that now in course of publication under the competent editorial care of M. Chéruel. The first volume is enriched by a *Notice* from the well-known pen of Sainte-Beuve. M. Adolphe Fabres, in his *Etudes Historiques sur les Clercs de la Bazoche*, gives the results of an interesting antiquarian research into the usages, privileges, and history of that singular association of the men of the law—an institution to which was allowed, in the old times, even under the French kings, a guard and a jurisdiction of its own. *Alfred le Grand, ou l'Angleterre sous les Anglo-Saxons*, by William Guizot (the son of the great historian and statesman), is said to possess merits which emphatically contradict the current notion that the sons of eminent men never rise above mediocrity. M. Malagute's *Leçons de Chimie Agricole professées en 1847* will interest those who are concerned in the application to agriculture of the results of chemical analysis. M. de Mercey, the superintendent of the Paris Fine Arts exhibition, has collected into a couple of volumes historic essays and criticisms on ancient and modern art, under the title of *Etudes sur les Beaux Arts depuis leur origine jusqu'à nos jours*. Those who read his book should make great allowance for his disposition to exalt the achievements of French art at the expense of the rest of the world. A son of the well-known Theophile Gautier makes his debut as a translator of Achim von Arnim. Those who have relished Hoffmann's *Fantasiestücken*, which have been already translated into French, will find in these *Contes bizarres* horrors and extravagances of a similar kind. From the acquaintance made some years ago with both authors in their native German, we are inclined to think that the French public will pronounce this second romanticist vintage powerful indeed, but less artfully prepared than the first. We have already directed the attention of our readers to the eloquent *Cours familier de la Littérature*, now in course of publication by Lamartine. Its beautiful thoughts and exquisite expression will well repay perusal. The numbers of the series may be procured by application to the author himself, as the poet is in this instance his own publisher. Copies may also be obtained through the medium of M. Albites, of the Edgbaston Proprietary School, Birmingham.

## ART.

THE season of 1856-7 opens most promisingly for Art. While numerous minor collections now claim, or are about to claim, our notice, and while the publishers of the usual Christmas gift-books are displaying their usual pictorial attractions, our public institutions, with a regal liberality which, only some twenty or thirty years ago, would have been astounding, have provided stores as various, as suggestive; ranging from the grim stone lions of an unknown antiquity from Kertch, down to the dainty cups and saucers of the Bernal Collection, and Copeland's, or Minton's 'latest;' from the quaint and formal, but fine painting of Benozzi Gozzoli, with his solemn deference to Byzantine traditions, down to the glorious Turners, setting at nought all rules, and laughing to scorn—how magnificently!—all precedent. It is not every season that can offer to the gaze of a public—each year becoming more interested in art—three such exhibitions as now are opened to every one,—that of the National Gallery, with its lately-added specimens of the early Italian school; then the quaint, and curious, and suggestive Soulages Collection; and, above all, that royal bequest of the scorned and 'miserly' recluse of Queen Anne-street, the 'Turner paintings.'

Beginning with the National Gallery, we are glad to remark that its latest acquisitions have added much to the interest, as well as to the value, of the collection. The 'Altar-piece,' by Benozzi Gozzoli, is a fine specimen of a master scarcely known hitherto in England, and in its solemn earnestness will vindicate the admiration of the Pre-Raphaelites. A 'Madonna and Child,' of Gian Bellini, another, by Lo Spagna, and four others by early, but less known Italian painters, are deserving especial notice; while the Perugino, with its brilliant colouring, its fine drawing, the grace and delicacy of the figure, as well as the interest derived from its being the work of the master of Raphael—a work in which, not improbably, he himself assisted—stands high; indeed highest, among the later acquisitions of the Trustees.

Passing into Marlborough House, the quaint tapestry along the staircase at once arrests the attention. This is a portion of the great Soulages Collection, just opened through the liberality of those merchants and traders who so spiritedly laid down the purchase-money for it. And a most curious and suggestive exhibition is this—the careful selection and accumulation of an old antiquary at Toulouse during many years, and made more with the view of illustrating the history of art and art-manufactures in the days of the Renaissance, than merely to heap together a mass of curiosities valuable for their antiquity alone. This Soulages Collection, from the number and immense variety of its articles, is, indeed, a crowded 'Old Curiosity Shop;' but then the curiosities have a value and a suggestiveness that place them as far above the stores of Wardour-street almost, as the paintings in the rooms below are above those which solicit the purchaser in the Oxford-street Pantheon. Here is a noble stone chimney-piece, the

work of a famous artist, Alfonso Lombardi, with graceful bronze figures surmounting the andirons, and an exquisite bas-relief round the mantel-piece of hunters, and horsemen, and fair women; and here is a fine painting of St. Jerome and St. Catherine, with the gold-embossed ground, and the richly-wrought frame, just as when it was first hung in some private oratory. And here are huge chairs, elaborately inlaid, which belonged to the Duke of Urbino—the duke who patronized Perugino, and smiled upon young Raphael—and here are the very dishes, all a-glow with that ruby glaze—so priceless—from which he ate, and here are the tall Venice glasses from whence he may have quaffed his Falernian. And here are looking-glasses curiously carved, in which Leonora Gonzaga or Lucretia Borgia may have contemplated their mirrored beauty, and ivory caskets which once held their jewels; and glass dishes, and quaintly ornamented Majolica plates, with the armorial bearings of the great Italian houses delicately emblazoned thereon; and knives, and spoons, and little trident-looking forks, with handles of silver, of agate, of ivory, all of quaintest ornamentation, sometimes, however, presenting much beauty. There are some specimens of needlework also, but these are very inferior; the carved chests, too,—we allow they are curious, but we cannot acknowledge their beauty. As might be expected in a collection consisting so largely of Renaissance specimens, there are by far too many dragons, and griffins, and creatures of nondescript ugliness, but then we can easily turn our eyes from these to feast them on the gorgeous stores of Venetian glass—light and airy as though moulded by fairy fingers—and porcelain, which recalls the stories of old romance—those vases of jasper, and emerald, and ruby that decked the board of King Arthur, when he held high court at Caerleon. In many instances, indeed, this collection presents specimens of very high art. The Palissy dishes are remarkably fine; and the bronze and metal work, in their sharpness and beautiful forms, are models for the art-manufacturer; they seemed to us, however, to contrast most strikingly with the wood-carvings, which are certainly inferior in spirit and freedom of hand to those executed by English and German artists of the same period. We cannot close this very cursory view without a passing remark on the great beauty and value of the medals, which, exquisitely executed, present us with portraits of almost every Italian of celebrity, male and female, who flourished during the sixteenth century.

And now we turn from the Soulages Collection to the ill-lighted rooms of the Vernon Gallery, where, making ‘a sunshine in that (darksome) place,’ thirty-five pictures of that great artist-magician, Turner, are now hung;—casting even Wilson and Gainsborough into shadow by the marvellous brightness of their lights, and that spell-like command of ‘the powers of the air,’ which that wondrous old man, beyond all others, possessed. Where shall we begin? Look at ‘Milbank by Moonlight,’ and ‘Clapham Common,’ with its formal trees. A worthy, painstaking young artist was he who painted them; setting down what was before him, and what would be before everybody else; careful, accurate, prosaic. And now turn to that marvel-

lous combination of sea and sky, and the sunlight flooding over all—until we are fain to turn away dazzled with ‘excess of light’—of ‘The Sun of Venice.’ Who was the painter of this wild, but most poetic phantasy? could pictures so utterly different have been painted by the same hand; did the same artist paint that full moon at Milbank, so like a bran-new shilling, and revel, too, in that rich sky-scenery, and among these translucent waves? Yes, and the prosaic was the work of his youth, the wildly ideal of his extreme old age! How strangely contradictory was the artist-life of Turner.

But between these two extremes, spanning a full half-century, what treasures of poetical thought, what true poetry of landscape-painting do we find, especially toward the close. What variety, too? How magnificently triumphant over Claude, and his pasteboard palaces, is Turner’s ‘Decline of the Carthaginian Empire,’ and his ‘Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus,’—that vast vision of Rome in her fullest glory! But the hand that could flood the canvas with sunlight could also draw an awful funereal pall over sky and sea, in the solemn ‘Burial of Wilkie,’ or stir up the mighty, seething waves dashing upwards to the lurid sky in that wild swirl of his terrific ‘Shipwreck.’ And then, how full of poetry is Turner’s reading of classical fable!—unclassical enough, as to the letter, though it may be. ‘Ulysses deriding Polyphemus;’ certainly Poussin or Le Brun would have given us a very different thing. But that glowing sunset, and the triumphant galley, with its broad sail, and the rowers tugging at the red oars; and then the bright sparkles that dot the lucid waters, and those light outlines just beneath, that seem to grow into form as you look, until you perceive the star-crowned body of sea-nymphs, ready to guide the good ship to a safer port, while the blind giant looms cloud-like in the distance,—how truly poetical all this!

But everyday subjects Turner’s touch could turn to poetry. An old-sentenced man-of-war, and a steam-tug,—from *these* he could derive inspiration, and give us that matchless picture, the ‘Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last Berth.’ Here is the rich dying sunset, and the blue mist just rising, and solemnly and stately, like a dis-crowned queen, no longer ‘walking the waters,’ but tugged by the black steamboat, the Téméraire comes on; but her bare masts are gilded by that gorgeous sunset, and even the prosaic steamer seems glorified in that marvellous blaze of crimson and gold. A wonderful picture is this;—wonderful in its feeling, most wonderful in its colouring, magical in the melting hues of its broad sky, from the vermilion glow of the sunset, to the soft purple and pearl tints that circle the rising moon. And here is another marvel of beauty and suggestiveness;—a bright condensation of Italian scenery, over-canopied by such an ‘azure vault and crystal sky’ as Turner alone could paint,—‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage,’ as it is called, but which would be better designated as Turner’s ‘Vision of Italy.’ We must not begin upon this magical picture, where, as you gaze, beauty after beauty opens upon you, and the very distance seems crowded with subjects sufficient to set up half-a-dozen common painters of Italian scenery,—our

space, indeed, warns us that we must here conclude. Very suggestive is this Exhibition. Turner fought, single-handed, a hard fight, but he felt that truth was on his side, and, though dead, he has won. 'Alas,' we could not but say, as we looked round the rooms crowded with artists eager to do homage to him who was a scorn and a mockery to so many in his lifetime, 'would that the gifted, but neglected old man, had but for one short hour enjoyed this triumph!'

## SCIENCE.

*The Will, Divine and Human.* By THOMAS SOLLY, Barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple, and Lecturer on the English Language and Literature at the University of Berlin, late of Caius College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.—Mr. Solly here presents us with a fair specimen of the mode in which German Philosophy deals with the great question of the Will. We have often been told, by the admirers of the speculative ability and labours of the Germans, that English Philosophy concerns itself only with what may be called the empirical phenomena of mind—with efforts to enumerate, analyse, and describe our mental faculties; but that German Philosophy has been employed with far more lofty speculation: it has sought to elucidate and solve the great problems connected with the Absolute, Free Will, Necessity, and the Divine government. In the work before us we have, in English and by an Englishman, an elaborate treatise on *The Will, Divine and Human*, after the German mode of philosophizing. Mr. Solly is a professed disciple of Kant, and his whole reasonings are pervaded by the principles and method of the Kantian philosophy. He is certainly not a servile follower of Kant. He does not adopt Kant's precise doctrine respecting the most important point discussed in the present work; but he candidly confesses, 'It is only 'in the last stage of my deduction of liberty that I have diverged 'from the views of that philosopher.' We do not state this with any view that it may be regarded as a ground of disparagement; on the contrary, we are thankful for the book, and especially so because the questions are investigated on principles little understood or appreciated in England. Mr. Solly seems to have carefully studied the German writings on this difficult branch of philosophy; he is evidently acquainted with the English literature and thinking on the subject; his logical ability and power of philosophical analysis are great; and he is also thoroughly imbued with enlightened and earnest religious convictions and feelings. We might naturally expect such a man would produce a book that will interest and instruct us, even if we could not accept all the results at which he has arrived. Such a work Mr. Solly has written. We regard his performance as, on many accounts, a very valuable philosophical and theological work.

'I have,' says Mr. Solly in his preface, 'endeavoured to give a

'systematic solution of the principal problems connected with the 'Will'. . . 'In the conviction that Necessarianism is as unsound in 'Philosophy as it is fatal to Religion, I have sought for some strong 'and unassailable position for the doctrine of liberty.' These sentences explain the general design of the undertaking. Our author enters upon his task by endeavouring to determine articulately 'The point at issue between the Libertarians and Necessarians.' This chapter contains remarks worthy the attention of both parties in the controversy. After certain explanations, criticisms, and eliminations, he brings out the following as the most scientific formula of Necessarianism: '*The whole human soul is subject to the law of causality.*' This he proposes in the belief that it will receive the unqualified assent of the writers who contend for the doctrine of necessity. We do not undertake to say whether they will all accept the statement as a just exposition of their ultimate principle. If we accept this theory, Mr. Solly shows that there can be no liberty properly so called. It is not liberty to do as a person '*wills*,' when his '*willing*' is under the domain of causal law. The fundamental principle of Libertarianism must therefore be opposed to this feature of Necessarianism—the subjection of the whole soul to the dominion of causal law. Mr. Solly, therefore, submits the following as an essential part of the formula of the theory of liberty: '*Every human soul contains a principle of action not dependent on the law of causality.*' This statement, our author admits, is only a negative proposition; and he thinks it better to take the question in this form than to attempt a positive definition of liberty by means of the Will, and of the Will by means of liberty, as is usually done. Throwing out of the argument the terms liberty and will, Mr. Solly holds that the discussion would be simplified and rendered more scientific if the Libertarians would merely assert that 'the human soul contains an element independent of causality.' This being the case, he maintains that the issue should be joined on the Necessarian formula; and the business of the Libertarians would thus be to show that the whole human soul is *not* subject to the law of causality. The full determination of this point necessarily involves an investigation into the nature of conditioned causality.

The second chapter is occupied with a reply to the question, What is the nature of the conception of causality? Mr. Solly here first points out the errors and defects of Dr. Thomas Brown's theory of causation; other views are also examined with great acuteness, and the doctrine which he holds to be correct explained. This is substantially the same as that of Kant. 'It follows,' he concludes, 'from 'the nature of causality, as explained above, that, *though it arises in 'the subject, it can only be predicated of objects.*' Our author next examines the grounds of our belief in causality. This subject is discussed elaborately and with great ability. In showing that it is not based on experience, he exposes the fallacies in the notable doctrine of Hume and his followers. He reaches the conclusion that 'It is not 'only in the subject then that we must look for the ground of causality, 'but in some *à priori* knowledge.' The influence of the Kantian

method and principles is very evident in this inquiry. The well-known views on this subject advanced by J. S. Mill, in his *Logic*, are severely criticised; and the whole disquisition forms a masterly defence of the *a priori* origin of some elements of our knowledge. The next step in our author's argument, is to prove that causality is an *a priori* conception. He then advances, in the fourth chapter—'Liberty a self-determination of the subject'—to the main point raised in the investigation. It is here that he propounds his peculiar theory or doctrine respecting the liberty of the Will. The subject is a difficult one, and Mr. Solly's discussion is marked by rare analytical power and logical precision. We cannot say that his solution of the difficulty is satisfactory to us, although we have not space to enter into criticisms of it. Mr. Solly contends for a self-determining power in the Will, in a sense essentially different from that of the English and American writers who advocate the same side. The mode of discussion will be new to most English readers, and the theory advanced is an ingenious, consistent, philosophical effort to solve the difficult problem. It deserves the patient examination of the student of philosophy and theology. Although our author's views cannot be exhibited in a short extract, perhaps the following sentences, which state the result of his explanation of the sphere of law and liberty, may be intelligible to philosophical readers.

'The result at which we have arrived may be stated as follows. Every action, in as far as it is a pure act of the will, and cannot be objectivised, consists in a modification of the empirical character of the action through the determination of the *subject*, and is thus the exponent of the individual personality for the moment in which it takes place;—and up to this point it is free. In so far, however, as it is an object of the senses, either external or internal, it follows according to laws of human nature from the character so determined as above, and like the latter, therefore, is the product of law and liberty combined.'

After critically examining, in the light of his theory, the various schemes for the liberty of the Will, and having devoted a chapter to the consideration of the relation of the Will to the intellect, Mr. Solly proceeds to treat of the relation of the Will to God,—its relation to the Omnipotent and to the Omniscient. His concluding chapters are on 'The Divine Will.' These parts of his book embrace the discussion of the most abstruse and difficult, yet sublime questions that can engage the mind of man. Several of the particular conclusions which Mr. Solly reaches in these speculations we could not accede to; but the investigations are prosecuted with a deep seriousness and great philosophical power. Discussions respecting the nature of the Will, its freedom, &c., have not of late engaged as much attention in this country as they have on the Continent, or even in America. During recent years several valuable treatises on the subject have been published in America. Those of Tappan, Upham, and Day, may especially be mentioned. These writers have conducted the inquiry on the principles of the Anglo-Scottish philosophy, or as psychological questions. In Mr. Solly's book the matter is examined chiefly as a metaphysical question. He has treated it more profoundly, and in a more rigidly scientific manner. Throughout the whole discussion he



takes the ground of the higher philosophy. We think the book all the more valuable on this account. In view of some tendencies in our philosophy towards what is called Positive science, we cannot but regard the publication of a work of this nature as a valuable and opportune service to the philosophy of man's spiritual nature and higher relations.

*The Curability of Consumption.* By FRANCIS H. RAMADGE, M.D., Oxon, &c., &c. Longmans.—A new edition of this treatise, which has gone through four or five editions in as many years, demands a word or two from us. In the preface to the first edition the author expressed himself as follows :—

'After an experience of upwards of thirty years, during which time not less than 30,000 cases of consumption, in all its various stages, have come before me, I have no hesitation in asserting—notwithstanding a different opinion is entertained by many medical practitioners—that this disease, when judiciously and skilfully treated, is as curable as any other disease, the curability of which is not disputed.'

In maintaining such a position at that time, Dr. Ramadge stood almost alone; but already has a more hopeful view of this wide-spread malady begun to obtain among professional men. The results arrived at by Laennec, the celebrated French surgeon, have produced some effect. Sir Charles Clark, in his *Treatise on Pulmonary Affections*, admits the services of the Frenchman, and declares himself unable to resist the evidence which points to the possibility of cure. Dr. Ramadge endeavours to restore the healthy action of the chest by respiration through a tube. The artificial action gradually induced in this way enlarges the capacity of the lung, prevents the formation of fresh tubercle, and tends to bring together the lips of any cavity which may have been formed, so as to effect by art what *post-mortem* examinations abundantly declare to be often produced by nature—a cicatrising of the injured part. The efficacy of this plan depends not so much upon any medicated vapours which may be inhaled, as on the construction of the inhaling tube itself, which retards the expiration, and so fills out the air-cells. Medical men are already beginning to recognise the fact that change of climate can avail only in the very beginning of the disorder. Italy, Madeira, and the South of France, so full of the graves of our countrymen, show how fallacious is the hope, in the great majority of cases, of any lasting benefit from the mere influence of climate. Dr. Ramadge has had much prejudice to contend with, but our English love of fair play will, we believe, secure him a final, though a tardy, justice. He has not caught up a theory on any partial or inadequate basis of induction. His plan has now been subjected for a long time to a practical test. It has sustained that test with honour. We cannot regard it as a crime if the author of a discovery that will save multitudes of lives, follows the dictate of humanity and reason, and desires to make it widely known. If it be a sin to cure patients who ought, by right, to have died in the regular way, then Dr. Ramadge is a most notorious sinner—and may the catalogue of his sins be seven-fold multiplied! We are quite dis-

posed to believe that some years hence his plan will be in general adoption, and his name enrolled among the benefactors who have adorned the healing art.

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THEOLOGY.

*Die Vorreformatoren des vierzehnten und fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts, Erste Hälfte; Johannes von Wycliffe.* VON FRIEDRICH BÖHRINGER. Zurich. ('The Forerunners of the Reformation in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.' By FREDERICK BÖHRINGER. First Part: John de Wycliffe.) Nutt. Williams and Norgate.—Dr. Böhringer is the author of an extensive work, or series rather, entitled *The Church of Christ and her Witnesses; or, Church History in Biographies*. This biographical history of the Church was commenced in 1842, and seven of its parts have been already completed. The great names of the earlier centuries, from Ignatius and Polycarp down to Leo and Gregory the Great, occupy the first four; while the remaining three are devoted to the great missionaries and schoolmen, the saints and the mystics, of the Middle Age. The eighth part was to have included Wycliffe, Huss, Wessel, and Savonarola. But the biography of the first attained such dimensions as to require a volume to itself, so that the first half of the eighth part appears alone. Dr. Böhringer describes himself as induced to award so large a space to our great English Reformer, partly from the desire to present the learned public of Germany with an account of Wycliffe and his doctrine more thorough than anything hitherto produced in that country, and partly from his sense of the magnitude of the influence exerted by the Englishman in favour of reform upon the continent—an influence to which he thinks that even Neander has failed to render full justice. When we say that Dr. Böhringer belongs to the Dryasdust school, we do not mean to speak disparagingly, or, in so saying, at all to depreciate his well-directed and valuable labours. He is what we call 'dry,' on principle; and would gladly incur whatever blame any may attach to such a quality, if by so doing he is placed beyond all suspicion of superficiality or partiality. Whatever he may not have, he certainly does display both thoroughness and fairness. He goes wherever he can to the original sources of information, aided by the results of the latest research. His plan of writing history is altogether objective. He examines the documents, and rejecting such as are untrustworthy, weaves into his statement of fact or opinion a succession of quotations. His method is to mark out certain leading theological doctrines, and then to set down under each head a collection of sentences, by means whereof he conveys as exactly as possible the opinions of the particular father or schoolman with whom he is engaged, on the successive articles in question. Here then is the material, not only collected, but arranged, in a manner most serviceable for reference. Studies such as these are of great value, as furnishing, careful and

readily available contributions to the history of dogmas. But the books which contain them are, we must confess, very heavy reading, and will only be approached by students occupied in recondite research for a special purpose. Such works give us the words of past times, but not the life. These scholars lay before you the mass of statements they have classified with such care, and go their way. They would think it an impertinence if they paused to tell you how they loved the martyr and how they loathed the persecutor—to say such opinions were right and such were wrong—or to mark off the point at which a truth was exaggerated into an error. They are labourers in the historic field who leave untouched the most difficult task of all. For their work, philological knowledge, due patience, and some measure of merely critical acumen, will suffice. But it is not from them that we gather lessons in the philosophy of history, that we learn how to find in bygone times varieties of the thoughts which stir our own, or to trace the connexion between men's passions and their theories, between the letter and the spirit of an age. The lack of a vital sympathy with the past may be evinced in two ways, either by an illiberal criticism which applies an accidental modern standard to old times, or by an indifference which coldly communicates dead facts, and calls itself philosophic. We do not suspect Dr. Böhrringer of any actual defect in sympathy with the greatness and goodness of past ages. His great work has been a labour of love. But surely there is a medium between his unmoved scholastic manner, and that flippant vivacity which rather feels than sees, and which judges before it understands.

The scholars of Germany have not been slow to acknowledge the services of Dr. Vaughan with respect to Wycliffe. They are inclined sometimes to think us English unscientific and superficial, but there was a *Gründlichkeit* (a thoroughgoingness) about his investigation and disinterment of the Wycliffe MSS. quite after their own heart. Groneman's Latin work (*Diatrise in T. W. reformationis prodromi vitam, ingenium, scripta*, 1837) was confessedly based, in the main, on his *Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe*. Lewald, who contributed to Niedner's *Zeitschrift für Historische Theologie* a systematised summary of the *Triologus*, makes due mention of his merits. Last of all, Dr. Böhrringer, using the 'Monograph' and Lewald, and examining the *Triologus* for himself besides, indicates by most frequent reference the obligation due to his English predecessor. He does not seem to be aware that Dr. Vaughan had given to the English public the substance of the fourth and most important book of the *Triologus*, in the first volume published by the Wycliffe Society (*Tracts and Treatises of Wycliffe*).

Though no new sources of information were open to Dr. Böhrringer, his endeavour to present Wycliffe before us, especially as the scholastic divine, has been so persevering and so successful as to merit our cordial commendation. It is not that he shows us Oxford with its old lights and new lights (then as now)—with its riotous students at home, and its high pretensions abroad—it is not that he takes us into the lec-

ture-room, and paints the effects of the lecturing:—all this Dr. Vaughan has done. Such is not Dr. Böhringer's way. But he has given us the substance of the *Triologus*, well arranged, so that the student who reads German can find a careful rendering of the very words of Wycliffe on every theological point, without exploring the Latin original itself. And those who have ever seen that wilderness of scholastic Latinity, wretchedly punctuated, abounding in errors, and full of the most barbarous words and phrases, will perceive at once how much loss of time and patience has been spared them by the Doctor's toil. The section devoted to 'Wycliffe as Theologian' gives us (on the plan above adverted to) his opinions (1), on the Being of God, the Trinity, Attributes, &c.; (2), on Cosmology and Anthropology—Creation—Angels—Man, &c.; (3), Soteriology—Person and Work of Christ; (4), Eschatology; (5), Ethics. His doctrine concerning Sacraments and the Church is given in the section which treats of 'Wycliffe as Reformer.'

The account given by Dr. Böhringer of the trial at Lambeth before the clergy, in 1378, is curiously characteristic. We get the leading points in certain articles of accusation and reply, with here and there indications of certain verbal differences. But as for any representation of the remarkable scene there enacted, not a touch. The whole affair might have been little more than the publication of a pair of hostile pamphlets, written by one of either party at leisure,—and no trial, no hand-to-hand struggle at all, for anything the author shows us. We cannot realise a life-and-death wrestle between fellow-creatures—between the champion of light and the instruments of darkness. Lambeth might be in the moon. Certain bags of parchments tilt at each other, and that is all. The documents displace the human nature of the crisis. The actors themselves are driven out by their own pens, and buried under their own papers.

*The Protestant Theological and Historical Encyclopædia.* Being a condensed Translation of Herzog's *Real Encyclopædia*, with Additions from other sources. By Rev. J. H. BOMBERGER, D.D. Assisted by distinguished Theologians of various denominations. Parts I., II. T. and T. Clark; Hamilton and Adams; Lindsay and Blakiston (Philadelphia).—We have read a number of the articles in the parts which have been sent us, and compared them with the original. We have not found that anything of importance in the German *Encyclopædia* has been sacrificed for the sake of condensation. The strong point of Herzog's *Encyclopædia* lies in its contributions to historical theology and symbolism. In these departments it is a work of great value. Some of its defects as a dictionary of biblical topography and antiquities have been judiciously supplied by Dr. Bomberger from Winer and other sources. The article on Adam gives a full and lucid account of the theories and the controversies which in Germany and elsewhere have gathered about this portion of the Mosaic narrative, at the same time maintaining decidedly the historic reality of the incidents recorded. That on the Apostolic Age states fairly the

curiously perverse hypothesis of Baur and the Tübingen school, while rejecting it as irreconcilable with the fundamental laws of historical inquiry. Indeed, we trust the publication of this Encyclopedia will contribute not a little to do away with that indiscriminate denunciation of German scholarship which is most loud or most venomous where ignorance is most profound. It is now that Germany has confuted Germany, and opposed to her own destructive criticism a broader and more constructive spirit of inquiry, that more than ever she deserves a hearing. Surely her repentance merits the merciful consideration of the most rigid orthodoxy. Thinking men among us, whether German scholars or not, will get at the results of German thought; and our divines who would be equal to their high office must make themselves acquainted, in some way, with that audacity and that failure among our free-thinking Teutonic neighbours which has awakened such curiosity in England. It is true that the sceptical enterprise of the Strausses, the Baur, and the Schweglers has ended in pitiable discomfiture—that these would-be Titans have been found to owe their apparent magnitude to the refraction of a fog; but it is at the same time true that the exposure of their weakness is owing to German erudition, the ruin of their structures to German orthodoxy. From the same quarter comes both the bane and its antidote. Those alone are entitled to exult in the victory who possess some acquaintance with the nature of the quarrel. Those who pretend to lead public opinion, and yet anathematize wholesale both the good and the evil in German literature, can be rescued from the contempt of the next generation only by a merciful and condign oblivion.

This Encyclopedia is Protestant, as its name indicates, while exhibiting the results of extensive inquiry into the development, the ritual, and the economics of Romanism. The article on the *Acta Sanctorum* does full justice to the historic researches of the Bollandists, so patient, so extended, and (for Rome) so courageously critical. At the same time, the notice of *Maria d'Agreda* does not fail to indicate the damnatory evidence afforded by the story of her book concerning the real spirit and working of the Romish system. The writer of the German article should have added a reference to the Abbé Dufresnoy's *Traité Historique et Dogmatique sur les Apparitions, les Visions et les Révélationes particulières*, the second volume of which contains so impartial an account of the controversy. The article, *Abraham*, is in many respects praiseworthy, conveying much information in a compressed form. In an interesting and erudite article on *Anti-trinitarianism*, the translator has rendered a phrase familiar to every student of German philosophy so as to convey a meaning precisely the opposite of that intended. At p. 191, instead of 'from without ourselves,' he should have written 'from within ourselves.' The last sentence of the paragraph, too, is meaningless, and we had to consult the German to discover a sense. There may have been a misprint. The insertion of an 'of' would make it comprehensible, though awkward, English. At p. 40, *Dypticha* is written by mistake for *Diptycha*. As a whole, however, a very creditable accuracy has been

obtained. Into so large a work, on which so many hands are employed, errors will be sure to creep, which must be corrected from time to time as they are discovered. The design and execution, so far, are such as render the work worthy to form the basis of many successive editions.

*Fragmenta Sacra Palimpsesta* ('Fragments of Sacred Palimpsests; or, Fragments of both the Old and New Testaments'). Lately brought to light and edited by A. F. CONSTANTIUS TISCHENDORF. One Vol. Folio. 1855. Leipsic: Heinrichs. London: Nutt.—The name of Professor Tischendorf is known and honoured wherever biblical studies are cultivated. Taking up the important work so diligently and successfully prosecuted by Bentley, Porson, Mill, Wetstein, Griesbach, Lachmann, and others, he has devoted himself to the service of textual criticism with singular diligence and marked success. The results, indeed, of his endeavours are scarcely to be compared with those of Griesbach; for literary labour once performed, is performed for ever, and when the harvest has been reaped only gleanings can remain. Yet by no means inconsiderable are the fruits of Tischendorf's labours. In what may be termed the philosophy of textual criticism, he has indeed a distinction which is more especially his own, for to him belongs the merit of not only discovering, but acting on the discovery, that the basis of a good Greek text of the Sacred Writings should be not any edition which chance may have made prominent, nor any manuscripts which may have first come to hand on the application of printing to the Scriptures, but the most ancient authorities only—the text such as it is presented in manuscripts and Fathers extending back from the sixth to the fourth century. The recognition of this important truth involved the duty of searching for documents belonging to the most ancient periods of Church history. Here again our editor had been anticipated, and here again the harvest was already housed. The greater need was there for patient and minute investigation. The libraries of Europe had been industriously ransacked. Egypt and Assyria, however, remained open to critical enterprise; and they were the more inviting to biblical scholars because they had already rewarded their labours with ample and priceless treasures. Accordingly, in the year 1844, Tischendorf, encouraged and supported by distinguished patronage, set off on a voyage of critical discovery in Western Asia. Of his journey he has given a pleasing and instructive account in his two small volumes of travels in the East (*Reise in den Orient*, 1846). A second journey for the same worthy purpose was accomplished in 1853. The work whose title stands above presents to the learned world a series of publications (to be in all six volumes), containing copies or specimens of manuscripts thus discovered and obtained. These precious documents, with six others published in the year 1846, are to be classed with the oldest Scriptural manuscripts known to exist, and are judged by their discoverer to range between the seventh and the fourth century. The contents of the present volume are described as *Palimpsests*, because most of them are

printed from manuscripts which had served a double purpose. It is at present not unusual for cheap publishers to print announcements of their works on sheets already printed with other (but useless) matter. Something of this kind is a Palimpsest. Cicero's long-lost treatise, *De Republica*, was discovered by Cardinal Mai, librarian of the Vatican, on a Palimpsest. The monks having no taste for Cicero's speculations, and thinking a commentary of Augustin on the Psalms far more valuable, wrote the latter on the page occupied by the former, after having done what they could to obliterate the letters. The obliteration, however, was not entire; and so the banished work re-appeared to the keen eyes of modern criticism. This perspicacity Tischendorf aided by the resources of chemistry, and was thus enabled to restore the sacred word, all but blotted out by ignorant and venal transcribers. The learning, labour, patience, and dexterity required for these operations are something almost superhuman, and proportional should be the support and favour accorded to scholars whose lives are devoted to the dry and unremunerative, yet very important studies of textual criticism. The documents presented in this volume are eight.

1. Palimpsest fragments of the New Testament.
2. Palimpsest fragments of the Book of Numbers.
3. Palimpsest fragments of Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, and Judges.
4. Palimpsest fragments of the Second Book of Samuel and the First Book of Kings.
5. Palimpsest fragments of the Prophecies of Isaiah.
6. Venetian fragments of a Palimpsest Evangelistary, with specimens of the Evangelistary of the Barberini Palimpsest.
7. A fragment of the manuscript Frederico-Augustan, containing parts of Isaiah and Jeremiah.
8. Fragments of Psalms, written on paper, preserved in the British Museum.

The value of the volume will, from this statement of its contents, appear at once to the biblical scholar. Already, indeed, these, with his other collections, have been turned to good account by their editor in the critical editions of the Septuagint and New Testament, by which he has laid the lovers of these studies under great obligations. We cannot, indeed, deny that there are points on which exception might be taken or explanation asked, but our present object will be answered if this notice shall make more generally known the meritorious labours of the first biblical critic in the world, and in any way lend him aid to carry to completion the series of volumes thus commenced. The execution of the work is admirable; nor must it remain unsaid that the possibility, in a mercantile point of view, of issuing a work of the kind, honourably attests the value attached in Germany to critical studies. Would that in this particular England were not so far in the rear!

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\* \* The Articles in this Number have swollen so much beyond our intended limits, as to have obliged us to omit notices of many good books in the present Epilogue.











